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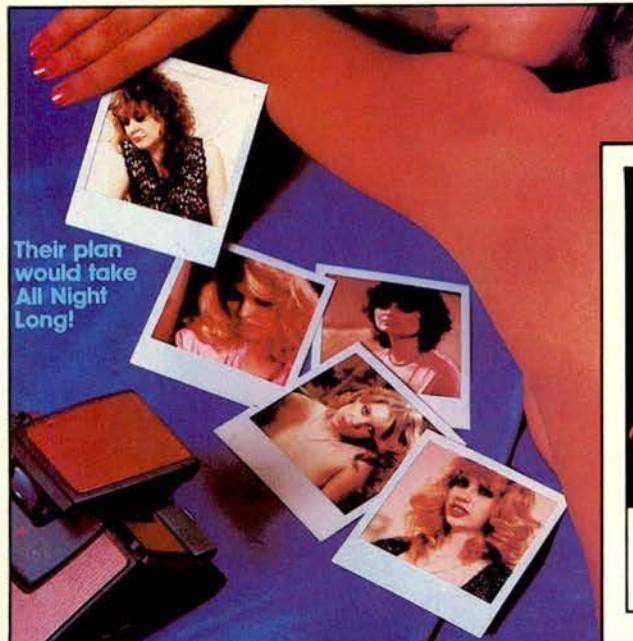
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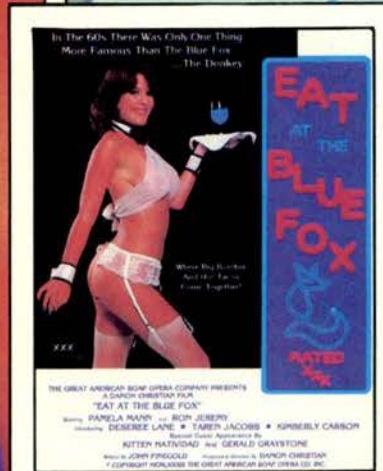
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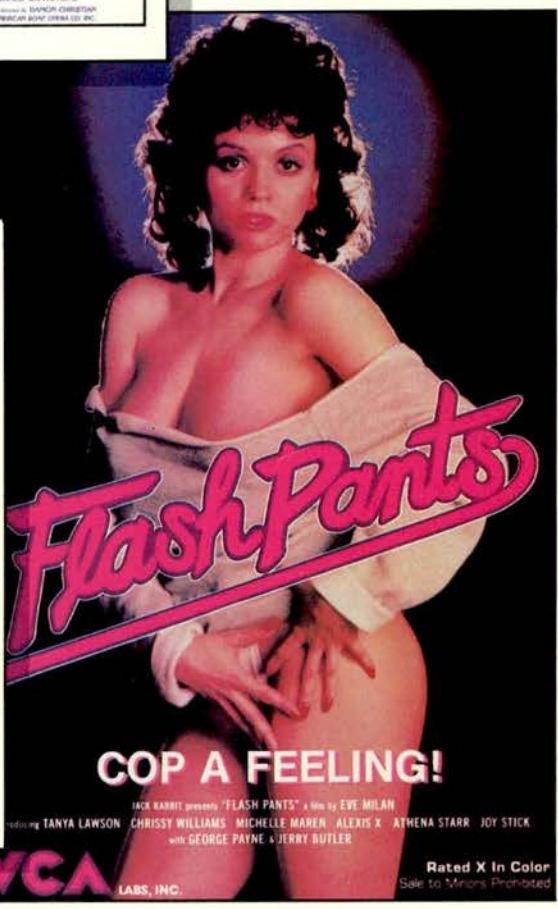
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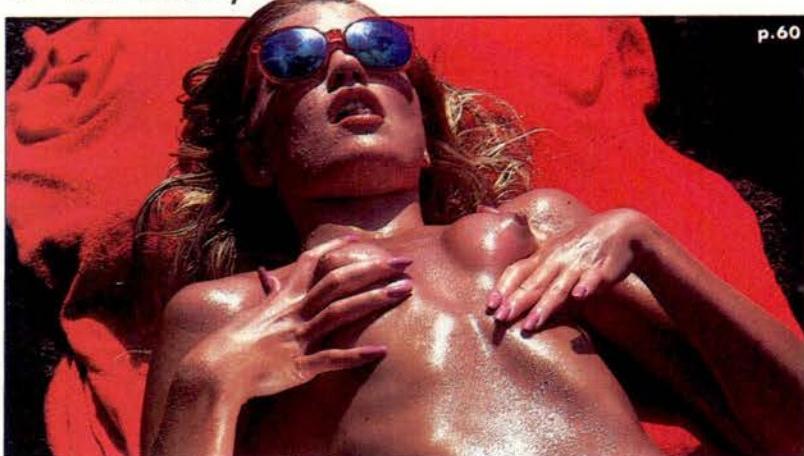
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The U.S. Edition of **HUSTLER MAGAZINE** (ISSN-0149-4635) is published monthly by **HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC.**, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Advertising inquiries: 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Copyright © 1984 by **HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC.** Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. All rights to letters sent to **HUSTLER** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **HUSTLER**'s right to edit and to comment editorially. All rights reserved on entire contents; nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity between persons and places in fiction in this magazine and any real persons and places is purely coincidental. All photographs posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photographs, nor the words used to describe them, are meant to depict the models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

LER june

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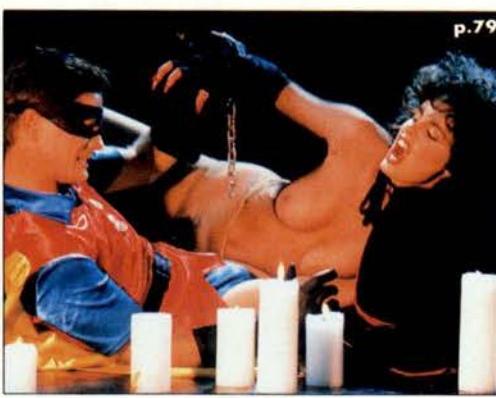
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On the Cover . . .

When we decided to take on America's prison system, we knew that we'd have to do it the HUSTLER way—with no holes barred. And we have to confess that we've enjoyed it, since we get a certain thrill from exposing our joints for the world to see. What does this have to do with our June cover? Well, if it's a crime to take your best shot at a beautiful screw, then our Director of Photography, James Baes, deserves whatever he gets for this one. After all, crime may not pay, but photography sure does.

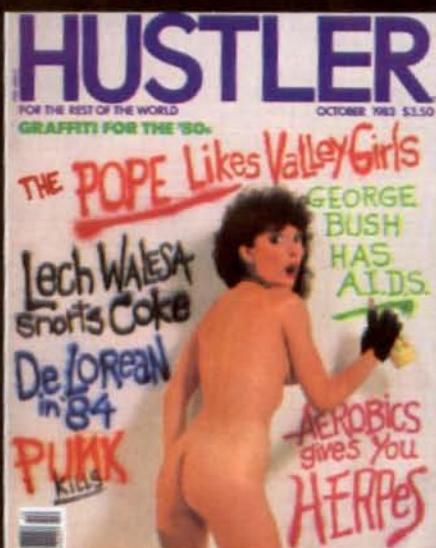
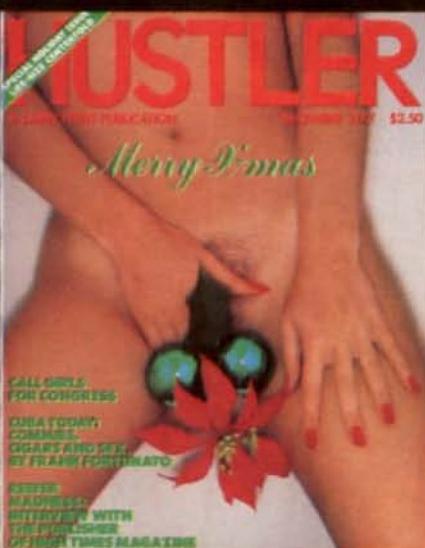
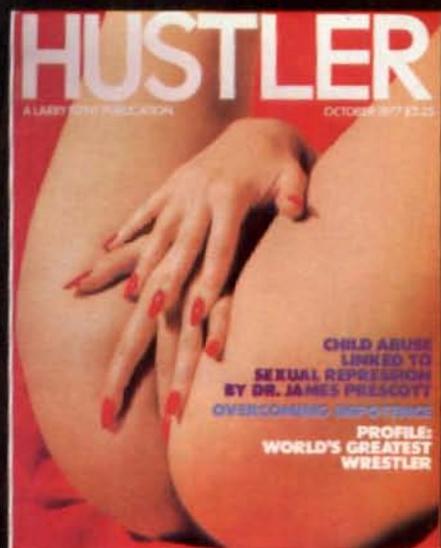
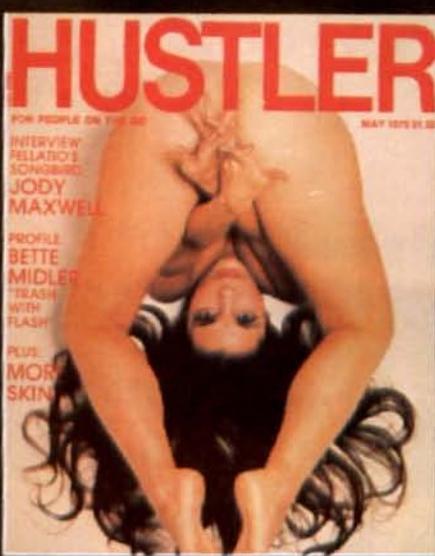
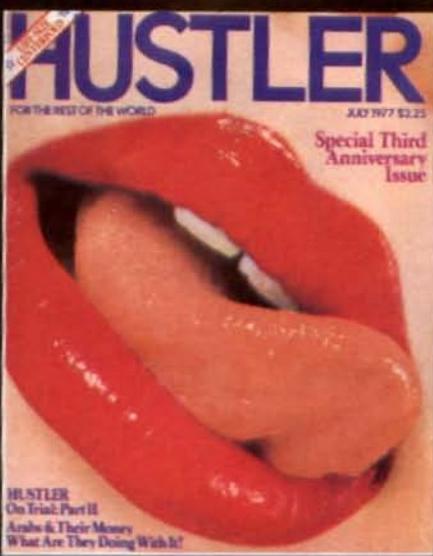
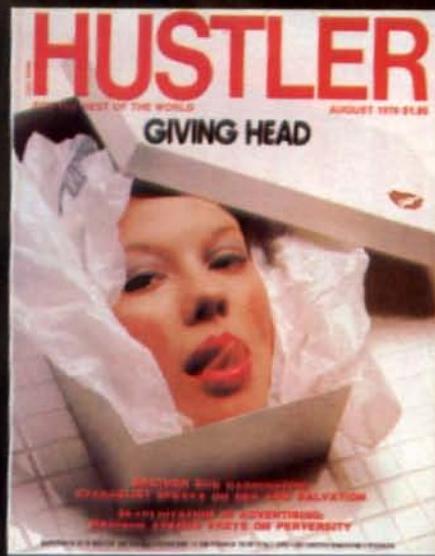
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LARRY FLYNT FOR PRESIDENT

Do you remember me? My autobiography, *How to Talk Dirty & Influence People*, has replaced the family Bible in many households. My record albums, particularly the ones with the "Religions Incorporated" routine and a bit that begins, "To is a preposition; come is a verb," are still best-sellers. You thought I was dead, huh? Well, dig this: The joke's on you. Just ask my wife, Honey, and my daughter, Kitty; they know I'm alive. I talk with them all the time, just as I speak to many of my friends and fans on a regular basis.

I really faked my death, you know. The body the police found was designed by Walt Disney and manufactured by a Japanese toy company. I did it just so I could attend my own funeral. I was the one dressed as the mammy nun who sat in the back of the church between the Orthodox rabbi and the Arab princess. Ever since I was a kid, I always wanted to attend my own funeral. I thought, *What great fun it would be to watch all my phony friends cry and weep—not because I was dead, but rather at their own guilt because personal greed and self-preservation prevented them from helping me while I was alive.*

The reason I'm appearing here this month as the Publisher Emeritus of HUSTLER is to endorse Larry Flynt for President. This motherfucker is the world's only remaining salvation because he knows just one thing—the truth. The truth has always been his teacher, and he knows that it is the best teacher. Larry also understands the secret of life. He even knows the truth about man's creation. No, Larry is not God. And unlike the Reverend Moon and the Falwellians of the world, he doesn't think he is God. But still, Larry is an extremely religious man. He worships his wife Althea's pussy every day. Can you dig it?

Larry and I have a lot in common; we came from the same place, except I came out of a smaller hole. But if you ask Larry, he'll say the opposite. Larry never really wanted to be born. He loved the warm, comfortable feeling of being inside the hot, pink womb. When Larry says "Think pink," he isn't talking about pussy lips; he's talking about something much deeper. The people who know him well know what he's talking about.

Larry is all things to all people. He is a civil libertarian who is opposed to abortion for any reason—medical or otherwise. He is opposed to mercy killing but supports your right to die with dignity.

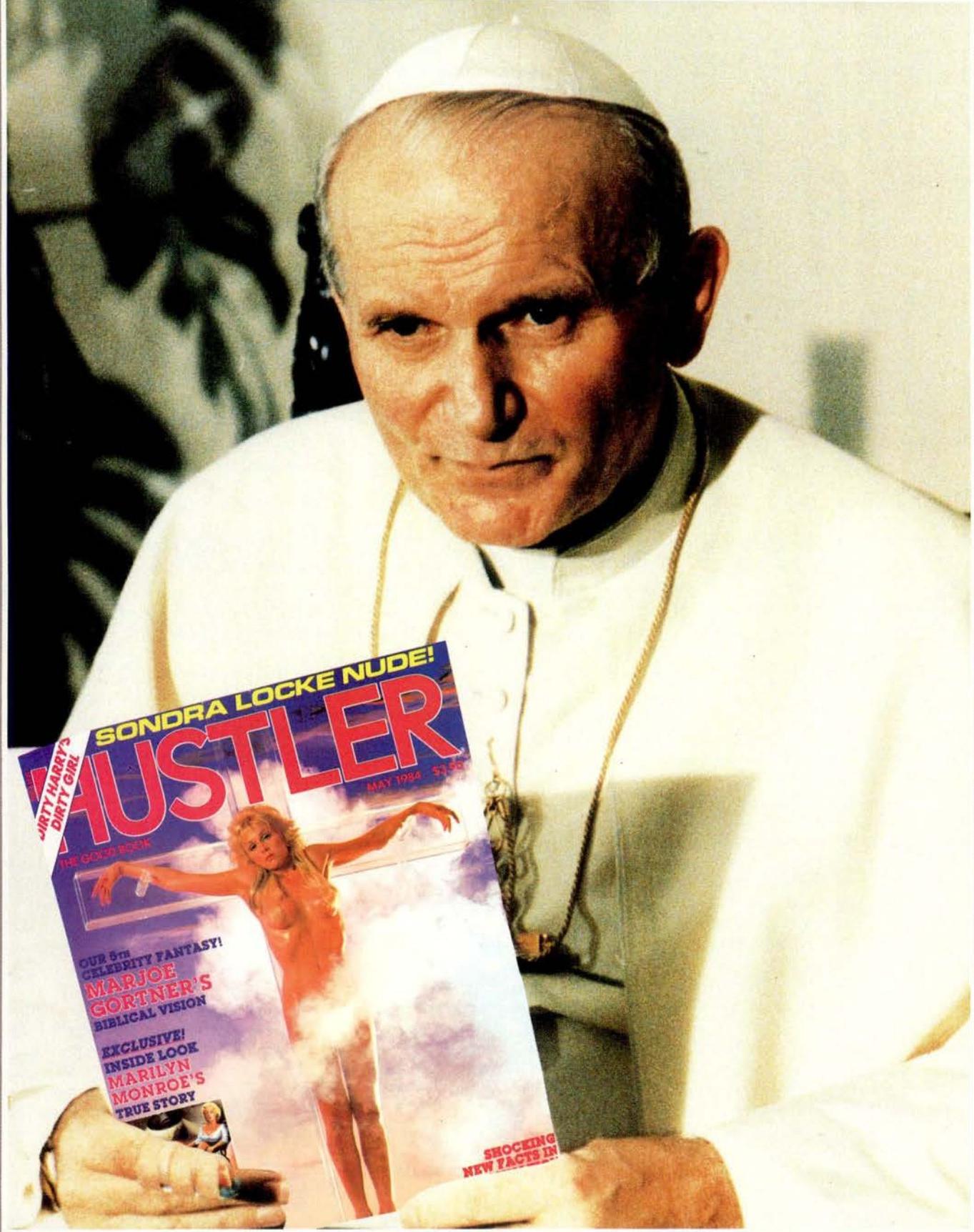
As far as Jerry Falwell, Oral Roberts and Mr. 700 Club himself—Pat Robertson—are concerned, Larry has promised me that he will chain up these hypocrites on the White House lawn so the whores from the Washington press corps can watch them starve to death. As to the fate of Ronnie Reagan and the Reaganites, Larry believes that only the death penalty will suffice. But the electric chair, gas chamber and lethal injections will be replaced; instead, each of them will receive a blood transfusion from an AIDS victim.

As for the Supreme Court, even though we've both been persecuted by those nine humorless bastards hiding behind their robes, Larry has personally delegated their future to me. I have a score to settle with them. For years, as I've said many times onstage, I've wanted the members of the Supreme Court to stand up and tell me that fucking is dirty and no good. None of them ever had the guts to do that. The punishment I prescribe for them will be different from Larry's because I am opposed to the death penalty for any reason. I will instruct the government to build a glass cage near the Smithsonian Institution. We'll call it the Supreme Zoo and sell tickets so everyone who visits Washington can see what the people who have been perverting the Constitution of our great land for over 200 years look like.

When it comes to individual rights, mankind has since the beginning of time allowed itself to be governed by a mentality rather than by a government body. As President, Larry Flynt will fight to preserve those individual rights that are so callously and systematically being abridged.

This is Lenny Bruce talking. You dig?

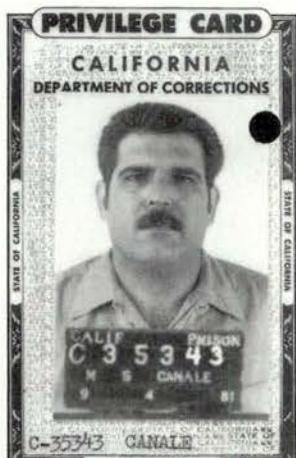
-LENNY BRUCE
Publisher Emeritus



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS HUSTLER?

The kind of man with *mass* appeal. He's a leader among men who isn't afraid to cross those who don't agree with him. And when he's ready to turn the other cheek, he turns to HUSTLER. As a matter of fact, he finds HUSTLER such a blessing after a hard day, he's willing to kiss the ground it's sold on. And that's no papal bull. It's divine.





Mike Canale

An explosive situation has been developing in our nation's prisons, but the only action anyone seems willing to take is turning their heads and wishing the pressing problems of overcrowding and widespread violence would simply go away. In this month's issue, HUSTLER focuses on the inhumane conditions that are fueling potential catastrophes in our detention centers and on the forgotten Americans confined within their formidable walls.

In **AMERICA'S PRISONS: A TICKING TIME BOMB** veteran journalist **PABLO F. FENJVES** reports on the bleak reality of prison life: the suicides, rioting, sexual assault and abusive treatment that turn men into vicious animals struggling for simple survival with little left to lose. He then explores alternatives currently being offered to solve the seemingly insurmountable problems facing the American penal system. Fenjves, whose articles have appeared in publications in both North America and in Europe, has turned his talents to the film industry and recently sold a screenplay to a major motion-picture studio.

Next, **MIKE CANALE** (#C35343), who has spent almost half of his 36 years in various correctional facilities, lends his firsthand knowledge to the informative article **DOING TIME: A BASIC SURVIVAL MANUAL**. This step-by-step handbook describes how to cope with prison life from the moment you step off the bus to the day of your release. Included is invaluable advice on how to avoid being raped and stabbed, along with tips on dealing with racial friction and the inevitable sexual tensions. Even if you never spend a day behind bars, you'll find this manual to be a unique insider's view of prison life. Since his release in August 1983 Canale—a reformed militant Nazi—has become an active member of the Jewish Defense League (JDL). **SHELLEY RUBIN**, his coauthor, is editor of the *International Jewish Activist*, administrative director of the Los Angeles chapter of the JDL and wife of JDL Executive Chairman Irv Rubin. Curiously enough, Canale and Rubin were featured in the June '82 HUSTLER article **JEW VS. NAZI: A FACE-TO-FACE DEBATE**, when Canale was a commander in the American Nazi Party, and the two were the bitterest of enemies. HUSTLER regular **PAT DUNN** provided the companion illustration.

On the lighter side, in a short story penned especially for this issue—**PRISON PASSION**—author **BILL POYNOR** (#45367) tells of how a prisoner's infatuation with an inflatable love doll turns into an outrageous obsession. A native of Rockford, Illinois, Poynor is currently serving an 18-year bank-robbery sentence in the Santa Rita Unit of the Arizona Correctional Training Center. He is hard at work on several short stories and treatments for television properties, and is also acting as editorial associate on a soon-to-be-published novel, *Not the Right Season*, written by fellow inmate and former *Playboy* staffer William Hester. **JOHN ANDREWS**, an award-winning artist whose work has appeared in numerous national publications, provided the artwork for *Prison Passion*.

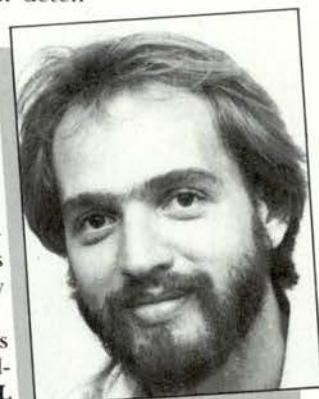
In this month's *Sex Play* author **LEONARD SELLERS** takes a graphic look at **SEX IN PRISON**, where men are deprived of the means to fulfill the basic human need for masculine role-playing and resort to the most readily available outlet—homosexual rape—in order to assert their dominance. Sellers has authored three books and is a former correspondent for *Time* magazine. The illustration for this feature was contributed by **MIGUEL CASTILLO**, whose work regularly appears in the pages of HUSTLER. And in our June *Guest Editorial*, **FEMALES FOR FELONS**, renowned psychologist **DR. RALPH STURGES** offers his solution to the problem of sexual tensions in prison.

And speaking of crime and punishment, you won't want to miss this month's *Celebrity Photo-Fantasy*, **A YOUNG CRIMEFIGHTER'S FANTASY**, directed by none other than the man who played Robin, the Boy Wonder, on TV's *Batman* series, **BURT WARD**. Ward presents a version of his exploits in Gotham City that they'd never dare show during prime time.

To a prisoner one day can seem like an eternity; so to make the time go by as quickly as possible, we've included some extra-hot pictorials dedicated to our good friends in the pen, who as this issue went to press included HUSTLER's own **LARRY FLYNT**. We can't think of a better way to pass those endless hours than to gaze at the world's most beautiful women in the pages of the world's greatest magazine.



John Andrews



Pablo F. Fenjves



Bill Poynor

A color photograph of a man wearing sunglasses and a black t-shirt with "HUSTLER" printed on it, leaning over a shiny chrome motorcycle. A blonde woman in a white tank top and pink shorts with blue trim is standing next to him, smiling and flexing her right bicep. They are outdoors in a grassy field under a cloudy sky.

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The \$18.98 total is less than a tank of gas yet it gives you \$34.65 in value!

Feedback

IRRESPONSIBLE JOURNALISM?

After reading *Our Man in Grenada: Searching for the Truth* (April '84), I'm reminded of the individual who tersely remarked, "Don't confuse me with the facts; my mind is already made up." Such useless conjecture as exhibited by author Michael Bane is unworthy of either the label "responsible journalism" or of any further comment.

—Larry Matheny
Springfield, Missouri

Perhaps you'd like to write us again and tell us why our journalism was irresponsible. President Reagan seems to be the irresponsible person with respect to Grenada.

ZAPPED:

I have been a follower of Frank Zappa since his Mothers of Invention days. I have also been a HUSTLER fan and subscriber for a few years. Needless to say, when I read that the two would be teaming up for Zappa's photo-fantasy (*Thing-Fish*, April '84), I knew it would be a can't-miss issue. Wrong! This was the worst teaming since *King Kong vs. Godzilla*. Maybe HUSTLER should have done Moon Zappa's fantasy instead.

C'mon, Frank, what the hell was it about? I guess to find out, you have to order the soundtrack album. Great marketing scheme; shitty concept. It was over 20 pages long, and it all seemed like the same two or three photos! Maybe you're getting senile and forgot what you had already shot. Your show has about the same chance of making it on Broadway as the one portrayed in the quasifilm *Staying Alive*—none! However, if HUSTLER would like to back a pictorial as a Broadway show, I feel *The New Nun's Story* in the same issue would be riveting.

—Paul S.
Inglewood, California

I have been a subscriber to HUSTLER for six years and have really enjoyed it, but

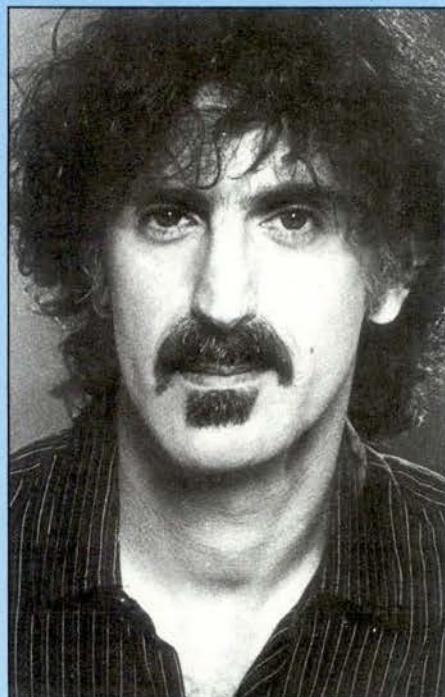
when you waste 21 pages of your April '84 issue on *Thing-Fish*, that's too much. Use that space to show more beautiful girls—preferably without shoes—instead of fish, or give me the name of a magazine that deals with legs and bare feet, as they are a lot prettier than fish!

—Bill R.

Lubbock, Texas

GOLDSTEIN'S FANTASY:

I never thought I would write to you. I really like your magazine. You have exceptional interviews, and your humor cannot be matched by anyone. However, your March 1984 issue had some shit in it I couldn't believe. The photo-humor (supposed to be humor, I think) of *So Many Dykes—So Little Time* was the most disgusting thing I've seen. Who could get turned on by all that blood? I mean, really!



Frank Zappa

On the other hand, I liked your article *The Hemlock Society: Compassionate Suicide for the Terminally Ill*. Marie Money-smith is certainly a fine reporter. Aside from the sick humor, I enjoy everything in your great magazine. Thanks for all the terrific stuff.

—Tonnie McMahan
Cleveland, Texas

Thanks so much for printing the March '84 "Porn From the Past" in *Bits and Pieces*. The most beautiful sight in the world is a woman with a golden stream squirting from between her spread legs. But . . . aren't your current models capable of this feat? How about a regular monthly "Pissin' Pussies" feature? Let's have the models show yellow as well as pink, and hopefully someday they'll show brown. I would also like to see portraits of women with their faces covered in cum—but no dicks in the picture. I'm sure this would not be considered pornographic, but it would certainly make me horny.

These suggestions are offered in the hopes that you will not have to waste another issue exploiting blood and barf. Of course I'm referring to Al Goldstein's photo-fantasy, *So Many Dykes—So Little Time*.

—Revolting Scum
Akron, Ohio

I've been purchasing your magazine at the newsstand for years now. But the past few months it has more than disgusted me. When I read the February '84 issue, I told myself that I'd never buy another

HUSTLER! Well, I bought your March '84 issue anyway, and it is beyond any words I can find or even your magazine could ever begin to define! The bullshit on politics and the pictorial fantasy by Al Goldstein were just too much. I don't need to pay good money so some asshole can use rhetoric to try to influence my political thoughts. I've never met anyone who likes to view photographs—of any sort—showing a woman during her menstrual period! This was terrible!!!

—James Keller
Duluth, Minnesota

I am an avid fan of HUSTLER, which is the only magazine I buy. Your March '84 issue had a photo-layout that was really disgusting and dirty (*So Many Dykes—So Little Time*). This kind of material shouldn't be in HUSTLER. I think it will affect the reputation of your magazine.

—Greg of Norva
Hampton Roads, Virginia

I couldn't agree with you more for your March '84 *Ashole of the Month*, Al Goldstein. That man, if you can call him that, is disturbed. His photo-fantasy in the same issue was really sick and shouldn't have been wasted on your pages. The man needs help and fast—like a trip to the doctor to see if he is able to live like a human or not. The one thing I cannot under-

stand is why you still have his ad in the back of your magazine. I don't see why you would want us (your readers) to order a *shit magazine* like *Screw*. —B. Fuller

Millinocket, Maine

Despite some of Al's peculiar traits, Screw magazine does a fine job reporting the sex scene in this country.

FASCIST IN HEAT:

I've always found your magazine entertaining and sometimes informative. Your good humor I enjoyed, and your bad taste I just ignored. But in March '84 *Larry McDonald: Fascist in Heat* made me think that perhaps you deserved those disgusting scars from that shooting incident in Lawrenceville, Georgia.

First off, Congressman McDonald was supposed to be the topic of the story, not his whores. It would have made a halfway decent piece except for your endless descriptions of the women in his hotel room. Why didn't you leave the bad choice of adjectives out of it? Just because the whores were fat doesn't mean they were ugly. If you think so, you definitely have one hell of a problem. I really took offense because as innocent as you looked in your hospital pictures, so were those whores. If you want to talk about a beast, talk about your own physique. I wouldn't go to bed with you if HUSTLER paid me a

million bucks. Look at yourself before you criticize someone else's body. I happen to be a happily married *big woman*. And by the way, I'm not a whore, but I'm a better fuck than you've ever had or ever will have.

—Judy N.
Oahu, Hawaii

I thoroughly enjoyed your March '84 issue, especially the exposé on Larry McDonald. I have an attitude of "live and let live" (as long as it doesn't interfere with anyone else's life) but absolutely cannot stand a hypocrite, one who purports to be one thing and in reality is another. You proved Larry McDonald to be one of these people, and to make matters worse, he was a public figure with a certain amount of the population looking to him for leadership.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

LEARY'S LIGHT:

Per your request for feedback vis-a-vis Timothy Leary's *Guest Editorial* (March '84), I wish to acknowledge that I deem my reality enriched by the lusty, loving presence of Dr. Leary in it. I urge all HUSTLER readers to carefully study his books—all of them, regardless of how difficult they may be to find.

There can be no doubt that Dr. Leary is one of this catastrophically misinformed century's leading lights. My gratitude, Tim, for gracing the pages of HUSTLER with your profound insights, and thanks to HUSTLER's editors for their part in providing you space to express your views on "The Joy of Pornography."

—C³
Dulac, Louisiana

I was surprised to hear that Timothy Leary is such a strong supporter of pornography (*Guest Editorial*, "The Joy of Pornography," March '84). Please ask him whether he is for or against group sex. In his book *Psychedelic Experience: A Manual Based on the Tibetan Book of the Dead*, he cautions against visualizing group sex while tripping. I accept this as meaning that it is not to be practiced, since that would be the result of visualization. Assuming the theory is true that what you visualize you create, as author/medium Jane Roberts explains in her *Seth* series, supporting pornography causes group sex.

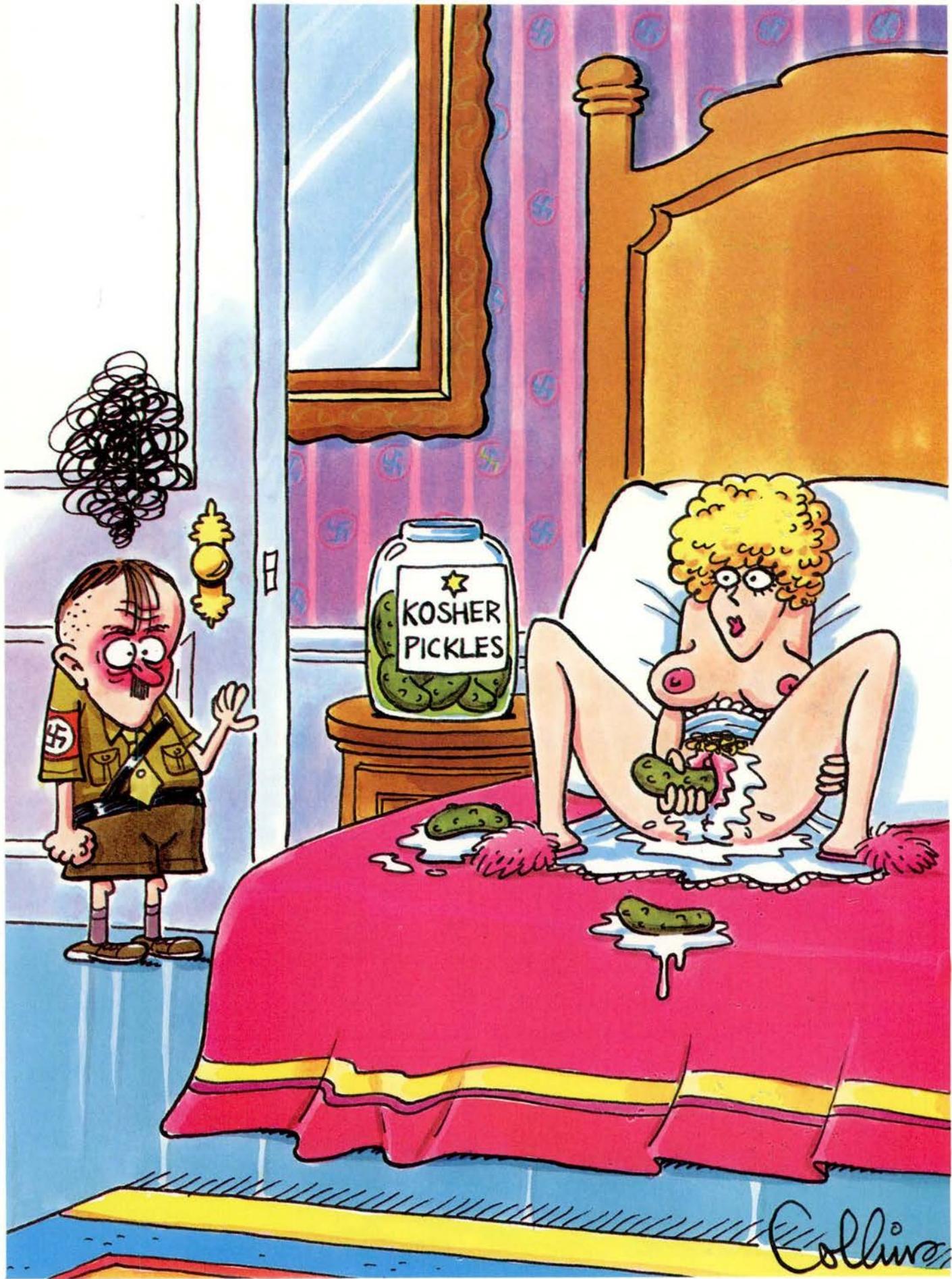
—Veteran Cosmic Rocker
(alias Angel Gradenko)
Blythe, California

NEWSSTAND CENSORS:

Thank you very much for a fine magazine. I enjoy it a great deal. I just bought the March '84 edition, and lo and behold, it was full of white stickers covering the very best parts of your delightful photos.

It's a damn shame that a man can't buy an adult publication without some self-





Collino

righteous ass censoring it for him. If you know of any wonder-solvent to take the stickers off, please let me know. We've been censored in Virginia. —L. Lewis Callao, Virginia

I just picked up the March '84 issue and much to my surprise found that someone had thoughtlessly censored my copy. On pages 104 through 108 white-paper stickers had been strategically placed to obscure the best parts of the pictures.

I wondered if you printed the issue and then lost your nerve, or if maybe a hot-shot Louisiana distributor took it upon himself to save St. Tammany Parish by paying a crew of minimum-wage workers to go through every copy and cover up the pictures. I got a chuckle thinking about some poor old woman stickering away.

Either way, I don't like it.

—T. G. Ledbetter
Covington, Louisiana

In your March '84 issue I loved the *Camp Grenada* photos. I have a small complaint though. Please leave off those bright-pink stickers that were covering up the guy's beautiful, thick, long rod! I almost tore up my copy trying to get them off.

My husband loves all those juicy cunts in your magazine. The only problem is that he is bad about "whipping his mule,"

as we say here in southern Arkansas, and he comes all over the pages!

Please keep this wonderful magazine "cumming." —Rhonda Y. Hope, Arkansas

Some of our distributors-fearing negative reaction from the local community or possible prosecution-have assumed the role of censor with regard to some of our hot photo-sets. We don't support this action, but in many instances "dotting" is the only way HUSTLER can reach its readers. We're sorry this happens; hopefully, it won't be happening much longer.

A TRIP TO PRISON:

I was recently transported from a county jail to a state prison. I was belly- and leg-chained and taken to the transporting vehicle by two deputy sheriffs. Imagine my surprise to find a female in the car, belly-chained and also on her way to prison.

When the car started, I suddenly realized it was going to be three years before I got this close to a woman again. I leaned over and kissed her. For a moment she appeared to be startled, but then she said, "Unbutton your pants." I did, and she went down on me in front of the sheriff. He pulled her off my cock, but when he released her, she resumed giving me head. Embarrassed, the deputy turned and stared out the window.

The trip to the prison took 25 minutes, and she climaxed me twice. The deputy had to stop at the prison gate so that I could button up. I'll never forget the trip or that wonderful lady, God bless her.

—Darrell Grubbs

#131657

Ouachita Correctional Center
Hedgen, Oklahoma

BLACK & WHITE:

About the guy who wrote he wouldn't fuck a black girl: I would love to fuck black girls anytime. One thing I would like to see in your magazine is a black woman being fucked by a white guy.

—Black Lover

Address Withheld by Request

We'll pass your idea on to our Photo Department.

DEAR LARRY FLYNT:

I'm an avid reader of HUSTLER who thinks your magazine is the greatest publication on the market. The pictorials are hot, *Beaver Hunt* is hotter, and Mr. Flynt is a genius. Like Larry, I'm behind bars.

I would like to see more shaved beaver in your publication, and since I'm into the leather scene, I would completely drool over a lady in leather with—you guessed it—a completely bald pussy. As you can see, I rate HUSTLER as excellent, because it is.

—Robert Lindenbusch

#06320-016

Medical Center for U.S. Prisoners
Springfield, Missouri

COLLEGIATE ADMIRERS:

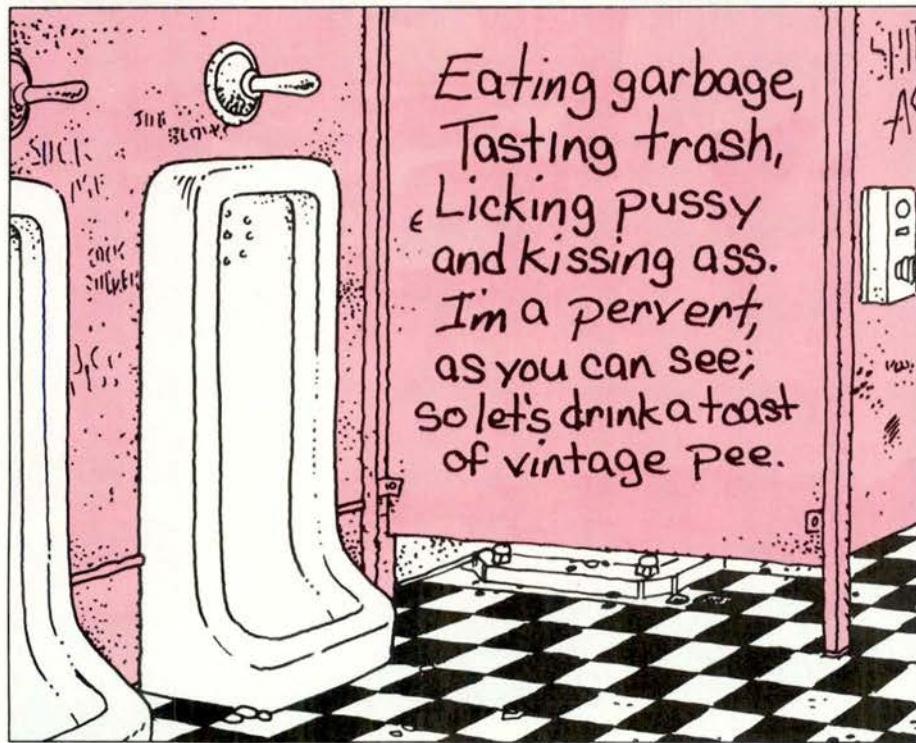
We have read HUSTLER in the past and thoroughly enjoyed it, both the stunningly erotic pictorials and the informative articles. In the past year or so, due to our attendance of college, we have been unable to afford HUSTLER and have therefore missed out on some key features. And up here at college our sex lives suck; so we need a magazine as excellent as HUSTLER to occasionally fulfill our basic desires. It's a real turn-on.

Recently we were able to pick up a copy of the March '84 issue of your magazine, and let us say that HUSTLER has changed drastically from the publication we once read: The pictorials are steamier than ever before, and the articles have been greatly expanded, especially in terms of politics. HUSTLER has improved tremendously. Hard-core is only a step away for you, Larry.

—Andrew Jones and Michael Shirk
University Park, Pennsylvania

Got a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (preferably typed or neatly printed) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. 

GRAFFILTHY



Thanx and \$25 to L.C., Pendleton, Indiana

WASHINGTON DAISY CHAIN

Potomac Wire

How Reagan Went for Broke and George Bush's Dirty Joke by Larry Flynt

Before his confirmation hearings for the attorney-general slot White House adviser Edwin Meese confided to friends the details of the Reagan Administration's invasion of Grenada.



Insider Edwin Meese revealed how his boss bullied Grenada.

reaction. Then, when they presented Reagan with their invasion plans, he ordered the number of troops to be doubled. Why? Because, Reagan said, if Jimmy Carter had sent twice the number of helicopters into Iran to rescue the American hostages, he would still be President today.

Washington insiders predict an easy victory by Ronald Reagan no matter whom the quarrelsome Democrats finally choose as their candidate. But on the minds of many is Reagan's advanced age of 73, which makes him three years older than any previous American President. His aides have helped deflect Reagan's age as a campaign issue by having him project a macho image. Strategically released photographs of the Chief Executive chopping brush at his Santa Barbara ranch, a *Parade* magazine cover story on how he keeps in shape and a phony Oval Office arm-wrestling match with a health-magazine publisher helped paint the picture of a fit, hearty President.

According to insurance-industry figures, a man born in 1911—as Reagan was—has a 70% chance of surviving the next five years, although it is far less likely he could do so without incurring serious health problems. And that, of course, increases the possibility that Vice President George Bush just might wind up in the top spot.

What can America expect from Bush?

Nothing much new. While Reagan's tax cuts for the rich made him the darling of the Establishment, George Bush is the Establishment—or at least one of its principal pillars. Yale University, the CIA, his membership in Washington's ultra-exclusive Alibi Club—all of Bush's credentials are in order. He's so preppy, he has a multicolored selection of watchbands so he can choose the color according to what suit he is wearing that morning.

But there is a bright side to Bush—he loves dirty jokes. Here's one he recently told Senator Alan Simpson (R-Wyoming):

A woman was chosen to appear as a guest on a television quiz show, and she spent a good deal of time studying and preparing for her debut. On the show she chose "anatomy" as her category of questions and was first asked what the most important part of a man's body was.

The nervous guest thought a moment and answered, "His head."

"Absolutely right!" said the show's host. "Now, what is the second most important part of a man's body?"

The guest thought a bit longer this time before answering, "His heart."

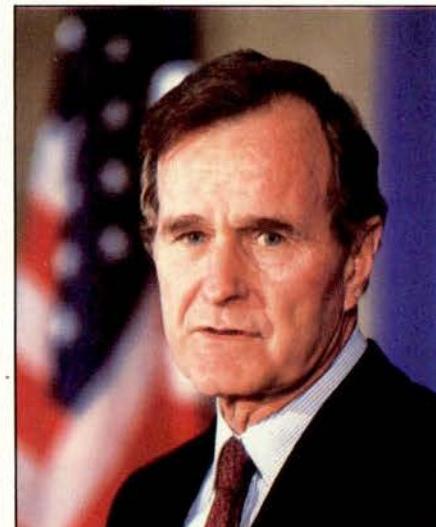
"Correct!" said the host. "And for the grand prize, what's the third most important part of a man's body?"

The guest was stumped, and the game clock nearly ran down before she managed to sputter an apology: "Oh, I—I had it on the tip of my tongue just this morning—"

"That's close enough!" said the host as he proclaimed her a winner.

* * *

It didn't take long for jokes to begin swirl-



Now they're calling Vice President George Bush the Administration's hard-core preppy.

ing around the Kremlin after the death of Yuri Andropov last February. Here's the one that cracked up members of the Politburo not long ago:

Question: Why are the Russians so happy that Andropov died?

Answer: Because they finally got to see him in public.



The Rev. Jesse Jackson is caught in another credibility gap.

Jesse Jackson likes to think of himself as the poor people's Presidential candidate. Somehow that doesn't jibe with the fact that his son Jesse Jr. attends Washington's poshest school for boys—St. Albans School—where he's a star halfback on the football team. So far Yale, Brown and North Carolina Agricultural and Technical State University (where Jesse Sr. played football) have scouted Jesse Jr.

* * *

Senator William Proxmire (D-Wisconsin) wants to eliminate one of the favorite fringe benefits of Washington fat cats by ending subsidies for executive dining rooms on Capitol Hill and at federal agencies. In fiscal 1981 the government spent about \$2.9 million to run the facilities that offer fine food below cost to high-ranking pooh-bahs. The executives, Proxmire says, paid about \$500,000 for their meals, leaving the taxpayers to take care of the \$2.4-million difference.

* * *

And in case you didn't believe the living was easy on the banks of the Potomac River, consider what happened in the ladies' room of Loew's L'Enfant Plaza Hotel in Washington not long ago. The hotel was the scene of a fashion luncheon in honor of the newly created Princess Grace Foundation. From society circles everywhere the assembled elite dressed in jewels and gowns to toast the first family of Monaco. And in the ladies' room a hotel maid sprinkled chopped carnation petals in the toilets after every flush.

(For future *Washington Daisy Chain* columns, *HUSTLER* will pay \$1,000 for every anonymous tip that appears in print. The confidentiality of tip sources will be stringently protected by *HUSTLER*.)

IMPOTENCE

The dried leaves of the plant (*Turnera Aphrodisiaca*), containing bitter principles believed to be effective in the treatment of sexual impotence.

THE RANDOM HOUSE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, THE UNABRIDGED EDITION, © 1981, PG. 365.

After more than 5 years of independent research to find a new treatment for impotence and sexual weakness. Our research team stumbled upon an herbal remedy that has been used for centuries to stimulate the male libido.

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Frankly we don't know. To our surprise we found references to this amazing natural substance documented in reference texts published as recently as 1981. Could the medical community be blind to the benefits of this "wonder" herb because it's not a drug? Or could it be that a man's sexual problems are supposed to be some sort of private shame that a man has to deal with by himself? Or maybe sexual problems are not something you are supposed to talk about at all.

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ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MEDICINAL HERBS; JOSEPH M. KADANS, N.D., PH.D., © 1980, PG. 107.

"A plant whose leaves and their extracts have been used as aphrodisiacs (sexual excitants)..."

ATTORNEY'S DICTIONARY OF MEDICINE AND WORD FINDER, © 1965, PG. 212.

"The leaves of *Turnera Aphrodisiaca*... said to be a tonic, analeptic, diuretic, and aphrodisiac."

DORLAND'S ILLUSTRATED MEDICAL DICTIONARY, FOURTH EDITION, © 1981, PG. 346.

"considered as something of a natural "upper," to be taken for nervous and sexual debility. In particular, it is reputed to have aphrodisiac properties."

THE HERB BOOK; JOHN LUST, N.D., D.B.M., 13TH PRINTING, © 1980, PG. 270.

In a new study funded by the U.S. government and published in the April 1983 Journal of the American Medical Association a startling fact was uncovered: Out of 401 men who were the victims of sexual weakness only 6, that's right, only 6 out of 401 had previously made their sexual problem known. Maybe they thought nothing could be done.

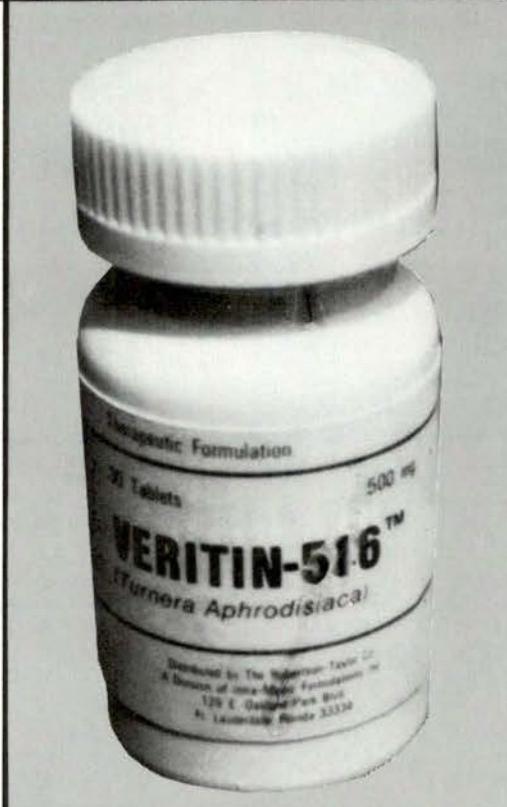
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DEAR GRANNY

Got a problem? You need some advice, but don't know where to turn? No matter what the hassle—your girl and your best friend or your girlfriend and man's best friend—no problem! *Dear Granny* has an answer. It may not be the answer, but it will sure as hell be the kind of advice your mother never gave you—but probably should have! Send your questions, problems and tales of woe to: *Dear Granny*, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

DEAR GRANNY:

My husband and I have a variety of vibrators we use to enhance our sex life, but lately they've been causing me a rather embarrassing health problem. It seems as if every time I use one, I get a yeast infection, and I'm sure you know how itchy and horrible that can be.

I hate to go to my gynecologist every time this happens, as it's expensive and somewhat humiliating. Are there certain vibrators that are less infection-causing than others? And what are the best ones to use? I'd hate to have to give up my little toys; so please tell me I don't have to.

—Itching and Buzzing
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Dear Itching: Honey, vibrators don't cause yeast infections, although a lot of sexual activity of any kind can contribute to them. Make sure your playthings (and that includes your husband's cock) are squeaky clean before you use them. And try douching with plain yogurt once a week to normalize the bacteria levels in your twat. Most important, if you do get a yeast infection—or any other kind of infection—don't feel embarrassed to immediately see your doctor. He's not going to know how you got it—unless your favorite "toy" just happens to fall out.

DEAR GRANNY:

I want an honest, sincere answer to my problem. I don't want put-downs, silly jokes or any of those other things you usually put in your answers. Now that that's perfectly clear, here's my question: Is there any way I can tell for certain if my wife has a virgin asshole? My hard-headed mate will not let me butt-fuck her no matter how much I beg. This really pisses me off because there's nothing I'd like better than to take a trip up her "old dirt road." She says she's never been fucked up the ass and will never allow it. She'll do everything in bed with me except that.

I get the feeling she's lying to me. I think she's had anal sex before with a man who didn't care about her, and it was very painful because the guy didn't know what

he was doing. Now I figure she won't let me into her ass because she thinks I'll do the same. Of course, I love her very much and would never hurt her. I've told her all this, but she still won't let me. The only way I think I can prove my point is if I can tell for sure if her asshole is pure. Granny, is there any way I can do this? And how can I convince her I'll be gentle with her once I do?

—No Butts

San Antonio, Texas

Dear No Butts: You've got some nerve asking me for a serious answer and then posing a question about virgin assholes! Anyways, to my knowledge there's no scientific way to prove your wife's

Hershey

always asking me what we can do to spice up our sex life, and I think another couple or a guy would be ideal. Granny, I don't get it. If she wants to heat up our sex life so much, why won't she let us add a third party? And what can I do to get her to agree to this?

—Three's Company

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Three's: Honey, if your wife had wanted to fuck other men, she'd have married the Sixth Fleet. Marriage is a two-way street, after all, not a five-lane highway. Your wife probably feels it's time that the two of you started handling your sex life together, without anybody else's help, and I totally agree with her. As for ways to spice up your sex life, believe me, I could write a book on that. But for now I think your imagination should be able to go beyond just watching.

DEAR GRANNY:

I'm a 22-year-old female who has no trouble climaxing. The problem is that when I do, only a few drops of liquid come out. My boyfriend complains about this, especially when he's eating me. He says that he'd really like more juice. How can I accommodate him?

—Dripped Dry
Chatham, Louisiana

Dear Dripped: Try stocking up on TreeSweet. Or have your boyfriend eat you out after he's fucked you. But I'm afraid women are a lot like fruit in this regard: Some of them are juicier than others, but they're all just as good to eat.

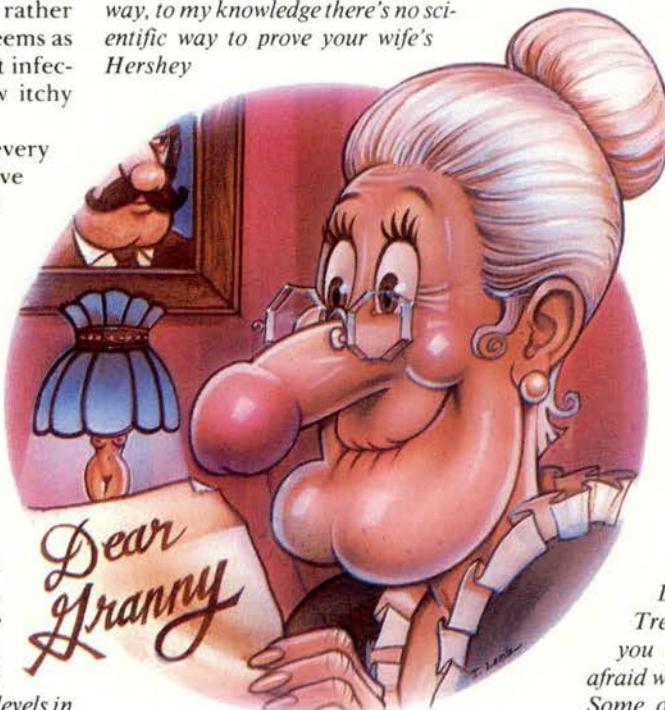
DEAR GRANNY:

I guess you could say I've got a problem that a lot of other guys probably wish they had. Actually, it's not really a problem, just a question. My girlfriend's a real cum lover. I think she'd rather suck me off and swallow my jism than anything else, even fucking. But lately the two of us have been wondering if this could do her some harm. Can eating too much cum make her sick? She swallows my load at least four or five times a week, and I'd hate to think it could cause her indigestion or any other health problem.

—Gulped

Los Angeles, California

Dear Gulped: Sweetheart, at four or five times a week I'm just getting started! If too much cum made you sick, I would have died 20 years ago. Somebody up there must love oral sex, because not only does the stuff dissolve in your stomach too fast to cause an upset tummy, it's packed full of things that are actually good for you. To be perfectly honest, the



Highway is an untraveled path. Furthermore, you should trust her to tell you the truth if you really care for her—or at least respect her wishes, especially if you think her problem is that she doesn't trust you enough to be gentle with her. Who knows? Maybe someday she'll decide she's ready to open her backdoor to you. Otherwise, if you keep bugging her about it, you could end up being the unfucked asshole in the family.

DEAR GRANNY:

Three years ago my wife and I were involved in a threesome with another guy that lasted a year. She enjoyed having me watch her fuck him and suck him off.

I even let her go out on dates with him so I could screw her while she told me what they did together. I enjoyed the whole experience. It was great until it ended.

Since then I've tried to get her to fuck other guys we know while I watch, but she won't. I've also tried to get the two of us involved in a foursome with another couple, but she also refuses to do this. She's

only health problem I know of that giving too much head can cause is a sore jaw.

DEAR GRANNY:

I'm a 20-year-old male who loves to watch X-rated films. I've been going to porn movies and viewing them in my home for several years now. One thing in particular has always puzzled me about them though, and I'm wondering if it means I've got a sex problem.

You're probably familiar with the standard cum-shot in most porn flicks: The guy pulls out onto the girl's stomach after fucking her senseless, and then he comes and comes and comes all over her stomach. These actors seem to be able to ejaculate forever, putting out literally quarts of the stuff. Granny, I've never been able to climax for that long—or in that amount—and I'd like to know if something's wrong with me. How can I come as much as these porn stars?

—Little Squirt
Sioux City, Iowa

Dear Little Squirt: You could try hooking up an IV full of mayonnaise and Karo syrup. In this case, sweetheart, the camera is cleverer than the eye. Those hourlong jism-shots are edited together to seem longer—30 seconds worth of orgasm can be spliced to look like a broken fire hydrant. And some porn directors have even been known to use Jergen's lotion or some other cumlike substance in place of the

real thing. So believe me, honey, you've got nothing to be afraid of. Your little squirt is joy juice enough for two.

DEAR GRANNY:

I'm writing to you in desperation. No one I've talked with has been able to help me with my problem, probably because they've never had to handle what's happening to me. I'm a good-looking, 26-year-old guy who stays in shape and likes to dress well. All that's great! I do okay with the ladies and have no complaints in that area. But because I look like some model in a fashion magazine, I'm always getting propositioned by queers. I'm totally straight, and even the idea of being with another man makes me sick. I don't want to change my style—women want a guy to take care of himself, and I rely on my appearance to help me get laid—but I can't fucking stand it when some fag starts making kissy-lips at me. What should I do?

—Can't Stand Gays
San Francisco, California

Dear Can't: Honey, how on Earth did you end up in San Francisco? Short of moving, all you can do is ignore it. Most gay men I know—and I know plenty—can take a hint better than most straight men or women when it comes to starting or stopping an erotic encounter. But you seem too upset by what's really nothing more than harmless flirtation. Have you con-

sidered the possibility that your anger may be a coverup for some deep-seated feelings you're refusing to acknowledge? Think about it.

DEAR GRANNY:

I read in a report that the male hormone testosterone can increase your sex drive. Lately, even though my woman has been hornier than a bitch in heat, my cock sometimes stays limp as a dead dog's. Is it possible to buy testosterone over the counter? If so, how should I go about it, and how much should I administer to myself in order to cure this problem? —Limp

New York, New York

Dear Limp: Honey, you can get anything over the counter—provided you're carrying a gun and a bag. But testosterone is powerful stuff with many possible side effects. So if you have to have it, I suggest you obtain it the legal way—by consulting your doctor. From what you've told me, though, you could simply be in poor physical shape. After all, your love muscle, like all muscles, needs exercise too.

DEAR GRANNY:

I'm a guy who really loves to eat pussy, but it's often frustrating. My tongue sticks out only half an inch past my lips, and the cord that holds it back gets very sore and prevents deep thrusts and delicate maneuvers when I tongue-fuck my women.

Is there an operation that can alleviate this problem and allow greater extension of my woman-pleaser without pain to me? I'm very interested in doing something about this.

—Tongue Tied
South Jersey, New Jersey

Dear Tongue Tied: Pussycat got your tongue, eh? Don't worry. Unless you've had complaints about your technique—or lack of it—there's not a thing for you to worry about. Your length is no handicap. If you're leaving your honey unfulfilled, I'll bet it's because your frustration over this imagined problem is affecting your performance. What you need to do is forget about it and keep your lips busy against hers.

DEAR GRANNY:

I've known about wet dreams in men for years (from personal experiences), but now my girlfriend tells me that she also has orgasms while she's sleeping. Is she putting me on, or can women really have wet dreams?

—Dream Lover

Petersburg, Virginia

Dear Dream: I had one of those wet dreams once—sleeping on a leaky waterbed. But my friends in the sexology business say that your girlfriend may be telling the truth. About 40% of all women have honest-to-goodness wet dreams, complete with orgasms and all the trimmings. And believe it or not, I'm a bit jealous!



"Statutory rape? I never fucked no statue!"

BITS and PIECES

A S S H O L E O F T H E M O N T H

We expect our public officials to be crooks, and they rarely disappoint us. During the past ten years enough former officeholders have had the barred jail door hit them on the ass to warrant opening a special prison solely for politicians. Why not? After all, going to prison is bad enough without the extra punishment of having to associate with the real scum of the Earth. Who can say what a child molester or an ax murderer might do after spending some time with a slimy shit-squeezing like this month's Asshole: ex-Nixon hatchet man, ex-con, ex-lawyer Chuck Colson, the self-anointed prison preacher?

Why single out Colson? Certainly not just because of his involvement in the Nixon Administration's attempts to turn America into a police state—bigger bungholes than Colson were much more closely connected to the various break-ins and cover-ups during the early 1970s. The only notable difference between him and such other scheming sphincters as Ehrlichman, Haldeman, Nixon and Kissinger is that former White House hatchet man Colson went right to the top when he realized it was time to start covering his ass.

Most politicians are boringly predictable when they're caught scamming the public. At first they deny everything, hoping the situation will blow over. But by the time it becomes obvious (to anyone who knows that shit leaves shoes looking and smelling bad) that *someone* is going to jail, they're ready for action. Which

Chuck Colson



means that they either rat on their friends to cut a deal or come up with a scheme designed to result in a reduction or suspension of their jail time.

So no one blinked when Cornhole Colson began claiming that he'd accepted Jesus as his personal friend and savior—just a short time before he was to appear in front of the Senate committee investigating Watergate. The editorial cartoonists had a field day with it, of course, and the rest of us grudgingly gave Colson credit for having enough balls to risk eternal damnation in order to stay out of the slammer.

It even seemed to be working—to a point. Colson farted out such a smoke screen of sincerity that he attracted a real congregation of new friends and supporters, including then-Senator Harold Hughes (the liberal Democrat from Iowa who had previously stated that Colson represented everything Hughes found wrong with the Nixon Administration), then-Congressman Al Quie (R-Minnesota) and some other D.C. big shots. Did this have any effect on Judge Gerhard Gesell when he pronounced sentence? The fact that Colson caught only three years in stir (he was facing five)

FARTS IN

There's no denying that "born again" Chuck Colson is worthy of Asshole status, but several other individuals deserve some sort of recognition on this page. They are June's Farts in the Wind.

Presidential hopeful **JESSE JACKSON** put his foot in his mouth during the primary campaign when he off-

THE WIND

handedly referred to Jews as "Hymies" and New York City as "Hymietown." While most of his opponents downplayed the incident, what would the Reverend's response have been if Walter Mondale, say, had called Jesse a nigger or Rastus?

Minneapolis Councilwoman **CHARLENE HOYT** takes Fart "honors" for ini-

tiating a municipal ordinance that would have forbid certain types of pornography as a violation of women's civil rights. After it was passed by the City Council, Mayor Donald Fraser vetoed the ordinance.

Another marvel of American jurisprudence is U.S. District Judge **MANUAL L. REAL**, the judicial tyrant who sentenced Larry "Give Me More, Give Me More" Flynt to 15 months in prison

does seem to support that possibility.

But the real reason this Scripture-pushing shit-squeezing gets the Asshole of the Month label is his incredible stupidity. The ultimate object of any scam—including the con in which you pretend to be "born again" in order to escape imprisonment—is to fool *the other guys*. Unfortunately for Chuck (as well as prisoners he's come in contact with), Colson bought his own bullshit. He played the part so well that he outslid himself, and upon his release he began conducting "missions" in prisons across America.

Don't misunderstand us. We'll defend to the death the right of any individual to indulge himself in his beliefs—no matter how ridiculous they may seem. But in the public interest we must point out that there's now one more factor to consider before committing a crime that could put you behind bars: You may be willing to do the time, but what will you do when Chuck and his prison fellowship appear to "show you the light"? Compared to that, solitary would be a day at the beach.

HUSTLER believes that Colson's Bible-pounding violates the Constitutional protection against "cruel and unusual punishment," and we call upon the U.S. attorney general to initiate charges against him—charges we hope will eventually result in a sentence of life away from prison. Let's face it, gang. Things are bad enough for the poor bastards who live there without Colson and his evangelical excretion.

for contempt of court. Even killers have been handed down lighter sentences. Our favorite Real quote is one the jurist muttered before denying Larry's request for bail: "Mr. Flynt suffers from what I call the Burger King Syndrome. He wants things done his way." If things were done Larry's way, judges like Manual Real would be down in St. Petersburg reading dusty old law journals and playing shuffleboard.

Daytime TV Shows We'd Like to See

Let's face it—one reason those daytime dramas are so popular is that they continually promise to provide something that's apparently missing from many

women's lives: sex. Despite the fact that those shows don't deliver on that promise, they still manage to keep a large audience entranced, waiting for something that

never quite happens. Imagine how much more successful and entertaining they could be if they featured *real* sex like these "dirty" soaps we'd like to see.

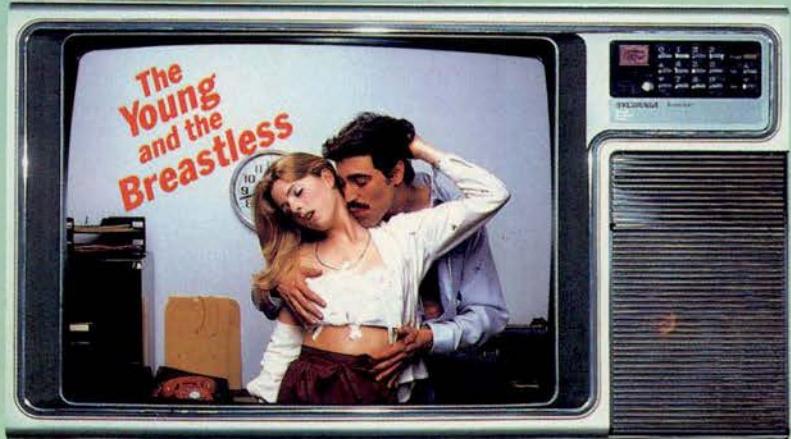
GENITAL HOSPITAL

The human drama of gynecologists working at a major metropolitan medical facility—and the cunts they fall in love with.



THE YOUNG AND THE BREASTLESS

Emotions run high for these mastectomy outpatients who find themselves on the cutting edge of romance.



BALL MY CHILDREN

When conflicts and passions erupt in the Greenblatt household, it's strictly a family affair.

Every thing you ever heard about black men...

is TRUE!



A Real Black Mailer

We've heard about greeting cards that say a mouthful, but this is ridiculous. The mouthful in question was created by our friends at T.N.T. Designs in New York, New York (photo by Usher).

Come to think of it, this meaty message might be just the card you've been fumbling around for while trying to dredge up something appropriate for that special occasion. For example, maybe your mother's birthday is coming up. Or perhaps there's a hoser down at the office who's in need of some ego puncturing. Or maybe you've been trying to come up with a novel greeting to go along with your Klan-membership renewal this year.

Whatever the reason, even if it's just to let Presidential hopeful Jesse Jackson know that you feel he's overqualified, we're sure this eye-opening beauty will rise to the occasion.

There is one problem, however, that you'll have to overcome if you plan to have the post office handle the honors: You'll have to lube up the envelope so that the mailman won't have any problems getting the thing into the slot.

Porn From the Past



As we all know, long before TV was invented, people had to entertain themselves—and, of course, each other—on those long, lonely evenings. What better fun than an all-night concert performance on the two-handed buttocarina?

If you've got a song in your heart and some funny (or just plain strange) old porn pix in your attic, keep the melody to yourself and send that vintage smut to *Bits and Pieces*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. We pay \$150 for each shot we use.

SEX IN MEDIA

WE NEED LIVE BEAVER!

The whole world's after beaver these days, as this ad (which appeared in a small-town Wisconsin paper) proves. The fact of the matter is that they're not



To fill orders, we need good beaver. This is what we pay. Prices may be higher or lower depending on your pelts quality.

Here's Our Prices:		
Super Blanket.....	'70	Blanket..... '60
Extra Large.....	'49	Large..... '41
Large - Medium.....	'33	Medium..... '25
Small.....	'17	

GOOD Winter
Marsh Rats. \$8.50 Top

Prices Could be higher for top skins - we want your beaver.

MUELLER'S FUR SHED

3 miles east of Chippewa Falls on Hwy. 29 at "J" exit.
Phone (715) 723-4547
Open 9-9:30 Mon. thru Fri., 9 to 5 Saturday, closed Sundays.

Beavers alive and fresh. And the money we're offering is a lot better than the dead-or-alive beaver bounty Mueller's offers. So if you really want to make money hunting Beavers, check out page 99. And remember, although we strongly believe in eating Beavers, we just can't stand to see them hurt.

A CROSS TOO BARE?—Here's a reader-submitted photo that blew us away—for a few seconds anyway. At first glance it certainly appears as if this is a picture of a man engaged in some type of bizarre sexual act with a dismantled plaster representation of a person closely resembling our very own HUSTLER Publisher. Fortunately, it turns out that this photo (published on May 14, 1983, by the *Moline [Illinois] Daily Dispatch*) is not an exposé of some strange massage parlor for religious statues, but just an innocent depiction of a gentleman identified as Brother Francis refurbishing a Christ figure prior to rehanging it. And some people say truth is stranger than cruci-fiction.

looking for the same kind of beaver as we are. In fact, we're upset about this ad because in order to supply Mueller's Fur Shed with the silky pelts they want, you'd have to kill some innocent animals. We just can't see the fun in that. We like our

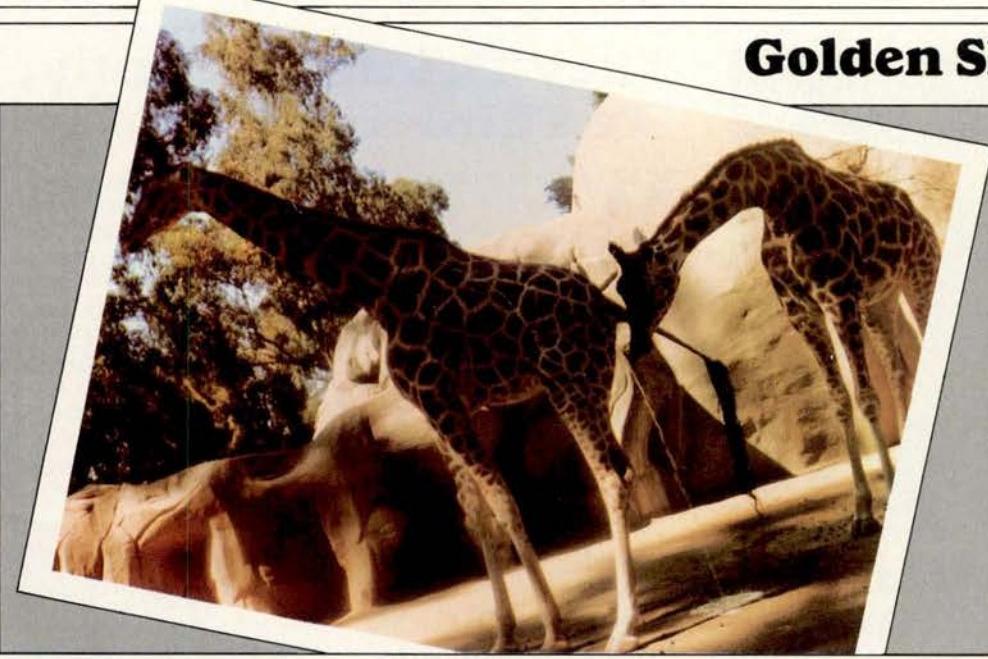


A Snack You Could Kill For

Hey there, junk-food lovers. Looking for an exciting new taste-treat sensation? Why not try Dan White's Kreme Filled Killer Kakes, the new snack that is so *insanely* delicious, after just one bite you'll think you can get away with anything! And only four Killer Kakes give you all the pep and stamina you'll need to run out and take the lives of innocent

people. What's more, there's no unpleasant aftertaste of remorse. So besides being a great between-jobs energy booster, Killer Kakes provide the perfect alibi—guaranteed to get you no more than a slap on the wrist or your money back! Try Dan White's new Kreme Filled Killer Kakes today! Remember, it's the snack that fills you up without killing your appetite for bloodshed!

Golden Showers 'R' Us



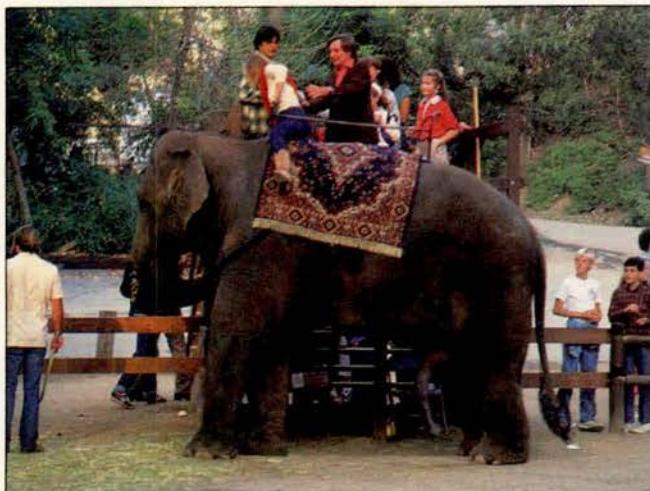
It used to be that you could find a nice girl at the zoo, but things must have changed, judging from this photograph. The long-necked lonely guy in back had heard that this lady with the long legs was really into giving deep-throat; so he thought he would try and get a little closer to her—just to check things out. After all, she sure seemed to be head and shoulders above the competition. Well, he stuck his neck out to make her feel good, and look what it got him. To make things worse, when he told her that he thought she was Number 1, she really pissed him off. Which just goes to show you that if you're trying to find love by hanging around the old watering hole, you're bound to end up all wet.

And Now This Public-Service Message . . .

No doubt you've already seen the ad for Nancy's Free Phone Sex (page 108 this month) that's appeared in our *Advertising Section* for several months. Hopefully, you have been as curious as we were about the First Lady's enterprise, because in the interest of satisfying everyone's curiosity, HUSTLER sent a photographer (cleverly disguised as a nuclear-power lobbyist with plenty of cash to spend) to the White House to find out what he could. Even we were shocked by the results. As you can see, the Nancy's Phone Sex gang consists of judges and the wives and mistresses of our nation's leaders, who make themselves available at all hours. And their techniques include whispered graphic descriptions of how our leaders rape the economy, obscene talk about hard cash being pumped again and again into defense budgets to stimulate inflation, and allusions to the cruel and sadistic ways in which your civil liberties are tortured by a court that has bound and gagged the spirit of liberty. Hey, this is some arousing stuff, and we hope it fills you with strong urges and desires—which you won't be able to satisfy until you can pull that big handle in the privacy of your very own booth next November.



Sandra "Bend Over, America" O'Connor, Nancy "Madame" Reagan and Barbara "Eat My" Bush confer with clientele.



A Love Connection

If you've seen the syndicated television program *Love Connection*, you know the object of the game is to pair a single man with a single woman and send them out on a date of their choosing. But as you can see, what began as a wholesome afternoon outing at the zoo for two TV-connect-

ed lovers soon took a kinky turn when this attractive young lady straddled a lovesick pachyderm. Unfortunately, Jumbo took it personally.

This episode reminds us of a joke that begins with the question: What's gray and comes in quarts? The correct answer is, of course, irrelevant.

They Think It's Funny; We Think It's Snot

With only five months to go before elections, the Presidential race is really beginning to heat up. Candidates of both parties are trying to impress voters with their qualifications as Election Day draws near. Here, in an unusual face-to-face confrontation, sneaky Democrat Jesse Jackson and his aged opponent, incumbent Ronald Reagan, attempt to prove who's best when

it comes to flicking snotballs. Although Jackson clearly won (his mucus hit a reporter more than ten feet away), Reagan gained some points by tossing his "product" onto Jackson's mohair suit, calling it "a booger for a boogie." Quipped Jackson, "Peckerwood think he be funny fucking up a man's clothing. Lessee what happen to the nex' jive white Marine get shot down in a Third World country."



Like Two Skunks in a Cabbage Patch

Hey, we may be crazy, but we aren't stupid. So we knew that the cabbage-patch-doll craze wasn't just a media hype engineered to sell these very popular, expensive and apparently useless toys. We felt all along there had to be some basic reason why people were fighting to adopt these little cloth kids. And now we can prove it, using these reader-submitted photos. A lot of people reckoned that they could breed cabbage patchers and make a few quick bucks next Christmas selling the best of the litter to their friends. Well, we hate to rain on the parade folks, but the bad news is that they've all been fixed at the factory (to prevent the possibility of genetic disorders caused by inbreeding). On the other hand, it's kind of kinky to lay in bed and watch these kids go at it. And you don't have to worry about a lot of damaged dolls running for political office sometime in the future. Now, if someone had only thought of fixing the Reagans....



Stupid Customs



As our Canadian readers know, HUSTLER isn't quite the same above the border. For many months now, Canadian customs officials have required certain changes in the format of our magazine before allowing it in for sale. These adjustments include the placement of black "censor" dots over portions of certain photographs.

The only thing HUSTLER abhors as much as censorship is stupidity, and the Canadians seem to have added a new di-

mension to both by attempting to randomly determine what is offensive and what is not. For example, a picture of a vagina used in the December '83 issue was acceptable, while a very similar vagina in January '84 was not. And some cocks get through, while others don't. There's no consistency.

Obviously, the people this really hurts are our Canadian customers, who can't understand why they keep seeing spots instead of sex organs. Although we don't pretend to

know how Canadian customs officers make their decisions, a couple of possibilities have occurred to us.

1. The *Gone With the Wind* Method: As you can see, this method is foolproof—any fool can do it. All you need is a fan to blow open the pages, a dart to stick into the magazine and some snowbound hoser to operate the dart.

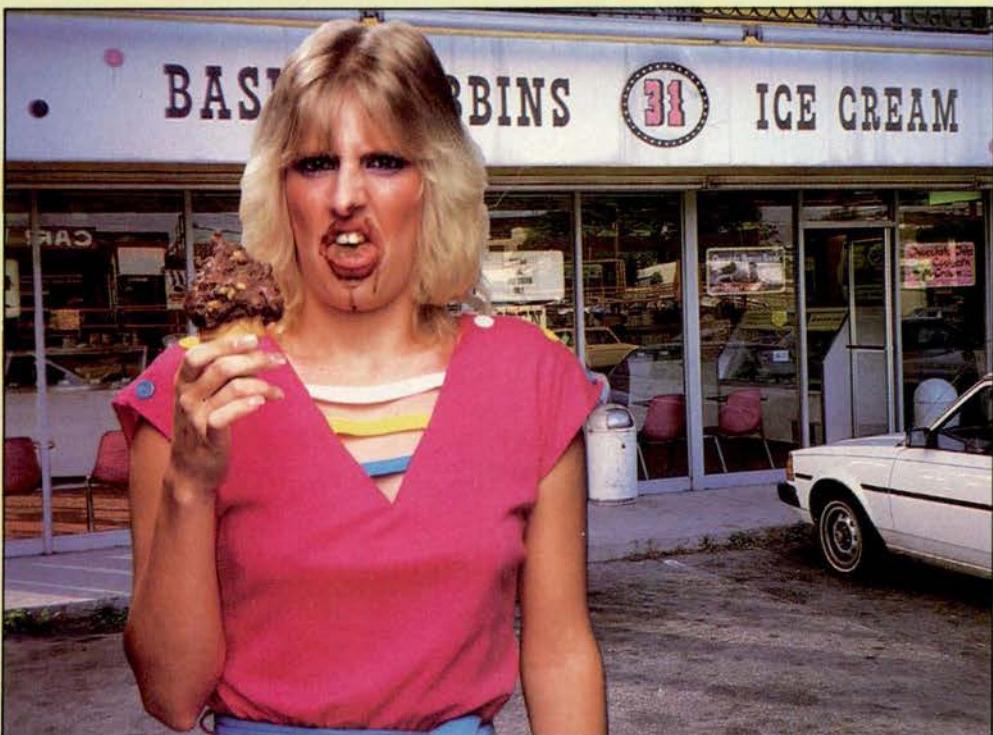
2. The "Big Jacques Carbeau" Method: Jacques pages through the new issue of HUSTLER while eating a

plate of Canadian bacon and hash browns. If he slops some hash browns on the page, out comes the snatch.

Although we've tried to treat a very serious subject with some humor, we're really not amused by it. We call on our Canadian readers to let their government know that they're mad as hell and they aren't going to take it anymore. And to think that the *beaver* is considered by many to be one of the symbols of the Canadian lifestyle.

We'll Stick With Vanilla

If you're into ice cream, you know that the larger franchises try to come up with a new flavor every month. But when the new month's getting close and they're down to the bottom of the barrel ideewise, the road can be rocky. As a reader service, we're giving you the latest scoop on the candidates in June's Flavor of the Month Derby. First of all, enthusiasm for "Ol' Stogie" (an after-dinner treat with the aroma and taste of a fine cigar) was quickly butted out. Then one of our pet projects, "Hamster Chip" (a crunchy delight made with real hamster bones), was buried. That left only one contender—"Backdoor Fudge"—still in the running. While we agree that this could be the first dessert in history to look and taste the same before and after passing through the digestive system, as far as we're concerned, it'll never be more than Number 2 to us.



Most Tasteless Cartoon



HUSTLER Update

YOU ARE BEING POISONED!

February '81

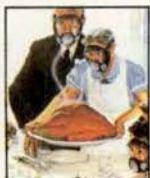
Asbestos, EDB, dioxin, PCBs and DDT are only a few of the toxic substances that continue to make headlines following HUSTLER's article on the deadly chemicals present in our air, soil, water and food. Years ago we stressed the importance of ridding the environment of these poisons. The recent dioxin and EDB scares—and the discovery of DDT in fish more than 12 years after use of that chemical was banned—underline the continuing urgency of the situation. It's time to stop pussyfooting around and start moving on a full-scale environmental cleanup before we get cleaned out!



CONTAMINATED FOOD

March '82

One aspect of this eye-opening article reported the shocking (not to mention illegal) practice of companies knowingly selling tainted food and the difficulty encountered by the FDA in tracing and prosecuting violators. One such outfit accused of selling contaminated ground beef to schools has finally been run into the ground. A former supervisor of Denver's Cattle King Packing Company has admitted to federal prosecutors that he had participated in a scheme to manipulate meat-testing procedures. HUSTLER applauds the diligence of the agencies that exposed these activities.



Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for each reader-submitted Bits and Pieces item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For June, \$150 goes to Raymond Huffman, Dave McEnery, M. Roberts and Michael D. Scott. HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred.

THE BIG HOUSE

Tales From the Tank

by J. R. J.

In response to years of heavy reader reaction following the publication of articles dealing with miscarriages of American justice and the appalling conditions inside U.S. prisons, HUSTLER is inaugurating this column as a forum for the exchange of documented information that is normally ignored by the mainstream press. Its author is a federal prisoner who prefers to use the pseudonym J. R. J. for his own safety.

MISTREATMENT BEHIND BARS

Prison time has been said to consist of 90% boredom, 9% adrenal-rush anticipation and 1% terror. In that latter 1% are found the stories of escapees who were blown away while wearing 50 pounds of chain, experimental-drug therapy, deliberate or negligent medical malpractice, lost release papers, suicides by hanging in strip cells and unexplained violent deaths.

If the prospect of doing prison time doesn't seem to relate to your present situation, consider the fact that Department of Justice figures indicate in excess of 2 million adults in the United States are currently under some form of correctional supervision. And then ponder how many of those are innocent victims—just like you might be someday—who had no idea what it's really like in prison until it was too late. The following random tour of U.S. penal institutions should provide chilling insight:

To exert and maintain maximum control over a particular inmate, the Federal Bureau of Prisons is building more of the cells known as "boxcars." That's an appropriate name. Just like a rail cargo unit, a boxcar's floor, ceiling and walls consist of heavy-gauge steel plating welded together for extra strength. All windows are covered, and the only light allowed in the cells comes from a security fixture controlled by a guard stationed outside or a food tray/peephole in the reinforced-steel door. Flushing the steel toilet is also con-

trolled from outside the cell. The bed is a welded-steel frame secured into a block of cement. On designated days showers are taken in an adjacent cell, and all movement—whether it involves bathing or recreation—is done with hands cuffed behind the back. At no time is the inmate allowed exposure to sunlight or fresh air. Sounds more like Russia than America, doesn't it?

A convict at the United States Penitentiary in Leavenworth, Kansas, recently petitioned the White House for imposition of the death penalty, rather than wait another four years for his release. The reason given for this extraordinary request was that after 15 years in prison he had absolutely nothing left to go home to. In addition, he felt that his built-up anger and bitterness stemming from the long period of dehumanization would explode in such a way that innocent people in the community would be hurt—and he couldn't live with that sort of guilt.

Then there was the convict who injured his leg while playing softball in the North Dakota State Penitentiary and was carried to the infirmary by stretcher. The two screws who examined him called the prison nurse at home for instructions. Without bothering to make a personal inspection of the injury, she ordered aspirin and ice packs for the man, plus housing in an infirmary cell. Eighteen hours later the convict was taken to a doctor, who rushed him to the local hospital for major orthopedic surgery to correct a shattered ankle socket and fractured leg.

When he sued the prison for medical negligence, the court refused to allow the indigent convict legal counsel and stated that prison officials had acted correctly in denying treatment. Ironically, whenever a cow from the North Dakota State Penitentiary dairy herd is injured, the veterinarian is immediately called.

The park available to tourists and visitors at the old walls of the Colorado State Department of Corrections has a unique attraction not found anywhere else in

America: The playhouse that kids climb on and play hide-and-seek in is an out-of-date, double-seated gas chamber in which more than 30 men and women were killed with cyanide and other poisons.

How many of you have ever gone through a psychiatrist's examination and come away feeling that there was a question as to who was really shaky upstairs? This story comes under the heading of "swear on my momma" truth. Joe Tanker was walking down the hall at Springfield, Missouri's Medical Center for Federal Prisoners—the elite psychiatric division of the nation's penal system—when he spotted a prison psychiatrist headed toward him. This shrink was noted for the number of dudes he had diagnosed for permanent nut status, which means having them locked up forever.

Joe asked him what time it was; the doctor leaned against the wall, pulled his ankle up to where he could see the watch strapped to his leg and said, "It's late; it's late. I must keep a very important date!" Before running off, the eminent psychiatrist looked at Joe and called him crazy.

AMERICA'S WORST PRISONS

When referring to a particular joint, a saying among prisoners that has developed over the years goes this way: "If God ever gives the world an enema, the tip of the nozzle will be put in (fill in the name of the institution)." Using that phrase as our base criteria, we solicited nominations for the most enema-worthy joint of the month. We're not shittin' ya when we say there was a three-way tie among the following:

United States Penitentiary, Marion, Illinois: On continuous lockdown for the past three years, this \$14-million replacement for the legendary Alcatraz now has super-goon squads roaming the halls and striking convicts without provocation to exact vengeance for guards slain on duty. The tragic legacy of these assaults with lead-weighted clubs includes prisoners left with vegetable

brains (known as "mush melons") from repeated beatings.

Texas Department of Corrections, Huntsville, Texas: One of the most overcrowded institutions in the nation, TDC has recently instituted a system of granting promotional bonus points to guards implementing imaginative ways to reduce the prisoner count. There are two preferred methods: (1) New, single-edged razor blades are issued to incoming first-timers, advising these "fish" to commit suicide rather than face the terror of the main yard or "bosses" on the farms; and (2) disruptive cons are selected by farm bosses to clear marsh and swamp areas in river bottoms. If a con is stupid enough to get bitten by a snake, drown or sink in quicksand, that means more points toward promotion or retirement benefits for the farm boss.

Florida State Prison, Raiford, Florida: In the Florida prison system young and attractive male offenders are selected from photo albums while they're still being housed in county jails. Then, prior to sentencing, they're sold as slaves to guards and long-term convicts housed at Raiford. A financial contribution to the court ensures that the youngster gets a prison sentence, and later—upon his arrival—he has the choice of submitting to his new master or risk getting killed by resisting. If the guards in on the scam are feeling a little charitable, resistance can also mean being thrown in the "rat house"—a cell shared not with snitching prisoners but with vermin of the four-legged variety. After a few days of this type of treatment the youngster is usually more than willing to submit to his new way of life.

Can you tell us a prison horror story? Do you have the proof to back it up? If so, write *The Big House* (2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054) and we'll try to include it here. Maybe all of us doing a "number" can effect meaningful changes in American prisons, instead of watching millions being wasted to construct more of these godforsaken places.

THE FINAL STEP
HAS BEEN TAKEN!
SOME WILL BE SHOCKED...OTHERS AMAZED!

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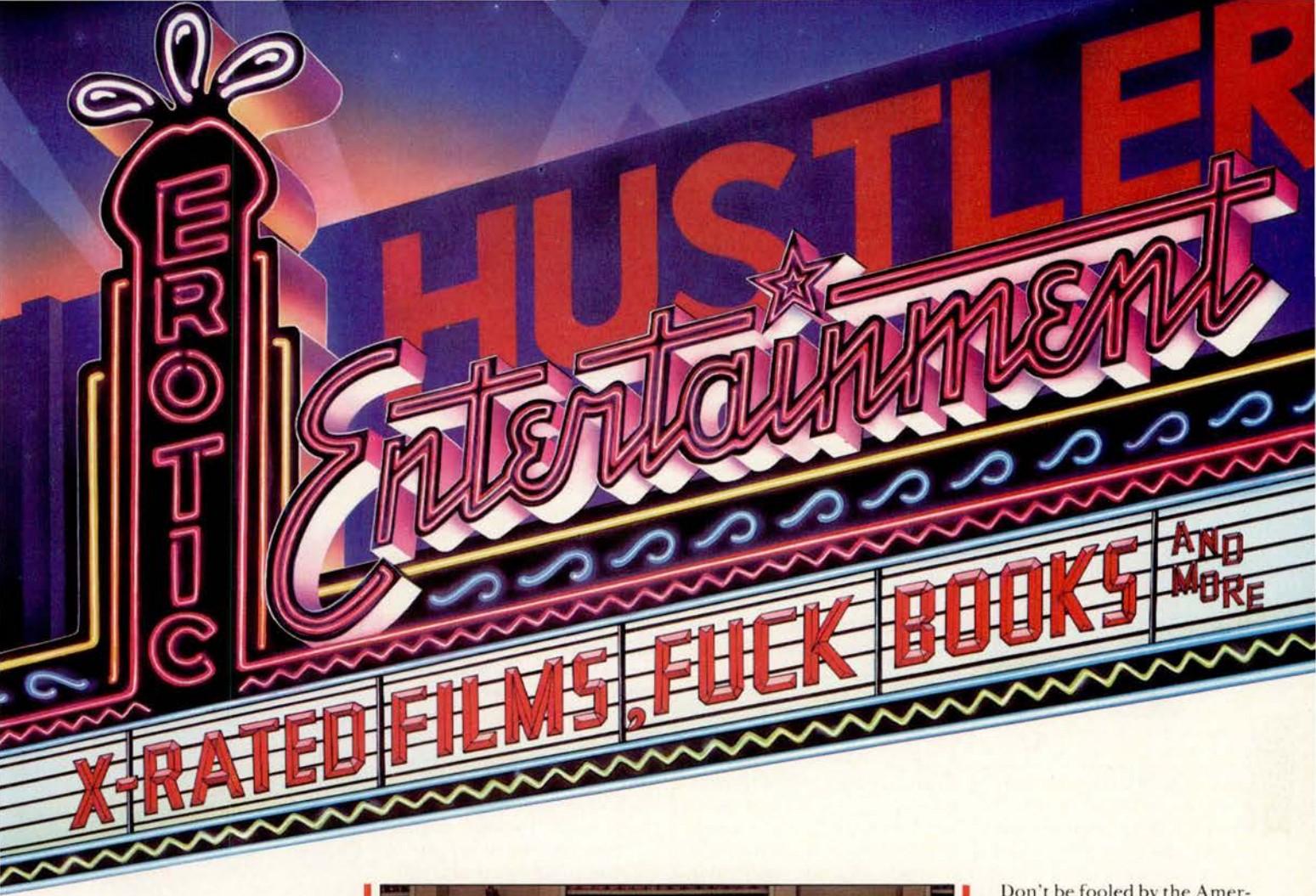
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X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

Rx for Sex

Fully Erect. Produced by Caldwell Farmer; written by Mitchell O'Hare; directed by Parker McDowell; starring Lauren St. Germain, Julia Perrier, Richard Porter, Tanya Vickers, Dawn Fairchild, Randi MacArthur, Kelly Nelson, Jeff Talley, Walter Krause, Rudolf Kronk, Lois Huntley and Helga Schmidt. Running time: 80 minutes.



European firecracker Tanya Vickers backs into Richard Porter in 'Rx for Sex.'

Don't be fooled by the Americanized names in the credits of this picture. *Rx for Sex* is 100% European-German to be specific. It is also one of the most enjoyable and creative wall-to-wall super-hard-core sex comedies ever made.

The cheeky story revolves around a promiscuous doctor (Richard Porter) who—as part of his psychosexual practice—dips his stethoscope into every troubled young lady who happens into his office. The vignettes with each patient are told in flashbacks as the burned-out, fucked-out doc reminisces with a friend in a shoddy German bar. It seems that during the past few years the good physician has had to do everything from enlarging the breasts of Randi MacArthur to removing soda bottles from the cunt of masturbation addict Dawn Fairchild. The action continues until the doctor runs out of recollections and is downing his last drink. Things are interrupted, however, when a buxom lass flashes Porter from the corner of the bar. Deciding that "one for the road" couldn't hurt, the hormone-crazy medical man whisks the lady away, and every-

thing ends happily ever after.

What sets *Rx for Sex* above the majority of its domestic competition is the sheer zest and unabashed sexuality of its European women. Julia Perrier as Nana the maid, Tanya Vickers as the doctor's ever-ready and willing nurse and Kelly Nelson as a frustrated housewife are vi-



In 'Rx for Sex' buxom Randi MacArthur is rearended by Jeff Talley.

sions of feminine perfection. They are healthy, clear-complected, high-fashion-model-looking women one might expect to see anywhere but in a porn flick. And what's most remarkable is that these exquisite tarts sacrifice nothing in the way of hard-core physical energy for all their good looks. In fact, the girls in *Rx for Sex* fuck hotter and harder—and with more real passion—than 90% of our homegrown porn starlets.

A couple of bizarre episodes involving these ladies really have to be seen to be believed. In one scene butler Walter Krause chalks up his stick before cue-fucking Julia Perrier on a pool table. Willy Mosconi couldn't have performed this act with more fervor. Elsewhere, ratty-haired blond goddess Kelly Nelson is boffed with her head sticking into a front-loading washing machine, and in a down-and-dirty, baby-oil-drenched sequence, libidinous Lauren St. Germain gets finger-, toe- and cock-fucked by a trio of goofy doctors. It's unbelievably funny... and very, very wet.

This film is so fast and nutty that even the English dubbing isn't distracting. There is a little of everything in *Rx for Sex*—and a lot of it is stuff you've never seen before in an X-rated movie.

Here's a sincere tip of the pud to those folks responsible for prescribing *Rx for Sex*. —L.M.F.

Girlfriends

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced, written and directed by Alex de Renzy; starring Jamie Gillis, Janey Robbins, Lisa Loring, Martina, Tara Aire, Genoa Strangeland, John Leslie, Rita Ricardo, Palma, Pragitta, Lili Marlene and Ron Jeremy. Running time: 83 minutes.

Though *Girlfriends* doesn't quite match up to former de Renzy erotic classics like *Baby Face* or *Pretty Peaches*, it's still a solid, sex-packed little effort that the talented filmmaker can be proud of. The picture is a collection of carnal blackouts that really aren't held together by any theme or narrative thread. It begins with a smooth and sensual lesbian sequence between lovers Lisa Loring and Martina. From there the action moves to a bogus game show (hosted by Jamie Gillis) wherein female contestants compete for prizes by giving the best blowjob. We then encounter a standard hetero romp between Rita Ricardo and the inimitable John Leslie.

It's in the final three segments, though, that the film boasts its boiling points. Janey Robbins, as a willing dominatrix, takes on three boys in a wildly erotic tryst: Palma and



Long-rod Ron Jeremy takes aim for the anally adept Lily Marlene.

Pragitta (late of their bone-raising scene in *HUSTLER Video Magazine #1*, where they appeared under the names Fiametta and Sveva) prepare a bedside dinner for Gillis and then offer themselves as dessert; and in the film's final segment Ron Jeremy probes Lily Marlene's gaping asshole with his butter-covered, 11-inch sausage.

A visibly low-budget production, *Girlfriends* was filmed in porn's most overshot city—San Francisco. Those are the negatives. As for the positives, consider a smorgasbord of kinks and a pretty package of pert young sweethearts—especially the imported Lisa Loring, Martina, Palma and Pragitta. The latter two are real-life Italian sisters who may be the most adorable pair of pornstresses ever to bare their beavers for the moving camera. Their *ménage à trois* with blue-pic vet Ja-



A cast of lovelies performs a montage of sexual acrobatics in 'Girlfriends.'

mie Gillis is spontaneous and genuinely erotic.

From the gently passionate, *Girlfriends* moves to moments of sheer bondage and pain, as in the three-on-one kink-fuck with Janey Robbins, who's masterful in her command of her stiff-glanded partners. It is one of the underrated starlet's most pelvic performances.

Hard-core fans of Alex de Renzy may be a tad disappointed with *Girlfriends*. The majority of porn-lovers, however, should find this formidable fuck flick a more-than-satisfying experience.

—L.M.F.

Flashpants

Half Erect. Produced, written and directed by Eve Milan; starring



Newcomer Tanya Lawson is truly an insatiable eyeful in 'Flashpants.'

Tanya Lawson, Chrissy Williams, Michelle Maren, Jerry Butler, George Payne, Joy Stick, Yve Soleil, Alexis X, Nicole Benard, Maria Diamond, David Sandler, Athena Starr, Dan Stevens and Bill Spector. Running time: 80 minutes.

Flashpants is a stupid, dimly produced and acted X-rated movie. The majority of characters are homely, pimple-faced (and -assed) no-namers whom the filmmaker probably found wandering New York's Seventh Avenue in search of a quick buck. But with all these faults *Flashpants* is still a film to see, due solely to the remarkable sexual performance of newcomer Tanya Lawson—a crimson-haired erotic acrobat who displays more pure hard-core physical energy than any lady who's hit the blue screen in many a misty moon.



'Flashpants': Athena Starr and Chrissy Williams share a fleshy moment.

The plot is based very loosely on the mainstream hit *Flashdance*, but there's really no similarity whatsoever between the films. In fact, you'll find more dancing at a paraplegics' convention than you will in this mediocre fuck production. Oh, yes, the plot: New York's Milton High is a school chock-full of leotard-clad bimbos who live for "Flash Nights," decadent affairs where the youth of the neighborhood collect at their favorite club to trip (literally) the light fantastic.

When the school's principal (Joy Stick) threatens to put a stop to these sleazy soirees, enter a mysterious influential degenerate scumbox called "the King" (George Payne) who solicits whomever he can find for one last, no-holds-barred, sex-drenched Flash Night.

Everyone shows up, of course, including the town virgin, Angela (Tanya Lawson), who by the end of the evening has fucked, stroked and swallowed a half-dozen hammer-hard studs and been showered with more cum than a Skid Row whore. As the orgy-and film-end, we see the principal (who also happens to be dear Angela's mother) getting poked by the King. And so concludes another night of sin and moral degradation in the Big Apple.

Up until the group-sex finale *Flashpants* is a bona fide yawner. But those last 25 minutes redeem the entire film thanks to sex-kitten Lawson. This little, lightly freckled bunny is prodded and probed by the likes of Jerry Butler, George Payne,

David Sandler and anyone else who wasn't either holding a camera or steady a boom when the sequence was shot. The scene is undoubtedly one of the most ball-crunching gang-fucks ever filmed.

So go and see *Flashpants* for Tanya. She's guaranteed not to let you (or your dick) down. -L.M.F.



All American Girls II: In Heat

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Bob Boushard; written and directed by Bill Eagle; starring Laurie Smith, Shana Grant, Shelly Rey, Karen Summers, Gina Martell, Rose-Linda Kimball, Blake Palmer, Jody Preston, Ron Jeremy, Ken Starbuck and Tom Byron. Running time: 80 minutes.

Though not quite as bone-stiffening as the original, the sequel to 1982's *All American Girls* is nevertheless a bump 'n' groin goodie. Except for the fact that director Bill Eagle seems more preoccupied at times with scenery than semen, *In Heat* manages to succeed as a tit-and-twat travelogue that should make lovers of outdoor fornication tug their tools.

The story is about a bunch of horny sorority sisters who gather aboard an expensive yacht for a summer of fuck and frolic in the Pacific. After we're clued in that there's an underlying love tale here between sweethearts Shana Grant and Blake Palmer, the action quickly turns to flashbacks of the girls' sexual experiences around the world. Each high-sea sextop relates a lustful anecdote to young Tom

Byron, a guy who just happened to be floundering in the water off the side of the yacht and was discovered by the girls in the midst of their deck-side aerobics. As for lovers Grant and Palmer, we find out that each has been getting laid elsewhere by anything that moves. But as in all great tales of poetic romance, the two are rejoined in the film's blissful fade-out.

In Heat is absolutely brimming with firm young female cupcakes, and in most instances the sexual encounters with these yummies are highly stimulating. Karen Summers and Laurie Smith, for example, recall a bus ride across the American Southwest during which



Paul Thomas keeps abreast of Shana Grant in 'All American Girls II.'

Little Summers—a curiously attractive matchstick of a girl—gives a mouth-watering blowjob (complete with deep-throat!) to bus driver Ron Jeremy.

The performances are not much to speak of, but that's of little concern. It's the breathtaking location shots, the plethora of open-air fucking and sucking, and the stellar cast of attractive femmes that demand attention. *All American Girls II: In Heat* is a solid, well-produced adult motion picture that should delight anyone fed up with cheap, back-alley pornography. -L.M.F.



'All American Girls II' lights up the screen with a cavalcade of femme cupcakes.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

Alexandra
Fleshdance
Golden Girls
HUSTLER Video Magazine #1
Maneaters
Naughty Girls Need Love Too
Night Hunger
Reel People
Sexcapades
Suzie Superstar
That's Outrageous
The Devil in Miss Jones II
The Young Like It Hot

Three-Quarters Erect

Bubblegum
Expose Me Now
Hot Dreams
Never Sleep Alone
Playing With Fire
Pleasure So Deep
Touch of Blue

Half Erect

A Taste of Money
Baby Cakes
Babylon Blue
Between Lovers
California Valley Girls
Eat at the Blue Fox
Pleasure Zones
Puss 'n' Boots
Smoker
Sulka's Wedding
That's My Daughter
Treasure Box

One-Quarter Erect

Body Talk
Daddy's Little Girls
Let's Talk Sex
Sweet Young Foxes
The Challenge of Desire
The Starmaker
When She Was Bad

Totally Limp

A Bit Too Much Too Soon
All About Annette
Virginia

NOTE: Since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Check with your theater to make sure that you're getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

	FULLY ERECT Superior. A top production.
	THREE-QUARTERS ERECT A well-made film.
	HALF ERECT So-so. Limited appeal.
	ONE-QUARTER ERECT Poor. Don't expect much.
	TOTALLY LIMP A waste of time and money.

PORNPOURRI

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 9,000 video stores, or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, *HUSTLER* provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.

Whose Fantasy Is This—Anyway?

(Adult Video Corporation) When one of the world's great porn-film makers decides to take a stab at producing a shot-on-video tape feature, the entire



Annette Heinz takes a seat atop Jerry Butler in Damiano's 'Whose Fantasy.'

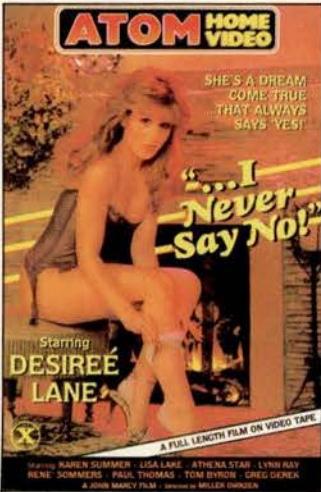
adult-movie industry should take notice. Well, folks, here it is: Gerard Damiano (*Deep Throat*, *Devil in Miss Jones*, *Night Hunger*) tackles a new medium, and the result is a graphic, uncannily photographed hardcore presentation that heats up the often-cold medium of videotape to the bubbling point. Damiano assembled a sturdy cast of fuck-flick vets—like Eric Edwards, Ron Jeremy, Joey Silvera and Sharon Kane—entangled them with hot-blooded newcomers like Annette Heinz and Tanya Lawson, and threw in a collection of kink blackout situations for everyone to do his or her carnal stuff. In one remarkable sequence Silvera rams a few healthy-size steel-chain links up the welcome ass and pussy of dominatrix Janey Robbins. It's raunchy yet erotic. Elsewhere we find the fair-

haired Heinz showing her adroit cocksucking talents and the always-insatiable Sharon Kane frantically masturbating in front of a full-length mirror. The only thing disturbing about *Whose Fantasy* is Damiano's appearance onscreen. He can't help but jump in front of the camera and blurt out his muddled erotic philosophies. When he's behind the camera (where he belongs), however, Damiano creates unsurpassed prick-stiffening pornography, and this first entry into the shot-on-video world is no exception.

—Kent Smith

I Never Say No!

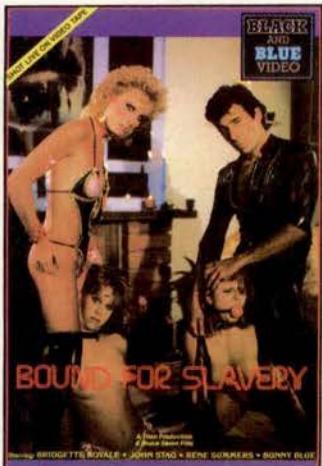
(Atom Video) Short on story but extremely long on action, *I Never Say No!* is a shot-on-video production that group-sex lovers will absolutely eat up. Pert and pretty Desriee Lane plays the frustrated wife of Paul Thomas, who is coincidentally also frustrated. In a concerted effort to save their relationship, Lane and Thomas start to fuck everyone in sight—and usually in threesomes and foursomes. The opening sequence includes a scorching split-screen image:



on one side Desiree in a hot lesbian triad with Lisa Lake and Lynn Ray; and on the other, pudgy-but-wild René Sommers being double-penetrated by hubby Paul and Mark Wallace. But things don't cool off after that. In one scene Karen Summers—the latest in the limited line of blue-film deep-throaters—swallows both Tom Byron and Paul Thomas. And if that isn't enough, the ensuing three-way between Byron, Summers and Lane will burn an even bigger hole in your shorts. From start to finish, *I Never Say No!* is a wall-to-wall hump 'n' grinder and a must for every stay-at-home raincoater. —L.M.F.



Desriee Lane (left) frolics with a female friend in 'I Never Say No!'



choking the market, *Bound for Slavery*'s a modest turn-on.

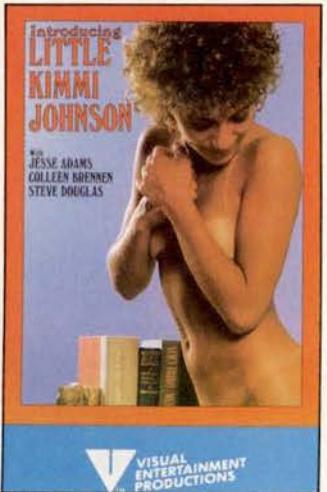
—K.S.

Little Kimmi Johnson

(Visual Entertainment Productions) In her five-minute monologue "Little" Kimmi says she's 19 years old. Well, let's just say her training bra and childlike dimples make her look about half that . . . and therein lies the turn-on. This petite, 90-pound bundle of fuck exudes a mature, almost-worldly sexual technique even though she appears to be just hours out of puberty. The shot-on-video feature, introduced and narrated by Kimmi, is a day-in-the-life erotic trek of a horny teenager. It begins with the bouncy blonde getting boffed by her school teacher (Steven Douglas) on his desk stacked with ungraded papers. Next, Kimmi's mom (Colleen Brennan) takes her daughter through a lesbian/incest tryst. Brennan is visibly dripping wet once Little Kimmi gets

Bound for Slavery

(Black and Blue Video) As opposed to the predominance of limp gag-and-bond, whip-and-nipple-clip fare around, *Bound for Slavery* is pretty good, mainly because of the genuine sexual verve displayed by nymphets Bunny Blue and René Sommers. Playing a pair of models at a motion-picture audition, Blue and Sommers are slipped Micks in their wine by producer John Stag and his girlfriend, Bridgette Royale. The fucked-up femmes become intoxicated subjects of Stag's and Royale's kinky perversions, which include some steamy girl/girl lovemaking and a whole lot of stroking, whipping and licking. This shot-on-video feature is nothing to speak of, acting- or productionwise, but for those folks who are bored with the majority of milquetoast bondage stuff





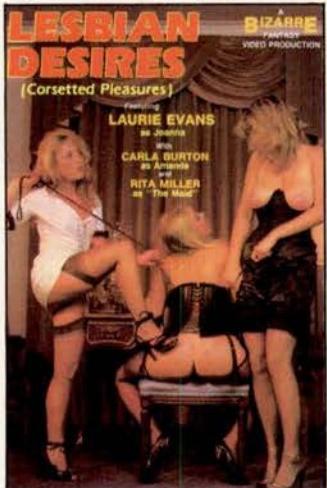
'Little Kimmie': The teenage sexpot prepares for a hard lesson from Jesse Adams.

her talented tongue inside her. The scene's a sapphic scorcher. Finally, Kimmi sucks off Mom's boyfriend (Jesse Adams), and another normal day in the life of an oversexed nymphet is complete. *Little Kimmi Johnson* is worth a peek from anyone, especially those who crave seeing big, hard dicks being shoved into a teeny-weeny snatch.

-L.M.F.

Lesbian Desires

(Bizarre Video) There is absolutely nothing—zilch, zip, nada—exciting about this dismal, prickeasing, soft-core travesty. The title leads one to believe there will be at least a smattering of tit-sucking or pussy-eating between shapely specimens

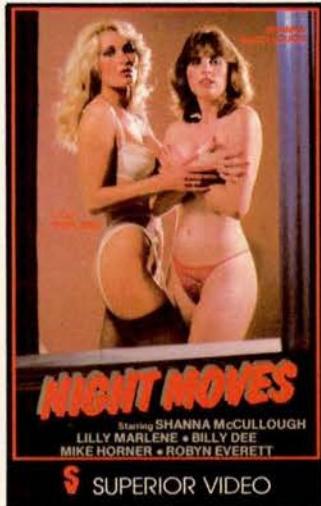


of the same sex. Wrong! The trio of bimbettes here (Carla Burton, Rita Miller and Laurie Evans) muster about as much sexual passion among themselves as a near-dead group of 80-year-old lepers whose one-and-only vibrator is on the fritz. Their nonchalant prancing about creates the impression that at some moment during the tape these closet dykes are going to let loose and lap some snatch. When this never occurs, however, one can't help but be both angered and disappointed. Then again, if you enjoy watching stupid-looking girls taking off and putting on clothes (and that's it!), then *Lesbian Desires* is for you. But for anyone who has normal tastes, this weak videotape effort is really snore city.

-L.M.F.

Night Moves

(Superior Video) This tape is so thoroughly awful, it's actually fun to watch. The production is



low-budget with a capital *L*, and the performances are right out of the Porn Bimbo School of Acting. The true culprit of this disaster, however, is the scriptwriter (if there was one). Dumb, dumb, dumb. Billy Dee—fuck filmdom's answer to Billy Dee Williams—plays a tough-talking private detective hot on the trail of a peeping Tom. Dee tries to catch the voyeur by becoming one himself. Here, thankfully, things actually pick up as Dee witnesses a series of erotic encounters. Some are hot, especially one lesbian romp and a fairly torrid *menage a trois*. On the whole, though, *Night Moves* stands very still . . . -K.S.

Do You Take This Porn Star . . . ?



X-rated moviemaker Fred Lincoln (*Same Time Every Year*, *That's Outrageous*, *Maneaters*) and fuck 'n' suck queen Tiffany Clark recently tied the knot at a wedding ceremony held during the 1984 International Winter Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas. The festive event took place at the Strip's Imperial Palace, and while it was rumored that Tiffany (above left) was going to clad herself in a highly revealing, black-leather gown (in keeping with her image as a down-and-raunchy sex junkie), she showed up dressed like a premarital Marie Osmond. Also conservatively draped, the lucky Mr. Lincoln spouted to a HUSTLER photographer, "Oh, no! I can't be in HUSTLER with my clothes on!" Think—and look—again, Freddie.

* * *

Also in attendance at the wild-and-woolly electronics convention was the luscious Loni Sanders (above right)—long retired from the porn business but still a favorite among the X-loving masses. Sanders autographed photos for the eager conventioneers, as did the very sensuous starlets Cody Nicole, Cara Lott, Shawn Michelle and Desiree Lane.

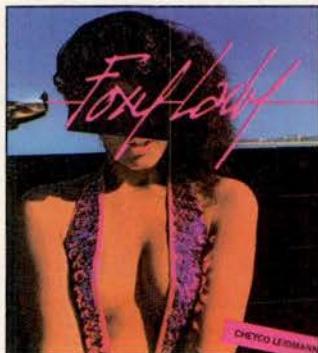
BOOKS

Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon

Foxy Lady

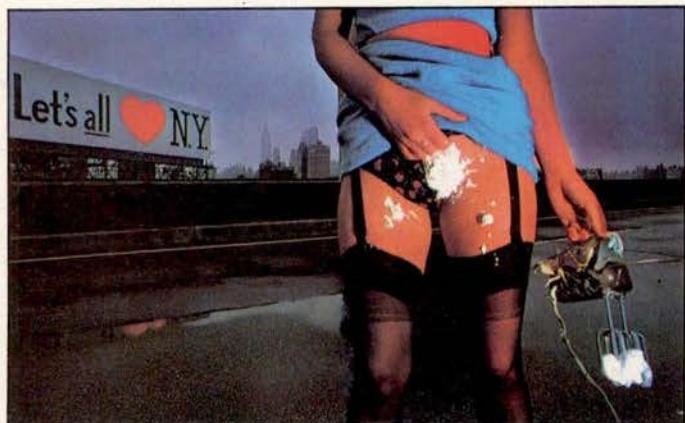
By Cheyco Leidmann; Delilah Communications, 118 E. 25th St., New York, NY 10010; \$12.95.

Until very recently this big, color-packed glossy was available only overseas, much like photographer Leidmann's *Bananasplit*, reviewed here last



January. *Bananasplit* is still not distributed domestically, but *Foxy Lady* is . . . and I'm not so sure we should be thankful for that. Let's face it. The audience for this genre of super-surrealist, soft-core, off-the-wall pop-erotic art is limited and specialized, and I just don't happen to be one of its members.

Granted, there are some absolutely breathtaking visual exercises in *Foxy Lady*, and I tip my hat to Leidmann for his unique imagination with the camera. But I'm just not impressed by shots of women shaving their armpits in the shadow of a wrecked World War II bomber, or a topless chick in a taxicab under the Brooklyn



A beaten-egg-white pussy provides a kinky scene in Leidmann's 'Foxy Lady.'

Bridge, or a lady cramming whipped egg white into her bikini. My tastes move toward the real—that which can be felt—and these photos are rarely sensuous. Ah, Cheyco, you'd make me so happy if just once you'd take a picture of a whole, unadulterated-by-pop-prop, female girl-type woman. Now, that would really turn me on.

Coroner

By Thomas T. Noguchi, M.D., with Joseph DiMona; Simon & Schuster, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020; \$14.95.

This book is without a doubt one of the most engrossing grabbers ever written. *Coroner* will teach you more about forensics—the medical detective work done in today's police laboratories—than two years of *Quincy* reruns. But what makes it impossible to put down are the incredible recollections of a remarkable man—Dr. Thomas T. Noguchi.

As former chief medical ex-

aminer of the Los Angeles County Coroner's Office, Noguchi took his scalpel to the corpses of some of the most famous people ever to have their lives snuffed out by "unnatural" causes. The book is a series of case studies detailing Noguchi's autopsic experiences with Marilyn Monroe, Robert Kennedy, William Holden, Natalie Wood and John Belushi, to name a few. And don't think for a moment that such a job isn't mentally and physically exhausting. Exploring the insides of those in the public eye leaves you open to public scrutiny of the highest sort. It also left Noguchi open to public castigation, since he was forced to leave his position under a storm of controversy in the winter of 1983.

What's engaging—and disarming—about Noguchi is that he even devotes a chapter to his own legal and personal turmoil. It's the last section in the book and provides a fitting finish to a volume loaded with facts and anecdotal accounts previously unknown to the public.

Read *Coroner* in one sitting. It's a dandy.

Love, Sex & the Single Man

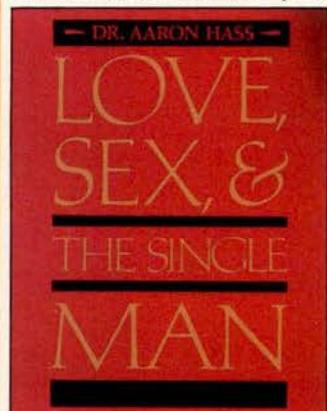
By Aaron Hass, Ph. D.; Franklin Watts, 387 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016; \$15.95.

I'm not too old or too married to remember what it was like being single. It was hell! The rules were different, and there were so many things one had to keep mental stock of when prowling society's thoroughfares and cocktail parties

for female companionship. Dr. Hass must have taken his notepad to every social gathering he's ever been to, because his perception and knowledge of the sexual, emotional and psychological plight of the unwed male is extraordinary.

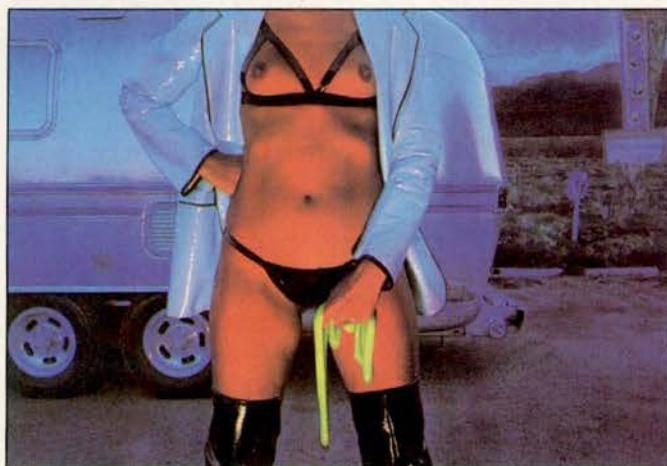
Love, Sex & the Single Man is a clear and concise text devoted to helping the unmarried man cope in a world of complex femininity. In one section titled "The New Pseudo Feminist," Hass talks about "Women on Top"—literally and figuratively. He brilliantly analyzes the traditional bastions of male dominance—sex and finance—and updates the ideal by explaining how women are currently doing the riding.

His conclusion, interestingly, poses a warning for modern bachelors contending with these modern mistresses. Says Hass: "Beware of women who are clearly desperate to assert their power. Despite the fact that many of them are reacting against the passivity, unassertiveness and one-down posi-



tions that society once forced them into, they are, unfortunately, just as rigid and unhealthy in their present stance. Their attempts to compensate for injustices of history will leave you no leeway to be flexible in expressing your changing needs." What he's saying here is that women today are as contrary and contradictory as they were a hundred years ago and will be a century hence.

There are plenty of other topics in this helpful volume: romance, sex talk with a new partner, jumping from casual to serious relationships. If you're a troubled single guy—or a single girl wondering how to attract that guy—pick this book up. Both of you will understand yourselves a lot better.



'Foxy Lady': Abstract photographic bizarries are strictly the bill of fare.

Dear Diary,

Things to report today:

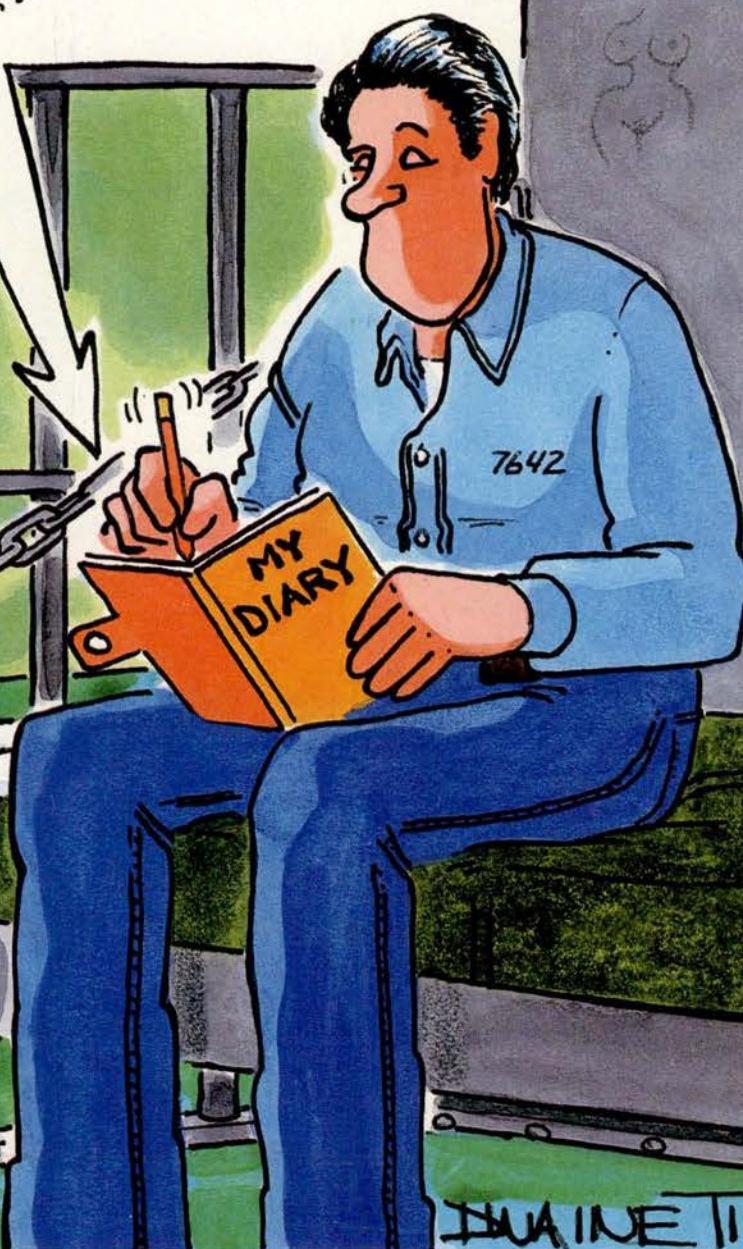
1. Made a few thousand license tags.
2. Helped gang rape new inmate
3. Bought off prison guard.
4. My counselor says my rehabilitation proceeding nicely.

JESSE
CAVES

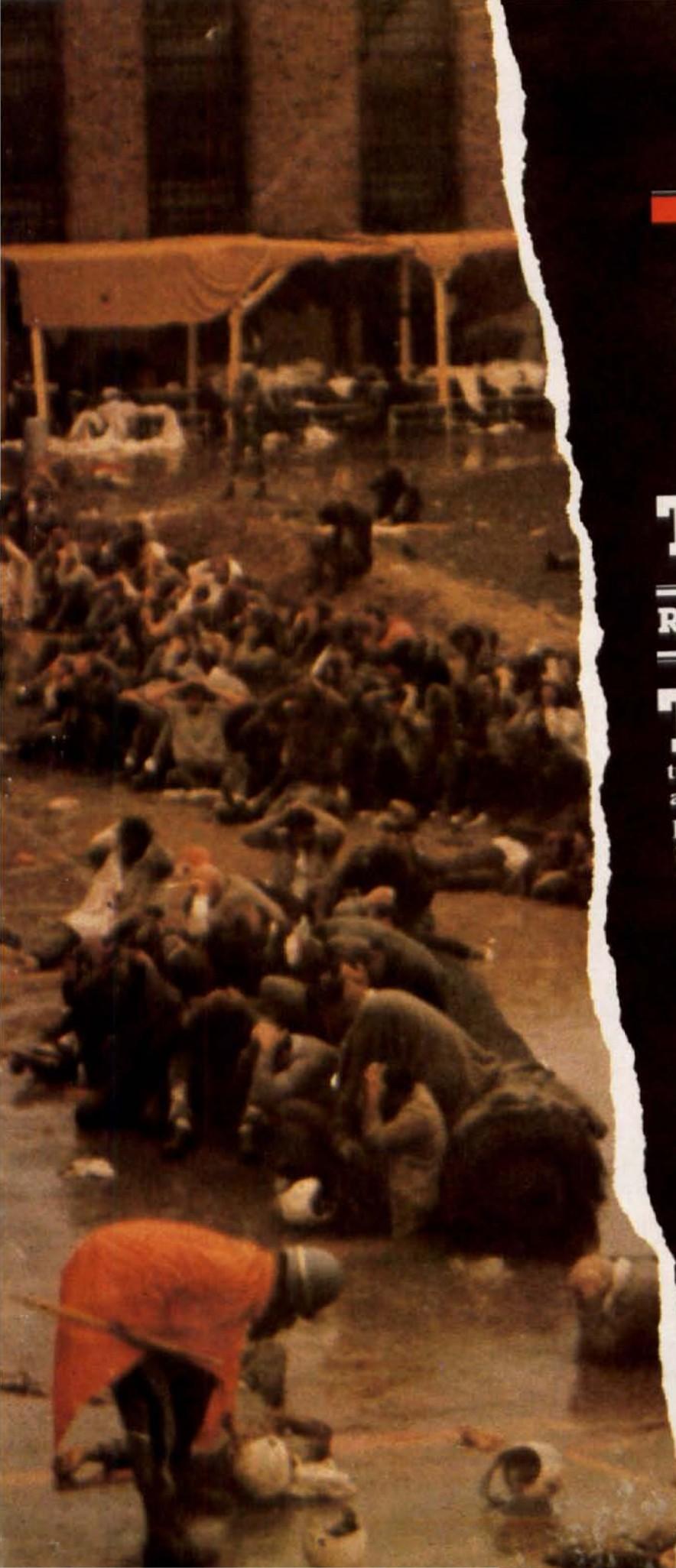
ERNIE
Sucks

FUCK
THIS
PLACE!

PETER
WAS
HERE
1-29-80







America's Prisons: A Ticking Time Bomb

Report by Pablo F. Fenjves

The New Mexico State Penitentiary, a drab, two-story, gray-concrete structure located near Santa Fe, is a prison like any other—overcrowded, violent and oppressive. The only thing that sets it apart from the thousands of other penal facilities in the nation is the place it earned in the collective American consciousness back in February 1980.

That was when the suppressed anger, despair and bitter fury of 62 inmates erupted in an orgy of mind-searing violence. Wielding knives, clubs, stolen gear and acetylene torches, they took 12 guards hostage and dragged them naked through the maximum-security fortress—beating some, slashing others and raping an unfortunate few.

But the worst punishment of all was reserved for those fellow inmates who were suspected of being informers. Some were lynched, others were

Photography by UPI

decapitated, and a few lost their eyes and genitals to blowtorches. When it was all over, the authorities counted 33 bodies.

In the sorry history of America's penal institutions, only one other uprising has claimed more lives. That took place at the maximum-security Attica Correctional Facility near Buffalo, New York, in September 1971, when close to 1,000 inmates went on a rampage—fatally injuring one guard and taking 38 hostages in the first terror-filled half hour. Before the day was out, three inmates had been tortured and killed by fellow prisoners. The hostages—guards and civilian employees—feared they would be next.

After three days of negotiations, officials granted all major demands for improved conditions. They refused, however, to consider amnesty for offenses committed during the revolt. As the undaunted rebels stood their ground, the hostages all but gave up hope. Finally, on the fourth day, then-Governor Nelson Rockefeller ordered the prison to be taken by force. When the smoke cleared, 29 prisoners and ten hostages lay dead—all cut down by police shotguns.

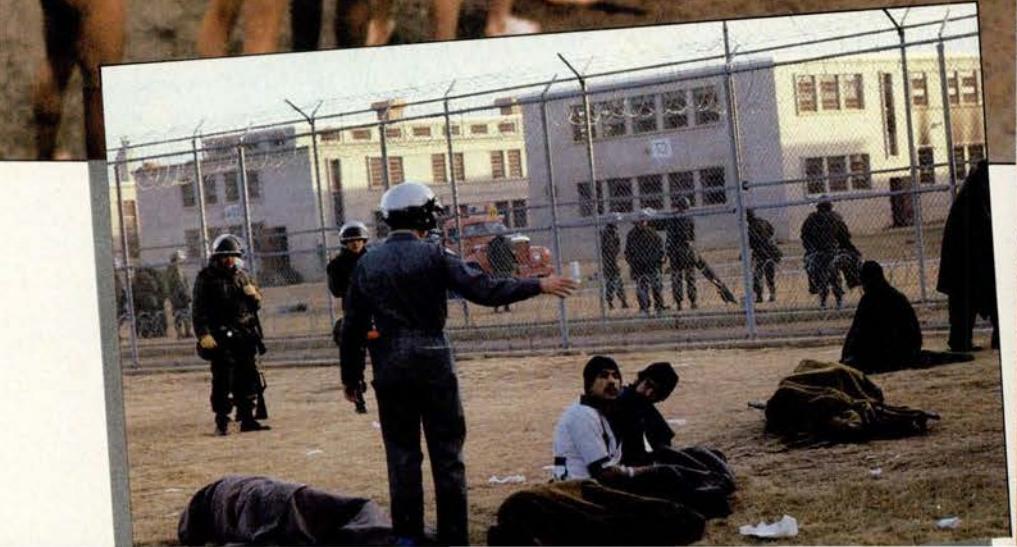
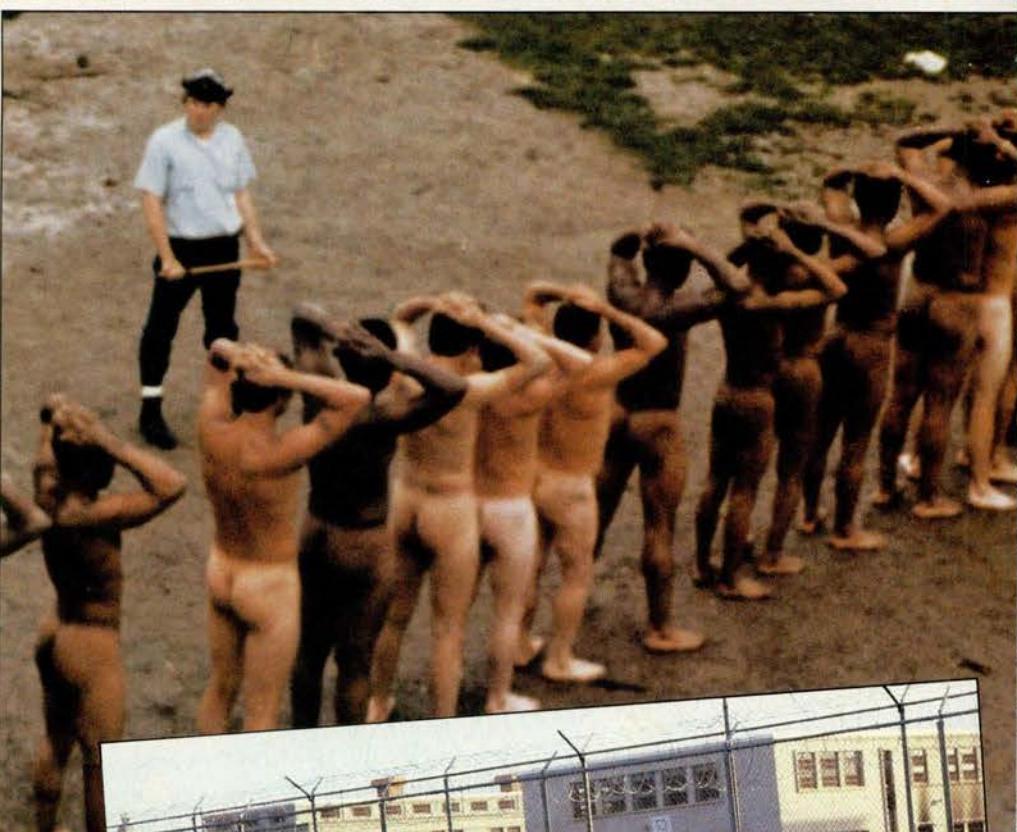
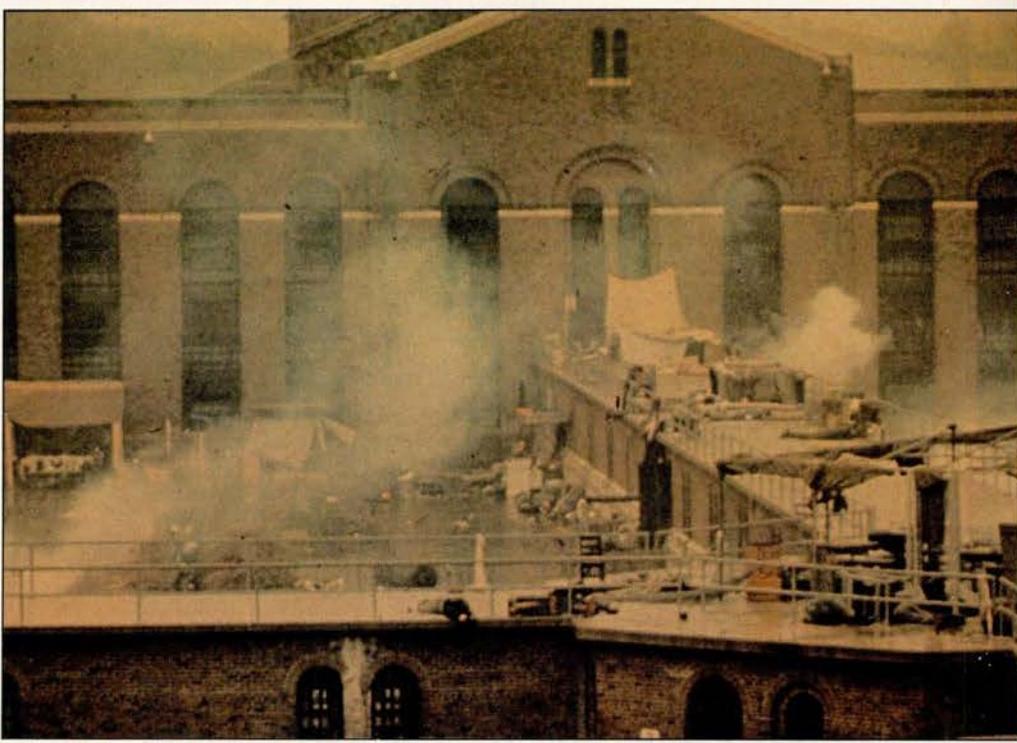
Mistakes were made on many levels; yet the signs of trouble had been clearly visible long before the Attica uprising. Once again in 1984 those same signs are in the air. Prison violence is on the rise—and dramatically so. Murders are commonplace, knifings are an almost-daily occurrence, and rapes and beatings take place with such frequency that most go unreported.

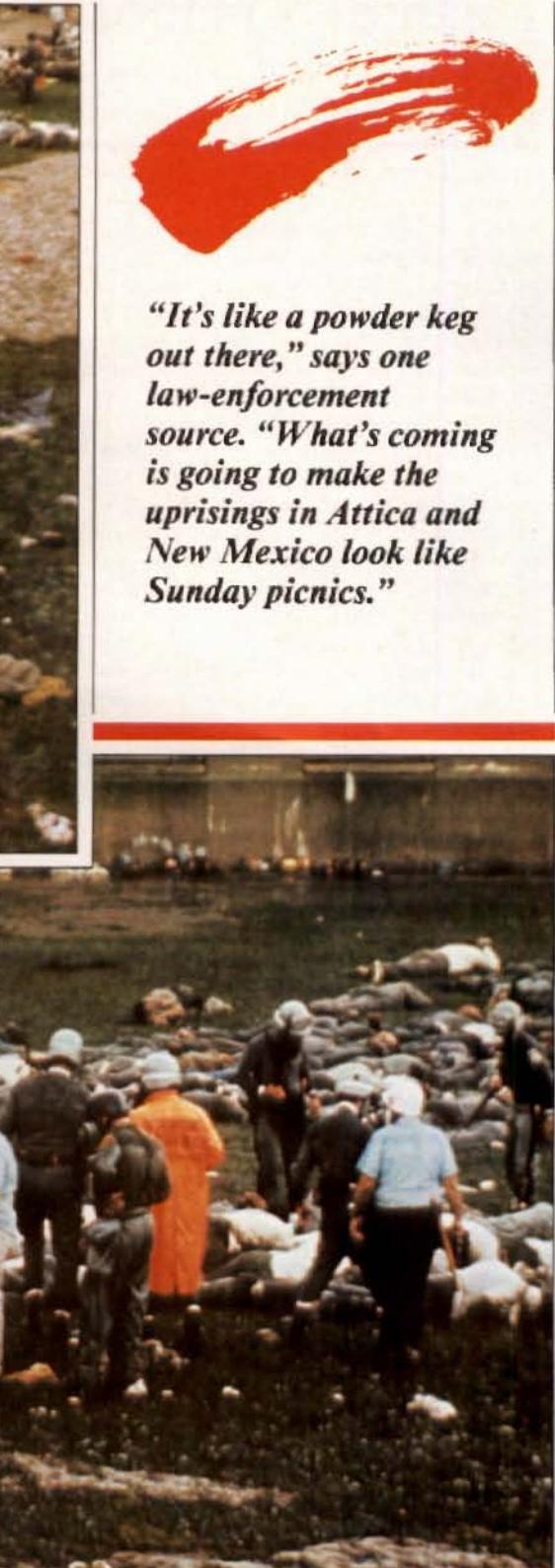
There isn't a state with a clean record. In California alone more than 250 prison homicides have been committed over the past decade. In Biloxi, Mississippi, a deranged inmate at the Harrison County Jail set a fire that claimed the lives of 28 fellow prisoners.

And in New York, in January of last year, prisoners at the Ossining Correctional Facility (Sing Sing) took 17 guards hostage and threatened to kill them, one by one, if their demands were not met. WE DON'T WANT ANOTHER ATTICA, read the crudely painted banner that they hung from a barred window. They meant it too. It wasn't blood they were after, but humane treatment. Following 53 hours of negotiations, the authorities agreed to do something about their Number 1 complaint: overcrowding.

Rather than rehabilitating inmates, our bursting prisons inspire idleness, despair, hostility and bitter rage. Within the prison walls can be found all the tormenting problems of urban society—overcrowding, poverty, violence, racial friction and a pervasive sense of alienation and despair—compressed and dangerously exaggerated by limited quarters.

"It's like a powder keg out there," says one law-enforcement source. "What's coming is going to make the uprisings in





"It's like a powder keg out there," says one law-enforcement source. "What's coming is going to make the uprisings in Attica and New Mexico look like Sunday picnics."

Clockwise from upper left: In 1971, following three days of rioting and rampaging at the Attica Correctional Facility in Upstate New York, Governor Nelson Rockefeller ordered guards to open fire with shotguns, which left the bodies of several hostages and inmates fatally wounded on this catwalk; when the smoke finally cleared, 39 people were dead; hundreds of more-fortunate inmates sprawled on the ground in A-yard while helmeted officers searched among them for the wounded; nine years later, at the New Mexico State Penitentiary, a 36-hour uprising claimed the lives of 33 guards and prisoners; shivering beneath blankets, trenchcoats and woolen caps, the bedraggled survivors huddled together under the watchful eyes of armed National Guardsmen; the Attica aftermath saw lines of naked prisoners parading through the compound with hands clasped on the backs of their heads.

AMERICA'S PRISONS

(continued from page 39)

Nobody ever said prison was meant to be fun, but what it's become today is only a shade better than barbaric.

Attica and New Mexico look like Sunday picnics."

In 1981 the state and federal prison population grew by 40,000 to 369,009, an increase of 12.1%—the largest one-year jump in more than five decades of record-keeping. As 1982 drew to a close, the number had risen to 412,303, and by June 1983, the last date for which figures are available, it broke the 431,000 mark.

Overall, there are in excess of 2 million adults in this country's correctional systems: 1.3 million on probation, the aforementioned 431,000 in state and federal prisons, 243,000 on parole and upward of 200,000 in the nation's jails. (A jail, as distinguished from a prison, is operated by a county or a city, and its main purpose is to detain people awaiting trial, in the process of posting bail, serving short sentences and awaiting transfer. There are close to 3,000 jails in the U.S., with a combined daily population in excess of 200,000.)

The numbers game is led by Texas, California, New York and Florida, in that order, but things are bad all over. In Chicago, where overcrowding has been de-

scribed as a "catastrophe," the prisons are so jammed that felons need reservations to begin serving their sentences. In Dedham, Massachusetts, six prisoners at the Norfolk County Jail were housed in a boiler room while two others slept in a bathroom.

In Texas, which has the dubious distinction of having the nation's largest and most overcrowded prison system, inmates have been housed in tents set up in prison yards. In California, as the inmate population swelled to unmanageable proportions, debate raged over the establishment of an early-release program for non-violent offenders.

And in New York, following a federal court order to reduce jail crowding, 341 inmates were freed after posting a mere 10% of their bail. Officials said bail reduction was the only way to ease overcrowding, but Mayor Ed Koch wasn't happy about it. "Some of these people," he said, "will go out and commit crimes while they await trial."

Adding to the difficulty are the 19,000 women presently imprisoned—substantially more than ever before. "A few years

ago it was like a father punishing his daughter," says Anthony Travisono, head of the American Correctional Association, explaining the former lenient stance of judges toward female offenders. "But attitudes change. The public now wants all criminals put away."

Once behind bars, women may find life somewhat less violent than it is for their male counterparts. But it, too, is fraught with terror. At Indiana's Westville Correctional Center the Department of Corrections repeatedly denied that guards were sexually molesting female inmates. Following separate investigations by reporters from competing news organizations, however, it was learned that four of the inmates had been impregnated by prison employees.

Suddenly, the department changed its tune. There was a problem in the past, officials stated, but it had been cleared up. Less than a year later a Westville inmate was chained to her bed and raped by three guards.

The tens of thousands of juvenile offenders who are locked up each year in adult jails—despite the practice's questionable Constitutionality and federal regulations discouraging it—also find themselves in increasing jeopardy. The most recent analysis of the problem, completed in 1981, revealed that 480,000 children aged 18 and under had passed through adult facilities during the previous year.

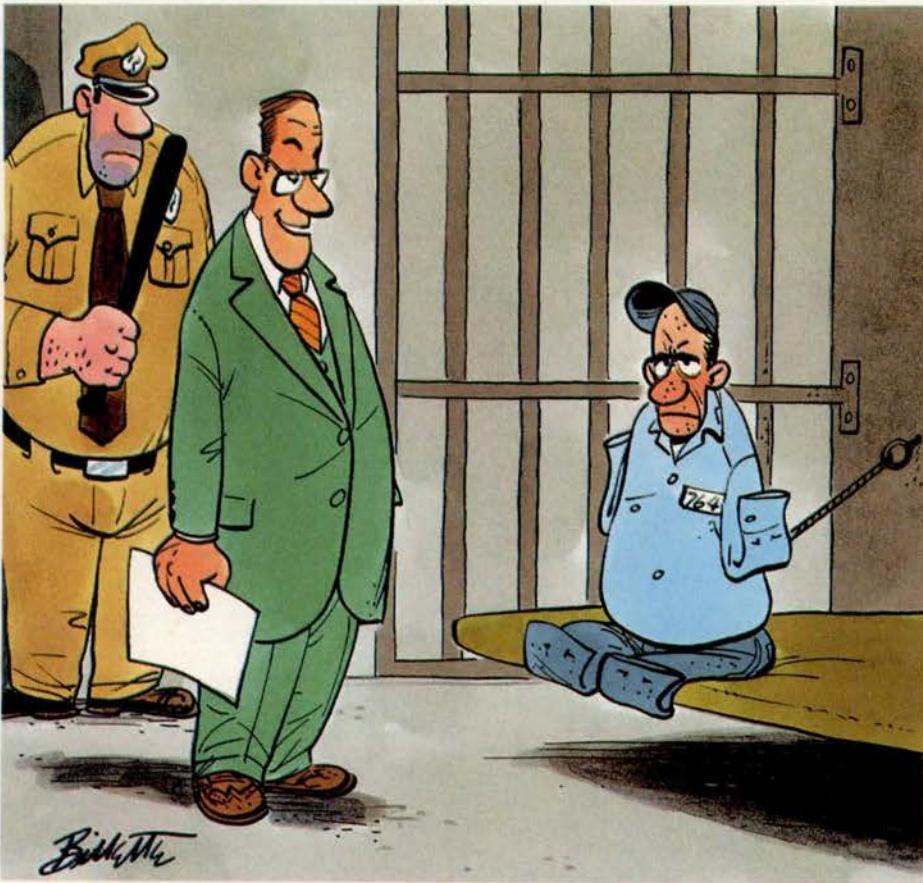
While they were in custody, many of these youths were brutalized and raped, and—perhaps as a result—the suicide rate among juveniles in adult jails is nearly eight times the rate at juvenile-detention facilities. According to a federally funded study by the National Center of Institutions and Alternatives, an Alexandria, Virginia-based fact-finding group, juveniles comprise the bulk of the estimated 1,000 jail suicides committed annually.

In many instances young offenders are put in solitary or locked up with youths their own age, primarily to protect them from older, rougher inmates. But here again, there is no escape.

A case in point occurred at the Ada County Jail in Boise, Idaho, where in the summer of 1982, 17-year-old Christopher Peterman was locked up for the night when he couldn't come up with the \$60 he owed in traffic fines. Peterman was herded into a cell that already housed five other youths, all of whom were being held for nonviolent crimes. Before long, however, they turned into savages—ganging up on Peterman and torturing him for 4½ hours. By morning he was dead—a high price to pay for petty traffic violations.

* * *

Nobody ever said prison was meant to be fun, but what it's become today is only
(continued on page 126)



"Good news, Andrews. You're getting time off for good behavior!"

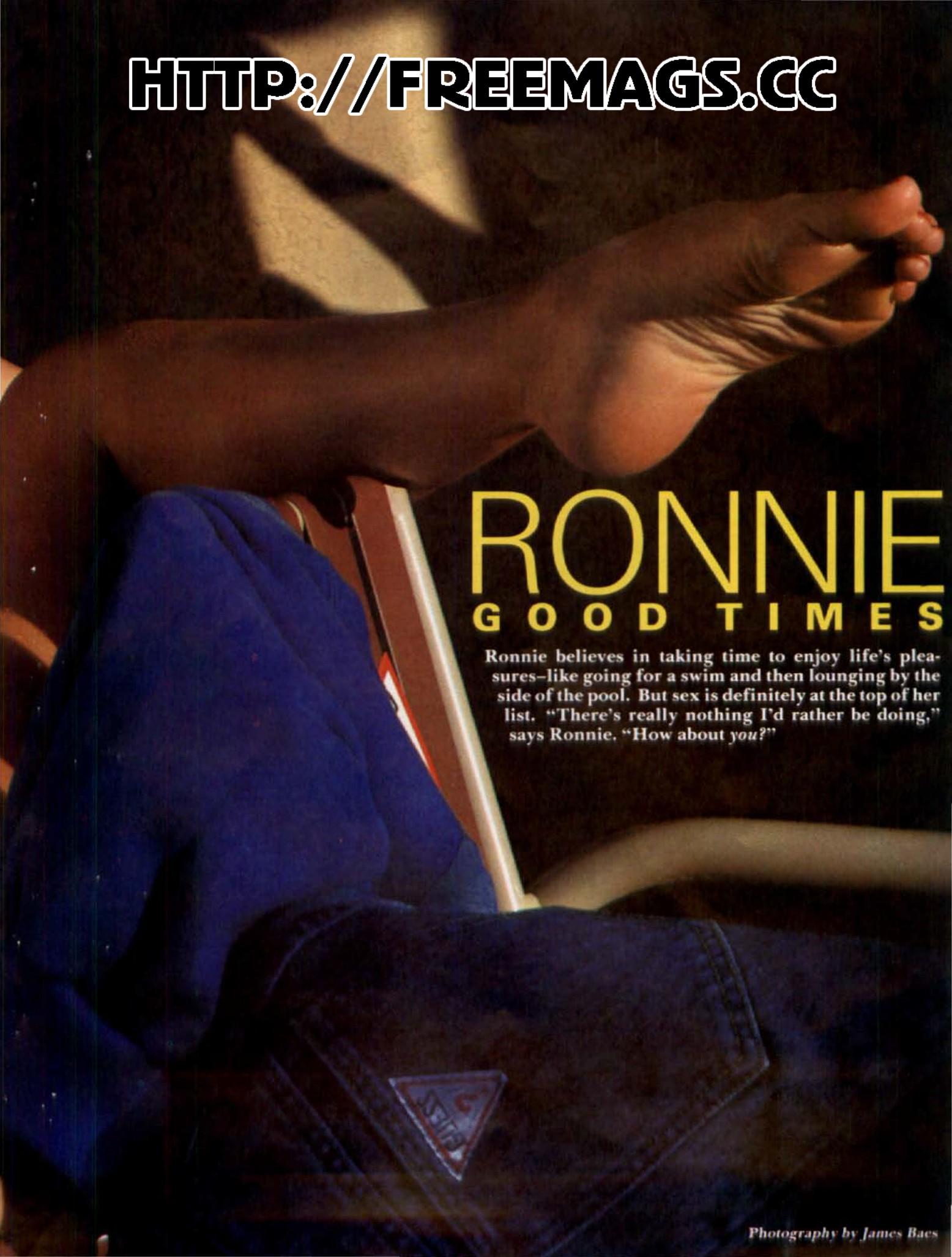


Collins

"We don't burn witches anymore...she's a sex-education teacher."

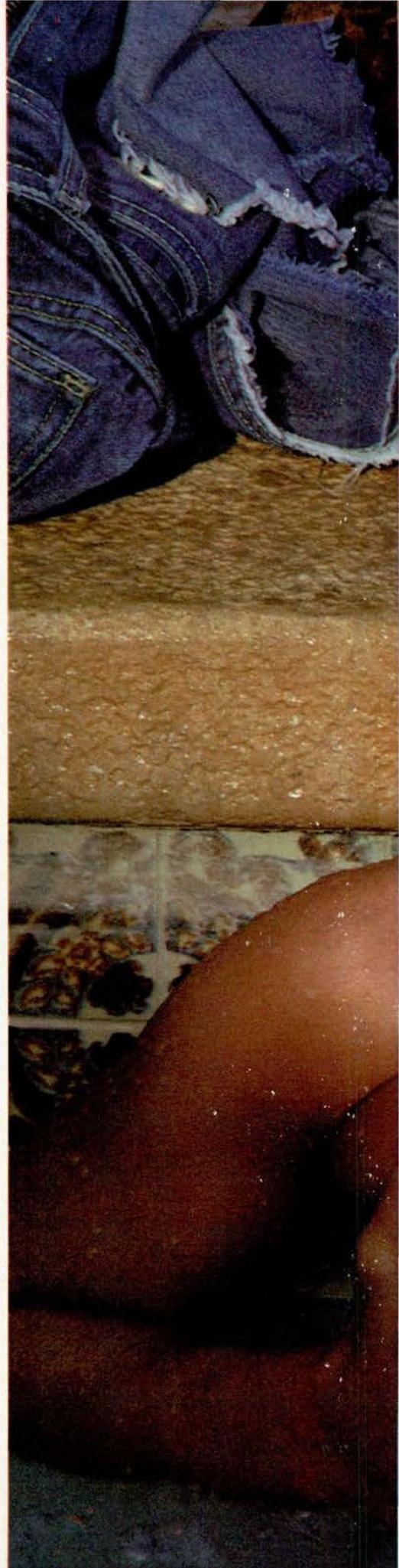
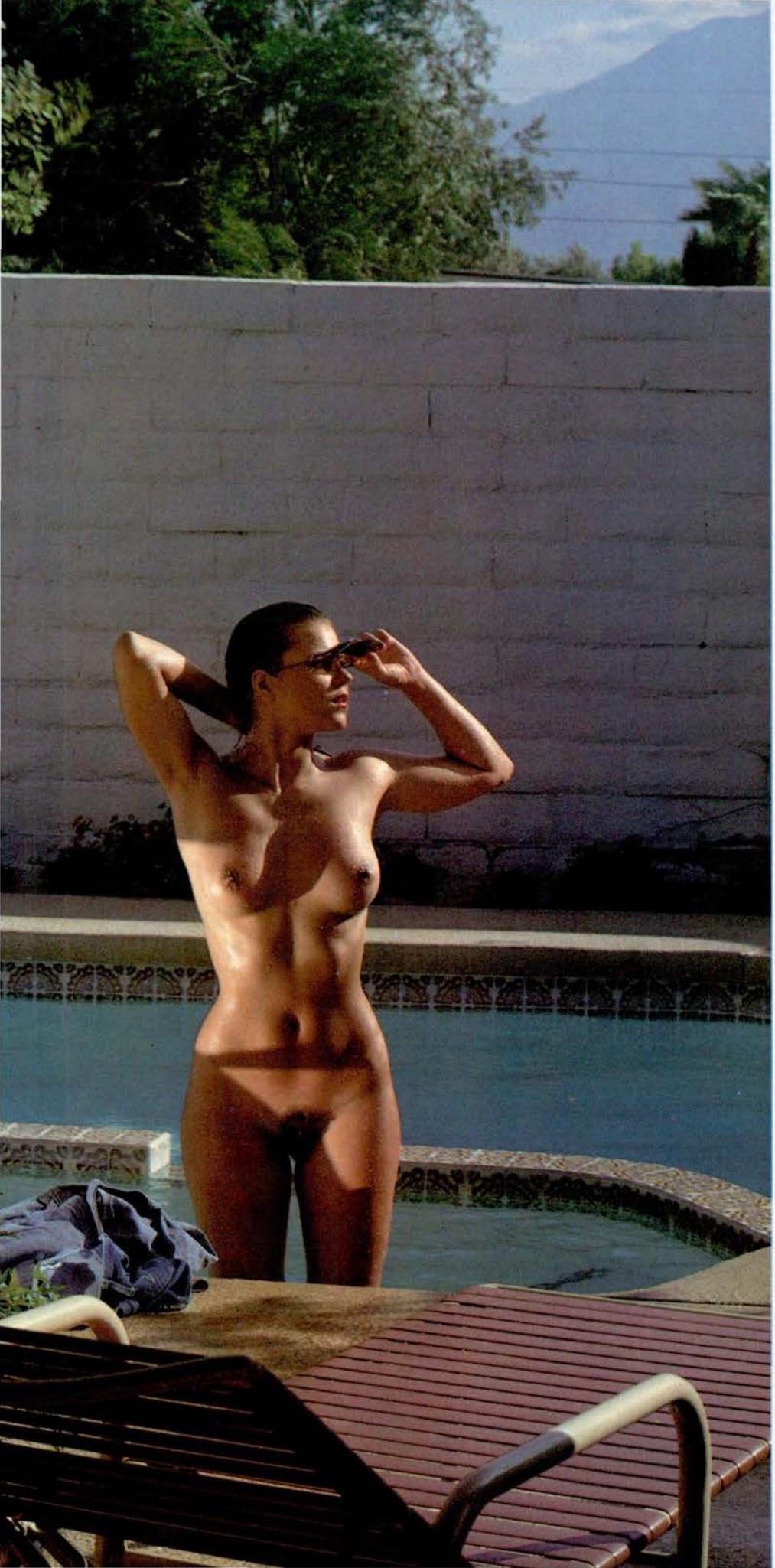


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RONNIE GOOD TIMES

Ronnie believes in taking time to enjoy life's pleasures—like going for a swim and then lounging by the side of the pool. But sex is definitely at the top of her list. "There's really nothing I'd rather be doing," says Ronnie. "How about you?"



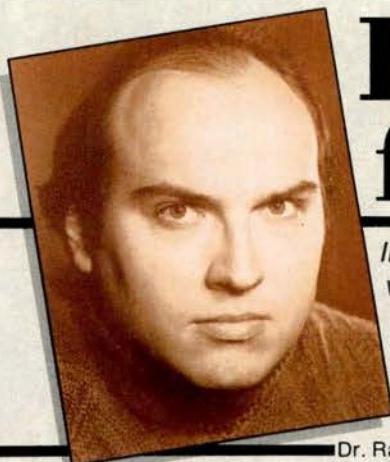












Females for Felons

In keeping with HUSTLER's long tradition of presenting even the most controversial viewpoints, we provide this space to outspoken opinion makers in politics, religion, the arts and other segments of contemporary society. This month's Guest Editorial is written by Dr. Ralph Sturges, a psychologist and former convict who founded the innovative Females for Felons during the summer of 1982.

Dr. Ralph Sturges

In the thousands of pages of testimony following the 1971 Attica prison riot, do you think there was any mention of allowing sex for inmates in order to deter future uprisings? Not a word. The men who investigated and reported are the same type of gentlemen—and I use the word loosely—who would ban abortions because they can't get pregnant. And these same individuals would refuse to allow sexual intercourse for criminals because they themselves probably don't need it anymore. They still consider sex to be sinful, sickening and sloppy. May God help these designers of our destiny and, hopefully, in a moment of generosity cause them to succumb in the manner of the late Nelson Rockefeller—with their rubbers on, alongside a distraught but satisfied young maiden.

The sad fact of the matter is that America's archaic penal codes authorize food, shelter, clothing, medicine, exercise and reading materials for men who are isolated behind bars. Conspicuous in its absence, however, is the single most important ingredient of remedial rehabilitation—sex.

Privately funded by a medium-size Fortune 500 company, Females for Felons is dedicated to the proposition that denying incarcerated men heterosexual gratification is cruel, barbaric and counterproductive to rehabilitating criminals. For the past year and a half, locating them in the vicinity of 17 correctional institutions in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Florida, we have conducted 60 pilot programs during which female volunteers performed sexual intercourse with inmates for the purpose of reducing tension and turmoil behind prison walls.

We work secretly through the prison chaplains, psychiatrists and psychologists who are tuned in to the progress of our program. Most important, they recognize the need for sexual release to help dissipate pent-up emotions.

Women are paid only for living and traveling expenses while serving with Females for Felons. Otherwise, no money changes hands. Trysts are held over long weekends in blocks of motel rooms near the prison facility. In-

mates on good behavior are chosen by lottery, given weekend passes and accompanied by four private guards in plainclothes. There are usually 30 or 40 men and an equal number of women. Match-ups are made during an introductory cocktail hour.

Ladies who are chosen to be Females for Felons are subjected to an intensive battery of interviews and tests that weed out the squeamish. Some of them are married, but most are either single or divorced. All have in the past worked with organizations that require team unity. Many of the younger ones have been cheerleaders, secretaries or models, or have served with the Peace Corps in countries far away.

An initial exam is given that includes questions such as: What has been your heterosexual experience? Number of partners and times per week? How do you feel about fellatio? Cunnilingus? Describe your favorite sexual positions. Does the size of a man's penis, his color or his religion affect your sexual enjoyment? What really turns you on?

Laura is 24, blond and beautiful by any standards. "I served our government in South Africa for two years and was in tears over the incredible ancient tortures, such as circumcision, inflicted upon female children," she told me. "Females for Felons represents positive thinking and is a Girl Scout field trip by comparison. I am extremely proud to fuck felons."

Some experts believe that the nationwide increase in crimes committed by ex-cons is directly attributable to the absence of heterosexual experience behind bars and its corresponding replacement—forced homosexual activity. I saw the latter happening firsthand when I served two years in the Southern Ohio Correctional Facility at Lucasville for armed robbery.

The confinement was sheer hell. Wasn't it enough that I had lost my freedom, self-respect, job, family and savings? Did society have to punish me with a gang-rape, sadistic torture and exposure to rampant homosexuality?

The fact that nature endowed me with a nine-inch cock didn't help matters any. Every inmate wanted

a feel and then a fuck. Even the guards took liberties. I often wonder why any person would ever want a job guarding inmates unless he or she was a sadistic, sex-starved pervert.

Maybe all this sounds terribly remote; it could never happen to you. But imagine yourself in overnight confinement, having to deal with someone jerking you off, forcing you to go down on him and then sticking a broom

for exposure. Exceptions have been all-talk radio programs with fearless hosts and Alan Thicke's syndicated television show, *Thicke of the Night*.

Moral maniac Jerry Falwell has refused to debate me in public. So have Phil Donahue, David Hartman, Johnny Carson and Ted Koppel. The *New York Times* refused to carry Females for Felons advertising. We also had great difficulty with New York's *Village Voice*, in spite of that

Will someone explain how our government can waste hundreds of thousands of dollars on such projects as importing pandas to the Washington National Zoo and not appropriate 2¢ for prison sex?

handle up your ass. That's the regular ritual inside every penal institution.

As one big brawler told me, "You came in straight, wimp, but you'll go out queer. Besides, I give better head than any cunt."

Men reading HUSTLER behind bars will share my feelings because they are sitting on bruised balls, bleeding cocks and sore assholes. The majority of them detest this silent syndrome of sexual depravity that exists in our prisons.

Ask any warden, and he'll deny it vehemently: "Not in my prison. No, sir. We don't allow none of that shit. Our boys are well-fed, exercised, treated for pain, given religion, and they can write home to loved ones.

"As for bringing in women, this ain't no country club; so we're not gonna give 'em any sex. They can always live with the big M [masturbation] like the nuns and priests. What's been good for the holy people for centuries can still work today."

Bullshit! I have yet to meet a warden who wasn't substituting food for sex, suffering from bad toilet training and hung up on anything nude. Their wives have a common denominator of pained expressions, as if somebody just rubbed fresh feces on their faces. These sanctimonious prudes are instrumental in causing their husbands to ignore heterosexual needs in prison.

Not so in Sweden. Prisons there allow conjugal visits from wives, sweethearts and girlfriends on a regular basis. Their crime statistics show the lowest rate of recidivism in the world. And the key reason for this is sex. When will we ever learn? Obviously, learning and doing are two different matters.

Will someone explain how our government can waste hundreds of thousands of dollars on such projects as importing pandas to the Washington National Zoo and not appropriate 2¢ for prison sex? Those pandas are watched by thousands of tourists with cameras and binoculars who hope the frightened beasts will fuck for them. Of course they won't! Would you make love under those circumstances?

The media has piously turned a deaf ear to our pleas

paper's fuck-me personals and porn-parlor ads. But an understanding advertising executive finally prevailed over the office drones.

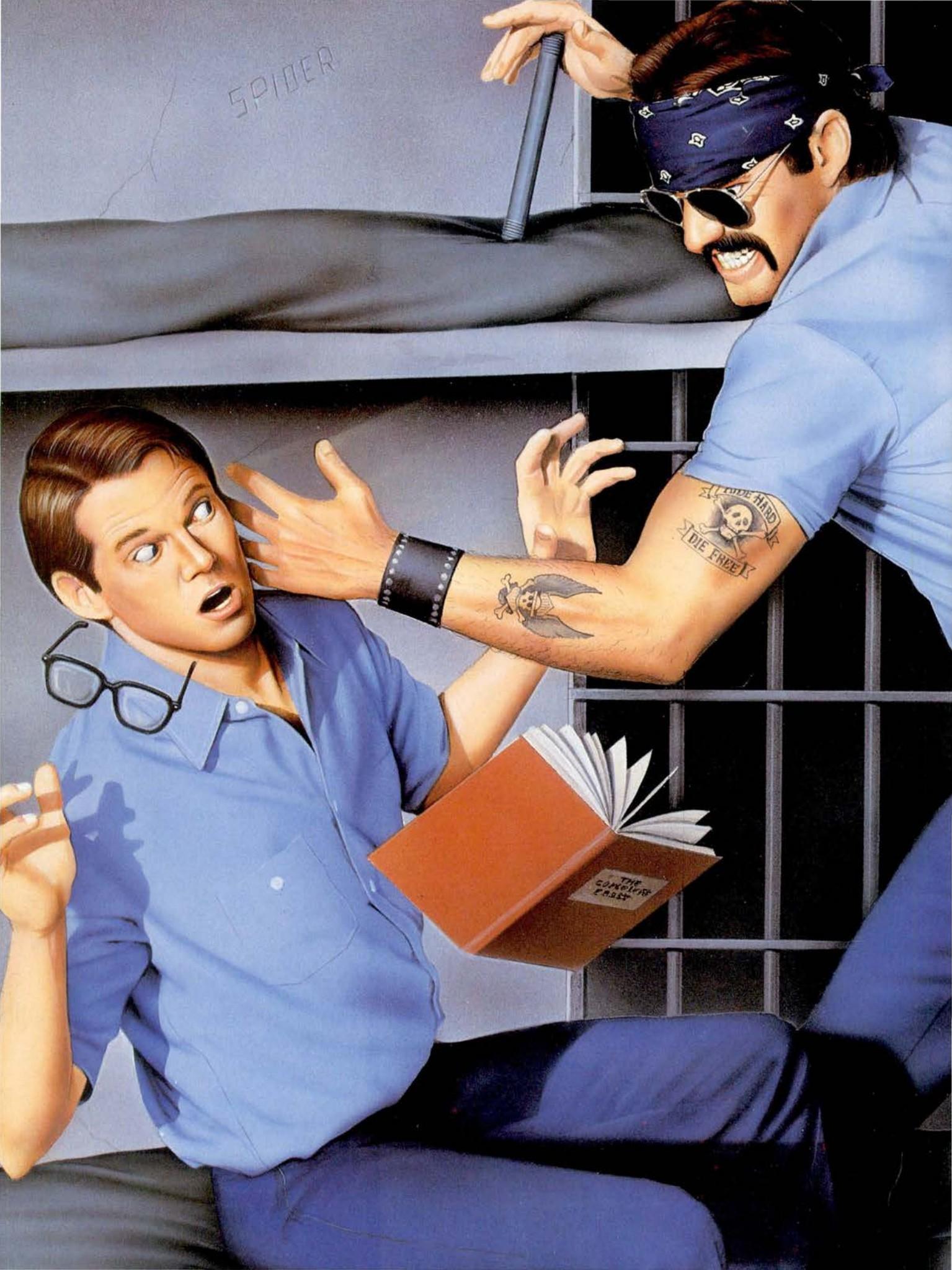
I do not advocate the coddling of criminals. Inmates must accept their fate and pay their dues. But for God's sake let's treat them like human beings! This is 1984, not 1484! We might as well be putting lawbreakers in public stocks, rendering them naked and beating the shit out of them.

Females for Felons offers convicts some hope of returning to society as well-adjusted, law-abiding citizens. Present prison reform is a farce; nothing has worked successfully to stem the growing tide of criminal repeaters who are depleting millions of tax dollars that could be designated for the feeding and housing of America's homeless poor.

Dr. Arthur S. Levine said in *Harper's* magazine: "A time bomb is ticking away in our society unless we move quickly to end frustrations sexually that may see these drives distorted into ugly political movements. As Wilhelm Reich pointed out in *The Mass Psychology of Fascism*, Hitler capitalized on just such sexual frustrations in working his crowds to a vicarious orgasmic frenzy. Unless more Americans have satisfying orgasms, we are surely headed towards totalitarianism."

Reich was talking about people *outside* the walls. But what about the sex-starved fuckers *inside*? They are the ones most likely to revolt and commit mayhem. So let's feed them pussy. There's plenty of it around that's free for the asking. And I'm not talking about hookers, pimps and that whole crowd. I'm talking about the 100 ladies who are enrolled in Females for Felons. They are attractive, intelligent, religious and giving. Our program not only works, but it's also the humane first step toward relieving suffering and instituting badly needed prison reforms.

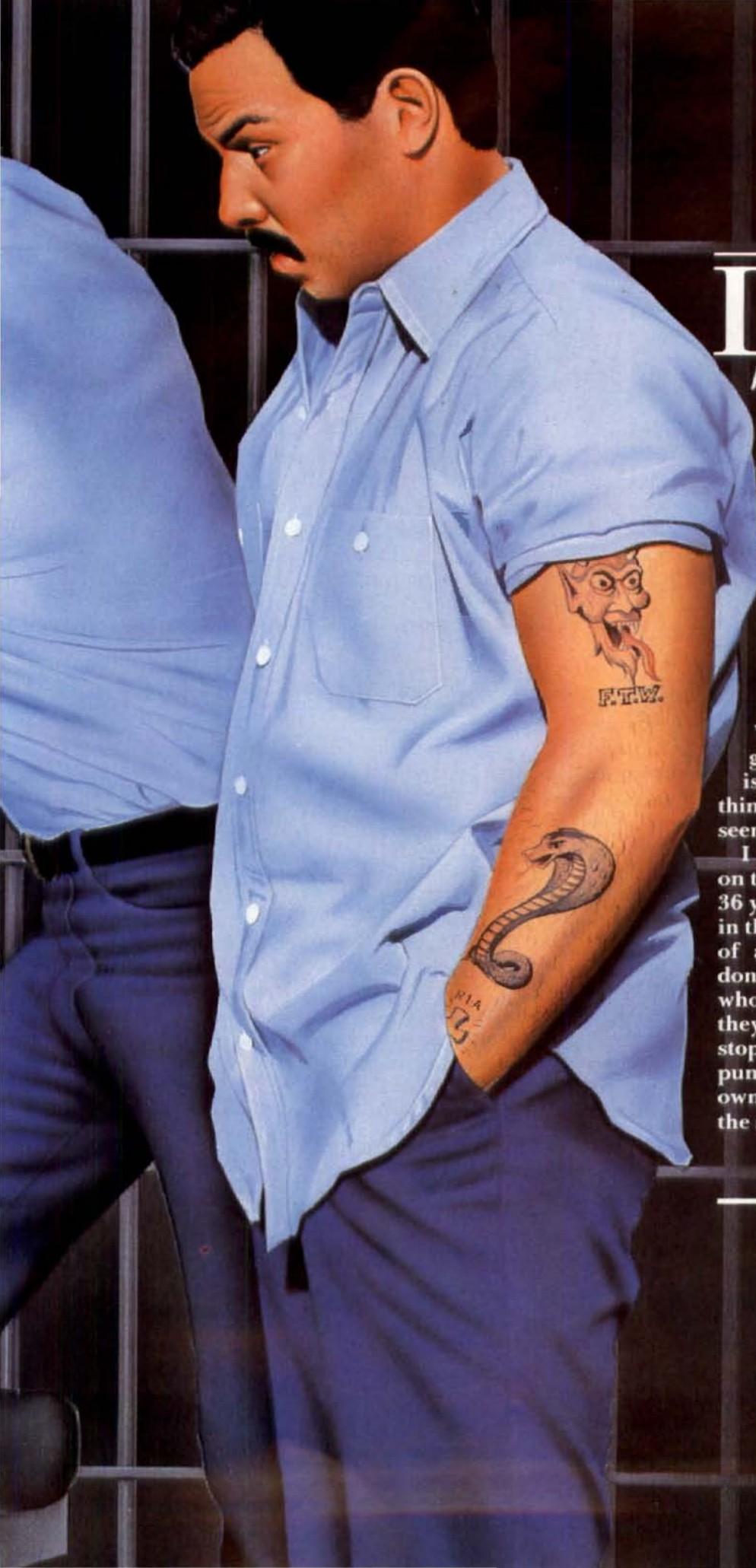
Readers who share or disagree with Ralph Sturges's opinions are encouraged to address HUSTLER's Feedback section (2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054). Those who wish to lend him their moral or financial support should write to Females for Felons, 51 E. 42nd Street, Suite 507, New York, NY 10017.



SPIDER

A COOLIE HARD
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THE
COMPLETE
FROST



DOING TIME

A BASIC SURVIVAL MANUAL

WELCOME

You've done the crime, and now you're going to do the time. But just in case this is your first trip to the "big house," don't think that prison is anything like what you've seen in the movies. It's not even close.

I consider myself qualified to expound on the penal system since almost half of my 36 years have been spent in various prisons in the state of California for an assortment of arson and burglary convictions. You don't have to believe me. In fact, people who refuse to face up to the conditions they're going to find on the inside should stop reading right here. Let those smartass punks acquire firsthand knowledge on their own, as I did. They don't deserve to know the snake pit that awaits them.

by Mike Canale (#C35343)

as Told to Shelley Rubin

Your Destination

Depending on your crime, you will be transferred from the site of your original internment to one of three types of prisons—minimum, medium or maximum security. As in most other states, California's minimum-security institutions are generally reserved for white-collar criminals, such as politicians, embezzlers and crooked used-car dealers. These guys get shipped to work farms, where they spend their time pulling weeds and putting up signs on roads and highways. Sometimes they are called upon to put out brushfires. Minimum-security prisoners are left pretty much alone. Their accommodations are similar to college dormitories.

Medium-security facilities—like Tracy, Soledad and San Luis Obispo—house prisoners who were convicted of more-serious offenses: rape, arson, grand theft, drug crimes, some murders. Maximum-security prisons are set aside for the Charlie Mansons, Sirhan Sirhans and similar scum.

Check-In

As the green-and-white bus pulls into the “correctional facility”—the fancy word that bureaucrats call a prison—you and 40 other prisoners are led into an assignment area and issued your numbers, cells, clothes and linens. Basic issue is two sheets, three towels, two pairs of jeans, two shirts and two pairs of socks. You are then given a brief rundown concerning the workings of the prison. You later take a shower and are deloused, a dehumanizing procedure in which every part of your naked body—especially places where the sun don't shine—is hosed down with disinfectant.

Afterward the guards will escort you to your housing unit and distribute a handbook on the rules governing prison life. Study it. If you play by the rules, your life in stir will pass relatively smoothly, and you'll probably get out before your scheduled release date. Later you'll get your job assignment, which generally is working in the kitchen. And every week you'll receive a razor with two razor blades. Watch out for these blades. They may be used against you.

Home Sweet Home

Your cell will be about 12' × 6', not a hell of a lot of room for movement. Since most prisons are tremendously overcrowded, you'll probably be double-celled; that makes 36 square feet per person. If you are lucky, you can be assigned to a cell with a friend. If you aren't lucky (and that's most of the time), you've got no choice as to the scum you'll have to live with.

Although prisoners are expected to maintain good hygiene habits, it is not required. Your cellmate may

be one of those who has an aversion to cleanliness, or he may just be someone who is paranoid about getting it up the butt in the showers. Countless inmates have received an unwanted gesture of “friendliness” while bending down to pick up a bar of soap. Young white boys are the most frequent targets of some black inmates who get their kicks out of “punking” them in the showers. I don't want my remarks construed as racist, but in all my years of doing time I have never heard of white guys raping young black youths.

By the way, the term *punk* means “a queer in prison.” Better keep that word out of your vocabulary because some people take offense at hearing it. And never ask a buddy to soap up your back for you. Word will get out that you're sweeter than a Hershey bar.

Since your cell will be home for the next few years of your life, you might as well make the most of it. Although you will be allowed to have a TV set, prisoners are permitted to keep only two electrical appliances in their cells at any one time. But you can't have anything that is not purchased directly from the prison catalog. So you'll have to leave your ghetto-blaster and your 25-inch Sony Trinitron at home, along with your videotape recorder. Sorry.

The Neighborhood

The prison is divided into different units, or wings. Most prisoners—the general population—are housed in the “Mainline,” where you have the most freedom; you can go to the canteen just about whenever you want, and you work in the factories and the kitchen. It's still prison, but it's like a little city. Keep clean and you'll stay there.

Sex perverts, ex-cops, informants, homosexuals and ex-gang members—offenders who would not be popular in the Mainline—are housed in “protective custody” (P.C.). If they went to the Mainline, they'd be dead the next day. Once you are given P.C. status, you're automatically thought of as a “snitch,” or “rat”—even if you are not. And if you're not a snitch, then you're the most detested type of prisoner: a child molester. This lowest form of scum on the face of the Earth is housed with inmates in P.C. They say you are judged by the company you keep; so you're just as bad as that pervert in the next cell.

“Segregation” is the division set aside for inmates with attitude problems, people who can't get along with the general prison population—particularly hardcore gang members. Murders, stabbings, fights and riots happen every day in Segregation. Due to the amount of violence, most prisons must single-cell these inmates. It's truly a place for animals.

No one is given a fair chance in Segregation. The guys who have the best opportunity to get out of that rotten lifestyle are hassled and tormented the most. And sometimes they are ordered to commit executions for the gang bosses, who are in jail for probably the rest of their lives and can't stand to see anyone do

his time and make it out into the real world again. So they get sadistic pleasure out of having young inmates do their dirty work. And sometimes they derive even more delight when "their boys" get caught.

So these wonderful guys, even the gang leaders, are fed back into the Mainline all the time.

Called "solitary confinement" in the past, the other prison unit is the "Hole"—where some inmates are kept in their cells 24 hours a day. You have to be a real fuckup to earn a place in the Hole. Some of the ways you can qualify for this elite residence include: stabbing another inmate, assaulting a staff member, refusing to obey a guard's orders and engaging in homosexual activity.

After serving your time in either Segregation or the Hole, you are moved to the "Adjustment Center"—also known as A.C.—to reacquaint you with Mainline procedures and what is expected of a model prisoner, such as going to school or working, getting along with the staff and other inmates, and "programming"—living by the general rules of the prison. Most of those who spend time in Segregation or the Hole, however, end up there again.

5 Getting Along With the Boys Next Door

If you're a bigot, prison isn't the place to show it. Since about 60% of California prisoners are members of minority groups, racial slurs are not appreciated. It's better to keep your mouth shut than to receive a fist in it—or worse. *Nigger* and *Spic* are fighting words. Be prepared to do just that—and most likely get your ass kicked if you decide to open your mouth.

6 School Days

One thing that isn't so bad about prison is the opportunity to spend half your time in school. You can learn a trade, like aircraft or auto mechanics, landscaping, cooking or carpentry. You'll have the opportunity to take high-school classes, leading to a diploma. You can even take college-level correspondence courses offered by local junior colleges.

Even in this aspect, however, the system breaks down. I remember a ceramics teacher who had the habit of leaving his class alone during their hour session (practically every day) while he fucked one of his pupils in a small room in back.

But going to school is a good way of staying out of trouble and getting out of prison earlier than your projected release date. For every day you attend classes (or work in the prison factories), you get one day taken off your sentence. Most inmates, however, prefer to screw off rather than take advantage of something that's going to better their lives. So much for incentive.

7

Money: Don't Leave Home Without It, but Don't Bring It Inside

U.S. currency is strictly forbidden in prison, but many prisoners in California are entitled to up to 85¢ an hour in wages. Those who work in the factories, the kitchen or attend school can receive additional income. Of course, you are not given the money. Instead, an accounting of it is kept in a ledger. If you want to buy something in the prison canteen, whether it's a soda or a TV set, that transaction is also noted in the ledger. It's really helpful to have a rich and generous family on the outside. They can make contributions to your fund. I know of prisoners who have thousands of dollars to spend while in the joint. Money talks, even when you don't carry it with you.

Gambling is strictly forbidden in prison; yet almost everybody does it anyway. One reason it's not allowed is that if a guy loses a couple of hundred dollars and can't pay off his marker, he usually winds up stabbed. If you're caught gambling by a guard, he'll write you up for violating prison rules, and you'll have to appear at a hearing; if found guilty, you may get time added to your sentence. But many guards just look the other way while gambling is going on, as long as they see it's not getting out of hand.

Instead of using cash to deal or gamble with other inmates, you'll use cigarettes (unfiltered Camels carry the most value), instant coffee (MGB is the favorite) or whatever else seems to be popular at the time.

Heavy-duty betting is generally done with markers. If, for example, you lose \$150 in a poker game, you'll be expected to pick up \$150 in merchandise for the holder of your marker the next time you visit the canteen. He'll give you a list of items, and you'd better bring them to him. Those who don't take care of their debts run the risk of paying them off in blood.

Some guys just don't know when to stop. I've known lots of prisoners who've had to contact their families on the outside for amounts as high as \$2,000 to pay off gambling debts.

The prison system benefits whenever your family or friends send you money, whenever you buy things through the prison catalog or whenever you send away for magazine subscriptions and other allowable merchandise. An approximate 10% markup is charged for every transaction. According to some sources, if someone sends you \$500, \$50 comes right off the top, and \$450 is credited to your account. If you order a yearly subscription to HUSTLER (which costs \$46), you'll have \$50.60 taken from your account.

This service fee is placed in an account called the Inmate Welfare Fund, which is supposed to go toward upgrading or maintaining equipment used for the benefit of the prisoners—such as purchasing

DOING TIME (continued from page 55)

I'd estimate 70% of the prison population is involved in homosexual activities—which take place everywhere.

weights and boxing gloves or repairing broken furnishings and fixtures like sofas and snack machines. The only problem is that there are often strange discrepancies. For example, the Inmate Welfare Fund at Tracy has about \$50,000 missing, and nobody knows where it went.

8

Far Away From the Mayo Clinic

Don't plan to be sick, get stabbed or need any type of medical attention after 10 p.m. or on weekends. There are no doctors available at these times.

"Woody" Wilcoxson found that out the hard way. Confined to protective custody at Tracy, he was watching TV one night with some other white inmates when three blacks walked into the TV room and decided they didn't like what was on the set. "I'll kill you niggers if you touch the TV," Wilcoxson warned, and the blacks walked out of the room.

The next morning after breakfast, as he was walking up the stairs to get to his cell on the third tier, Wilcoxson was jumped and struck across his face with a

board. He fell down three flights of stairs and cracked his head open.

It took the guards over half an hour to get paramedics from outside the prison to attend to him. With blood gushing from his head and mouth, Wilcoxson was literally walked out of the prison to an ambulance. Then he was taken to a local hospital, where he lay chained to his bed as he recovered from a skull fracture, blood clots, various contusions and a concussion.

Wilcoxson was returned to his cell a couple of weeks later with a nifty scar running from his nose to the top of his forehead—a nice reminder to keep his mouth shut the next time. The guy who let him have it was busted the next day and spent six months in the Hole.

If you get sick when the doctor is *on* the premises, it's often better to attempt to let your body heal itself. Prison is the place where they try out experimental drugs. Why be a human guinea pig to further pay your debt to society? No one would give a damn if you died from some arsenic-extracted medication.

When I complained of back problems, they gave me a drug that aided my recov-

ery. I didn't find out for 12 years that it was something the FDA hadn't approved. I still don't know what that stuff was, and I may come down with cancer someday because of it.

9

The Families

Four major gangs hold sway in California prisons. Black prisoners join the Black Guerilla Family (BGF), while white prisoners associate with the Aryan Brotherhood (AB). Mexicans are absorbed into the Nuestra Familia and the Eme's (Mexican Mafia). The Nuestra Familia is basically made up of inmates ("farmers") who used to work on farms in California's Central Valley. The Eme's come from the cities. (*Eme*, pronounced "M-A," stands for the 15th letter in the Spanish alphabet—*M*, which, in turn, stands for Mexican Mafia.)

In 1972 a war broke out between these two bitter rivals that is still being talked about. In the Segregation wing of Chino, "Cheyenne" Cadena and a lieutenant in the Mexican Mafia were duped into thinking they could make a peace agreement with "Tiny" Conteras and two other Nuestra Familia members. Instead, they were set up. Armed with knives, Tiny and his boys pounced on Cheyenne and his buddy. Cheyenne was stabbed to death; Tiny remains in Tracy. The incident sparked the "Great Mexican War" in which—some estimates say—165 gang members (from both sides) died during that year.

The four gangs are split into a pair of allied groups. The AB and the Mexican Mafia side with each other against the BGF and the Nuestra Familia. There are always fights between the two alliances—usually in the exercise yard. Guards try to keep the groups away from each other, but invariably someone will toss a baseball or an orange at the back of the neck of a rival gang member, and all hell breaks loose. If the antagonist is from the Nuestra Familia and the victim is a member of the AB, then you'll see whites and Chicanos fighting against blacks and Chicanos.

The gangs are also involved with prostitution, drug dealing and protection services within the prisons. Need some grass? It'll cost you about \$15 per toothpaste capful or a couple of cartons of cigarettes, and you'll have to deal with a gang to get it. Want some sex? See a gang leader.

By the way, I'd estimate that 70% of the prison population is involved in homosexual activities—which take place everywhere. Inmates make it with each other in the shower and toilet areas, in classrooms and wherever else they can get away with it. A common practice is for inmates to trade cellmates for a night of carnal knowledge. When guards conduct bed check and see two guys in the bunks, they don't stop to ask their names.



"Really? Wow! Does she have a sister?"



"The time has come, my son. Aren't you frightened?"

DOING TIME (continued from page 56)

Better not eat anything covered with gravy—kitchen workers are known to relieve themselves in liquid foodstuffs.

It is advisable not to get on a gang's shitlist. Even if you make it through prison alive, they'll find you and get you on the outside. Hit lists, complete with home addresses, have been found in the cells of gang leaders. The gangs bribe inmate workers into supplying them with this information. No one and nothing is safe in prison, not even your family on the outside.

Gang violence directed against prison officials and guards can be especially brutal. The Nuestra Familia is credited with murdering a particular prison counselor who was found lying in a ditch on a dirt road with his throat sliced. On another occasion gang members on the outside recognized three guards who were playing pool, and they stabbed the guards.

Inside Tracy a guard by the name of Page was stabbed in the back when he tried to break up a gang fight in the north quarter of the Mainline. Fighting for his life, he emptied his can of Mace (Mace is the only weapon that guards carry while patrolling inside California prisons); then with the knife still lodged in his back, he ran the length of the unit blowing his whistle to signal the other guards.

Politicians are always asking how drugs get into the prisons. One of the major methods is for gangs on the outside to threaten guards' families with death if the guards don't bring in drugs. Rather than have to face the prospect of discovering their loved ones cut into a million pieces, the guards agree to the requests. Drugs are also smuggled into prisons by family members and friends during visiting hours. Another source was the dentist in the P.C. unit at Tracy who was caught selling cocaine to the inmates in 1982.

10 Need a Weapon; Go to Jail

Every conceivable weapon can be found in prison, where creativity in their manufacture is unsurpassed. The most common weapon, a razor blade, is particularly effective when melted into a toothbrush handle to facilitate slicing up your fellow inmates. Spare ribs and other bones can also be modified to make knives by sharpening them with razor blades.

Metal welding rods are much in demand from the prison shop. Inmates wrap cloth rags around the base of the rods, making a

deadly 13- to 14-inch stiletto. And lengths of pipe are routinely sneaked out of the factory areas, even though prisoners are searched before returning to their cells. You don't have to modify pipes.

Explosives can also be rigged up without much difficulty by scraping match heads for the chemicals, grinding them into a powder, mixing in chopped-up razor blades and adding a paper wick. Eureka! You have a nice little bomb. A crude gun can be manufactured by using a rolled-up magazine stuffed with a mixture of match-head chemicals, broken glass and razor blades. It works.

The prison barber unwittingly supplies weapons to those who get away with stealing them—which happens often. One pair of scissors turns into two knives. Six pairs become 12 knives.

11 Dieting Made Easy

Smart inmates think twice about eating the stuff prisons call food. Inspect it closely, and you'll probably find such foreign matter as spit, soap chunks, rat tails (rats are all over the prisons), pubic hairs and broken razor blades. Better not eat soup or anything covered with gravy—kitchen workers are known to relieve themselves in liquid foodstuffs. And nothing in the world can empty your stomach faster than noticing that there are flies in your chocolate pudding *after* you have swallowed your first bite.

You never know how long meats and milk products have been left out of the refrigerator. Poisoning from these tainted foods runs rampant throughout the prison system. You're much safer eating the junk food available in the canteen.

Working in the kitchen, however, is a great job. You eat better than anyone else in the joint, and sneaking out steak sandwiches to other inmates can get you a couple of packs of cigarettes—or a couple of extra weeks tacked onto your sentence if you're caught.

12 Nirvana: The Canteen

The prison canteen is a salvation for most prisoners. It is here that you buy your toiletries, extra clothes, appliances (ordered through the catalog), cigarettes and snacks. The prices are more expensive than on the outside, but they're not unreasonable.

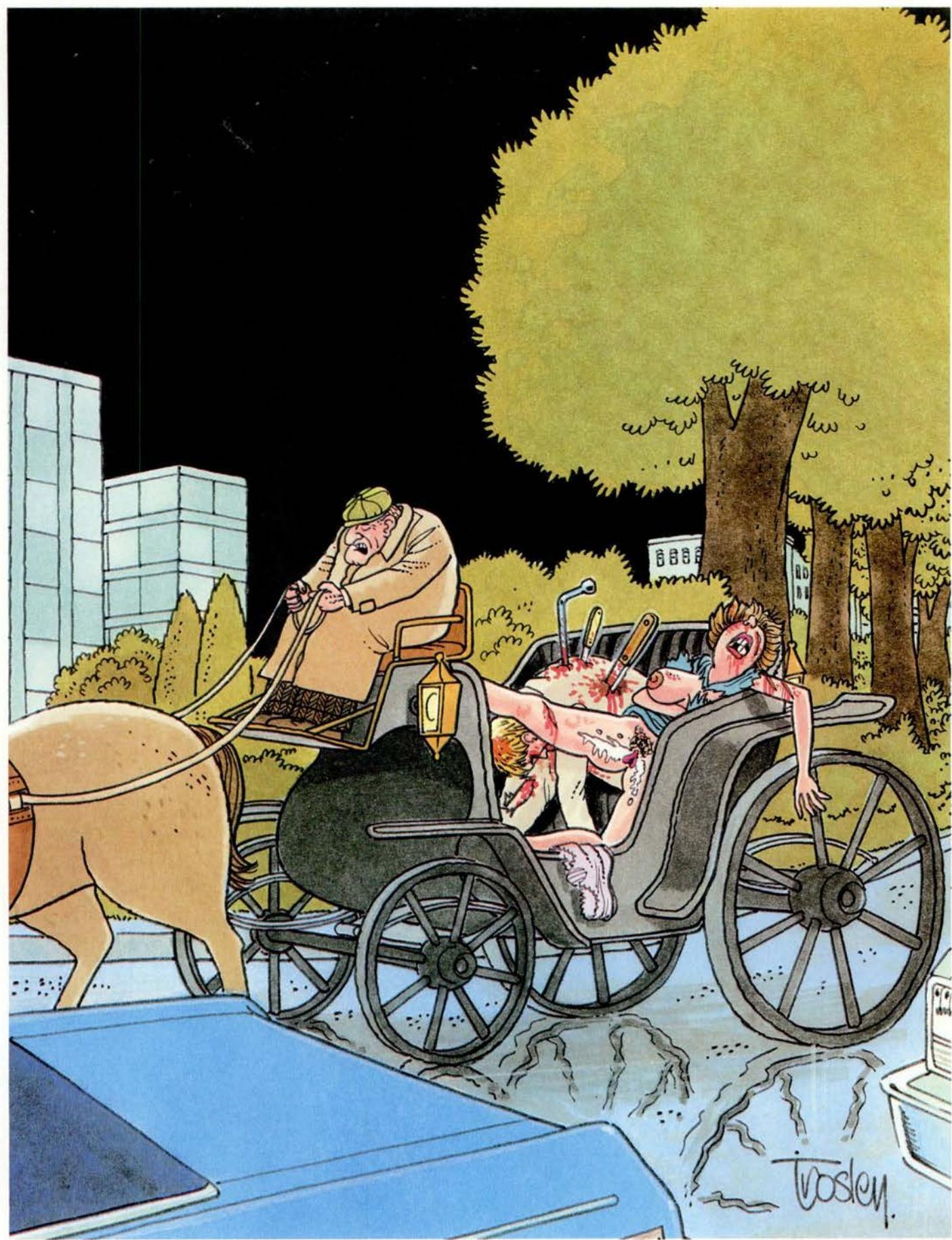
While I served my time in P.C., going to the canteen twice a week was as big a thrill as visiting Disneyland had been when I was a kid. Instead of eating the crap from the kitchen, there was coffee, tuna, salami, cheese, ice cream and soda (which we kept cold in our cells by wrapping toilet paper around the cans, wetting the paper and keeping the cans on window ledges).

(continued on page 106)

THE BRAIN OF A U.S. MARSHAL

HAROLD TINKLE





"Okay, folks, what'll it be... back through the park again?"

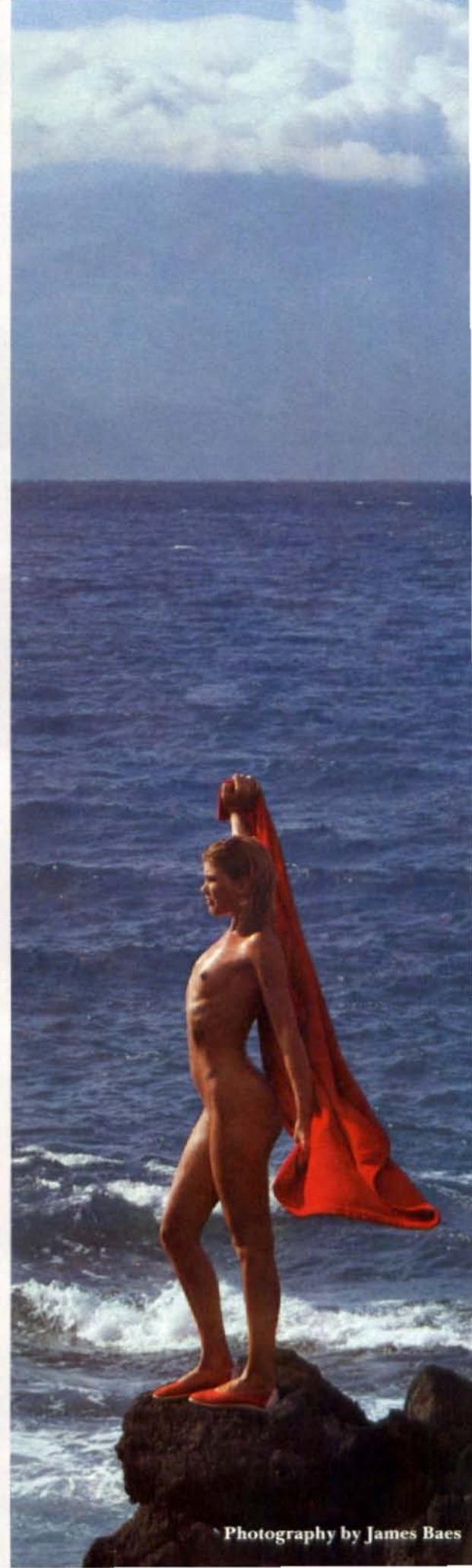


CAMILLA

on the rock

"I have the most extraordinary sexual fantasies when I'm lying in the sun," says Camilla.

"It's so incredibly arousing!" And if there's no one around to satisfy her passion? "Sometimes a brisk swim in the ocean is the only way to cool off."



• Photography by James Baes





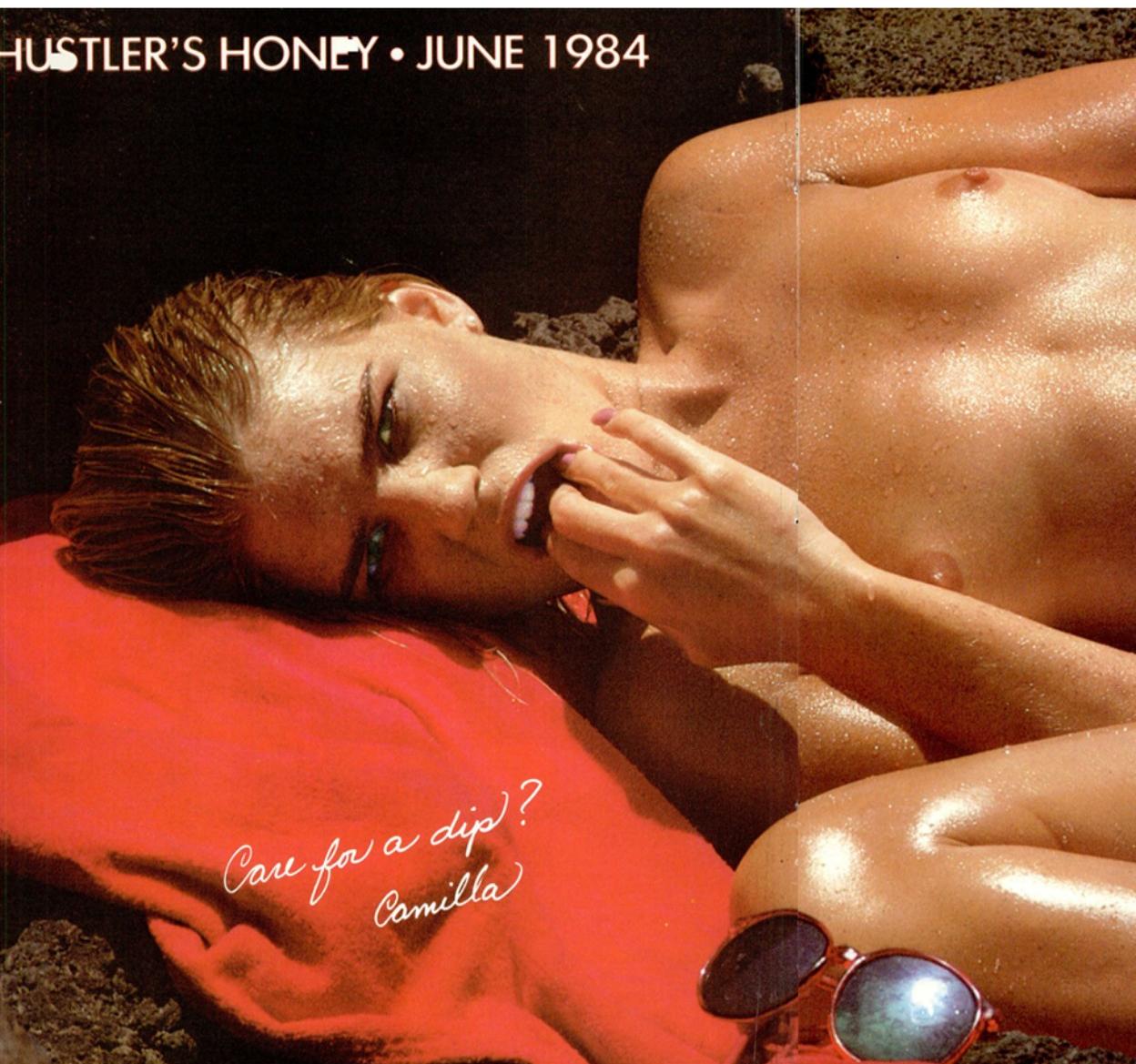








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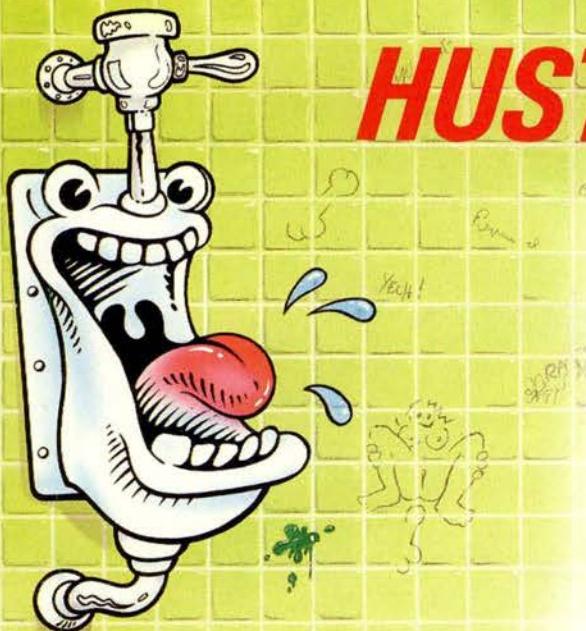
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HUSTLER HUMOR

Jimmy had always gotten good grades in school, and he was doing even better in college; so his parents were surprised to be called in to see the guidance counselor.

"I have some good news and some bad news," the counselor said. "The bad news is that Jimmy is gay."

The parents flinched. "So what's the good news?" Jimmy's father asked after a moment.

"He's going to be homecoming queen!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *meat locker* as: a male chastity belt.

AJewish grandmother was terribly proud of her four-month-old grandson; so she took him along on her annual trip to Miami. The first morning she dressed him in a cute little outfit, and off they went to the beach, where she set him down to play. But no sooner had the grandmother gotten comfortable than a huge tidal wave rose up and swept the baby away.

"God," she exclaimed, standing up and shaking her fist at the sky, "You aren't very nice! Here was this sweet little boy, whose mother carried him for nine months and who was barely around for four. We haven't even had time to get to know him or give him a happy life."

In another instant the wave returned, setting the infant down unharmed on the sand. His grandmother checked him over, looked right back at the sky and snapped, "He had a hat!"

Question: What do you say to a Mexican who's dressed in a three-piece suit?

Answer: Will the defendant please rise.

Three sweet Southern widows—Lilly, Martha and Nelly—decided to take an exotic vacation together; so they went to darkest Africa on a photographic safari. The members of the expedition pitched their tents deep in the jungle and the next morning set out on their first excursion. But Lilly was too tired to go along, and she remained at the campsite despite her disappointment.

No sooner were the others out of earshot than a huge male gorilla swept down from a tree, grabbed Lilly and dragged her off to his nest, where he screwed her mercilessly. Two days later Martha and Nelly, hysterical with grief, found a battered and bloody Lilly, semiconscious, outside their tent. Lilly was immediately airlifted back to a hospital in Atlanta, where her two friends stayed by her side night and day. After several weeks she was able to speak.

"Lilly, darling, talk to us," pleaded Martha.

"Did that creature abuse you?" asked Nelly. "Are you in pain? What's wrong? Say something!"

"What should I say?" sobbed Lilly. "He never calls me . . . he never writes . . ."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" x 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



Moses and Jesus were out fishing on the Sea of Galilee, when the conversation came around to the subject of miracles. "I'd sure like to perform one," said Moses, "but I'm a bit out of practice. It's been 4,000 years since my last one."

Jesus urged him on; so Moses went to the bow of the boat, raised both arms out above the waters and commanded them to part. With a great roar the ocean divided to reveal a seabed as dry as bone; then it came together again at Moses' second command.

"Not bad, eh?" said Moses, settling back down in the stern. "Think you can match that?"

"No problem," said Jesus. "After all, it's only been 2,000 years since I did this trick." He jumped up on the gunwale of the boat and stepped gracefully out onto the water—only to sink like a stone. Moses hauled him aboard. Choking and sputtering, Jesus insisted on trying again, but the results were the same.

With considerable difficulty Moses hauled Jesus aboard again and could barely keep from laughing at the dejected heap lying on the bottom of the boat.

"I don't know what the problem could be," said Jesus sadly, "except the first time around I didn't have these holes in my feet. . . ."

Have you heard about the new nonprofit organization started by Richard Pryor and Michael Jackson? It's called the Ignited Negro College Fund.

APolack was sitting in his neighborhood bar having a few drinks and shooting the shit with the bartender as they watched television. The news came on, and the first story concerned a woman who was standing on the ledge of a 20-story-high building and threatening to jump. The bartender turned to the Polack and said, "I'll bet you 50 bucks she jumps."

"Okay," said the Polack, "you're on!"

A minute later the woman jumped. The Polack reached into his wallet and pulled out \$50.

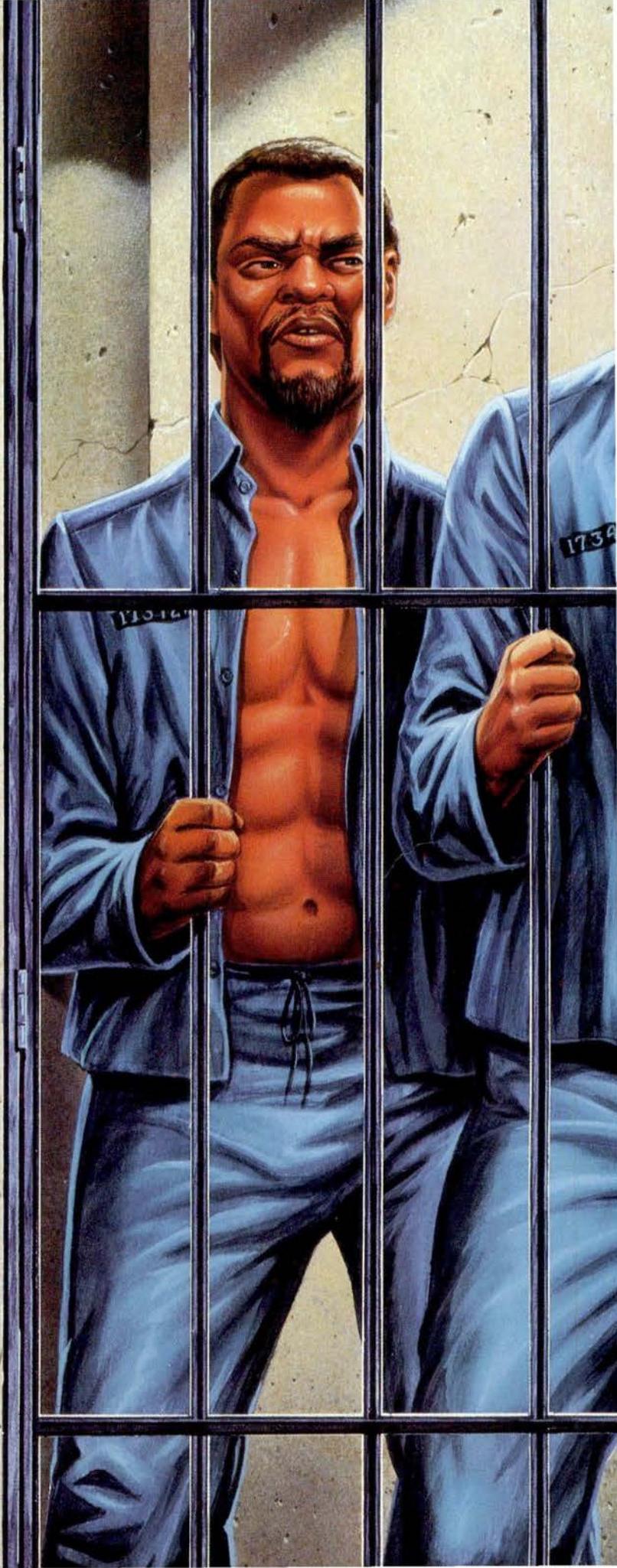
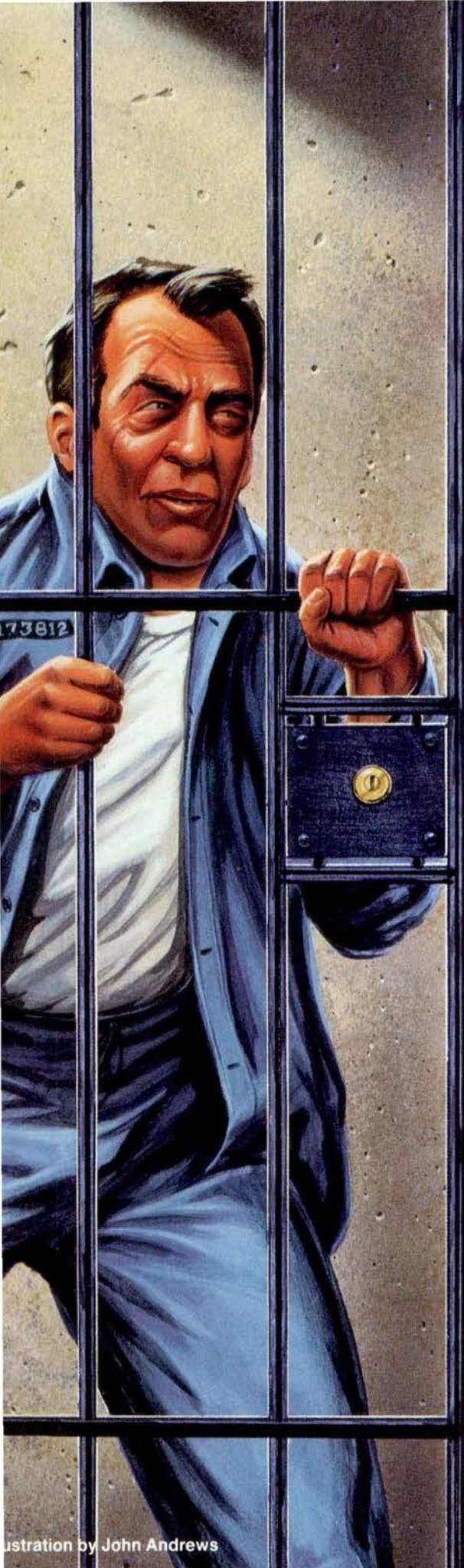
"That's all right," the bartender said. "I can't take your money. I saw this earlier on the news; so I knew she was going to jump."

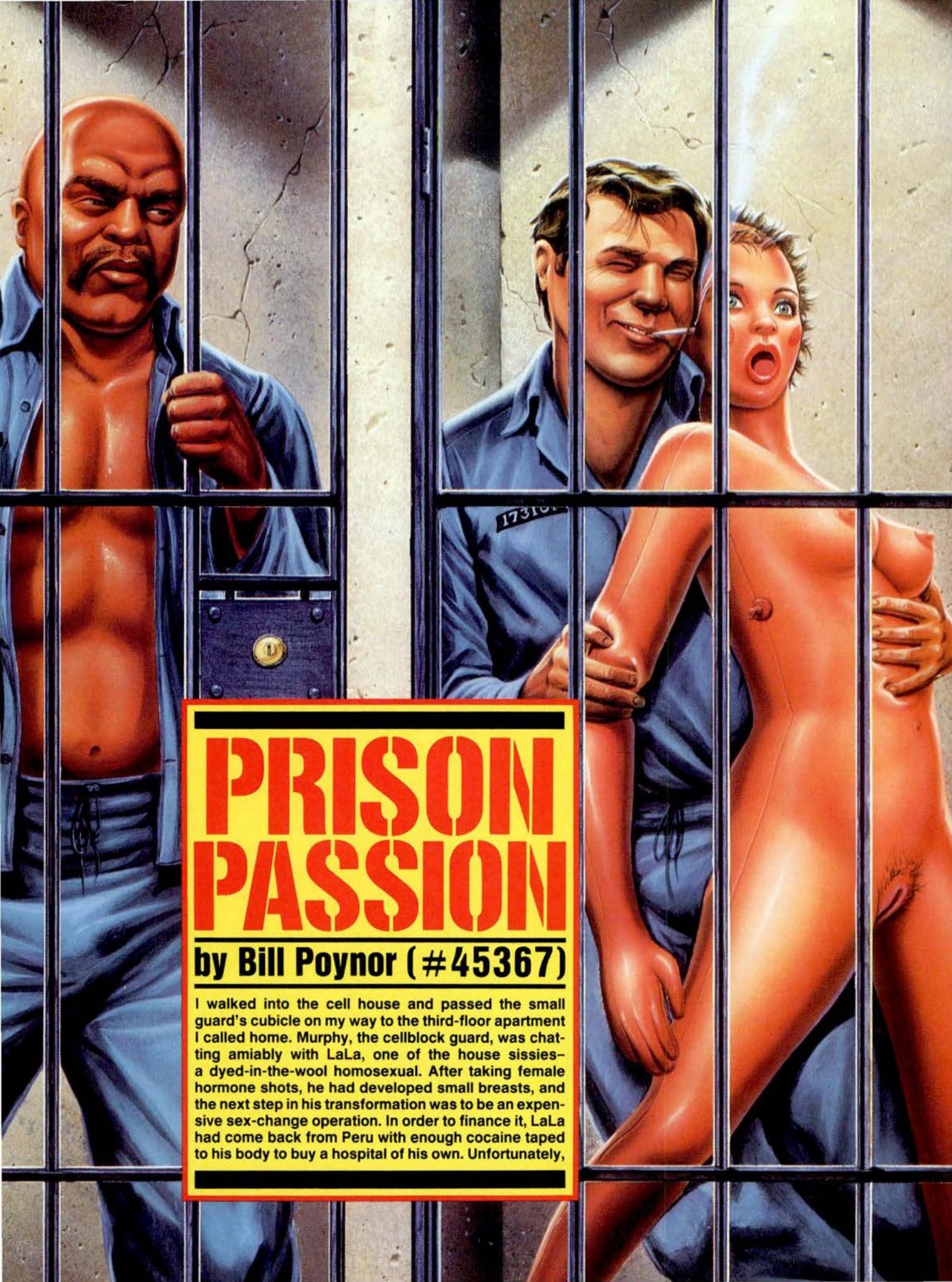
"No, here, take it," the Polack insisted. "I saw it too. But I didn't think the dumb cunt would be stupid enough to do it again!"

Chester in Lester

the







PRISON PASSION

by Bill Poynor (#45367)

I walked into the cell house and passed the small guard's cubicle on my way to the third-floor apartment I called home. Murphy, the cellblock guard, was chatting amiably with LaLa, one of the house sissies—a dyed-in-the-wool homosexual. After taking female hormone shots, he had developed small breasts, and the next step in his transformation was to be an expensive sex-change operation. In order to finance it, LaLa had come back from Peru with enough cocaine taped to his body to buy a hospital of his own. Unfortunately,

PRISON PASSION (continued from page 75)

The gal in the *HUSTLER* centerfold had her nest spread so wide that Evel Knievel would've refused to jump it.

six federal agents did not believe in that sort of free enterprise, and LaLa was now being housed for 25 years.

"I want in my cell, Murphy," I said, passing the guardhouse. "Come rack the door."

I went on up to the second tier, stood in front of my cell and waited. Since Murphy was not budging, I figured LaLa must be in top conversational form.

"Crank the damn door, lardass," I screamed down to the first level.

Moving at a snail's pace to show me he was not intimidated, Murphy vacated the swivel chair that just barely contained his bulk and started up the steps. He was a product of the times—a period when few people were interested in a career of turning keys and baby-sitting cons in human warehouses. The administration had been forced to lower its already-shabby standards to staff the prison, and Murphy was a shining example of the results.

Some 300 pounds strained his brown uniform to capacity. A white T-shirt showed at the buttons where the shirt was pulled open. He had a ring of hair around a bald head and a tic in one eye that made you nervous talking to him. Rumor had it that he had won his present job after tak-

ing an exam consisting of only one question: What is $4 + 4$? His answer—9—was incorrect, of course, but he had come closer than the other applicants.

Murphy finally reached the lockbox and hit the lever that tripped my cell door. I entered the 7' × 9' cube that had been my home for three years of a 12-year bank-robbery sentence. It was furnished with a bunk, stainless-steel sink and matching stool. A small locker contained all my worldly possessions.

The top of the locker supported many familiar pictures. The blond bombshell was my wife, Sandy. A woman of great beauty inside and out, she had a figure that always managed to take my breath away. I had a real fondness for 38s—hers and my snub-nosed revolver.

Sandy had had no knowledge of my criminal activities, and the FBI had shattered her little corner of the Earth by arresting me. She'd staggered with the punch, but it hadn't knocked her out. She was there waiting for me and lending me much-needed support. We kept our love alive with phone calls, letters and infrequent visits.

I lay down on the bunk, picked up my latest issue of *HUSTLER*, and some of the

photographs made me think of redecorating. There was more pink in those pictures than you could find in an all-girl nursery. The gal in the centerfold had her nest spread so wide that Evel Knievel would've refused to jump it. Then I started reading the advertisements at the back of the magazine. They had pills to make the gals so hot and horny that they'd just have to have it. I knew those pills were simply placebos, but still I entertained wicked thoughts of distributing them in the coffee at monasteries and nunneries.

There were also ads for crotchless and candy-flavored panties. Candy-flavored panties, my ass! Who would spend good money for those? Just stick a Hershey bar in there and chow down.

Other ads took shots at the inferiority complexes of thousands of pathetic American men. I wondered whether the penis enlargers really worked.

As I turned the page, my mind reeled. There was Cindy—staring at me and touting her charms from a little square space on the page. Cindy was a love doll. She was 5-1 and totally lifelike, according to the ad. She had raven-black hair and a body of soft plastic. The copywriter described her orifices as if they all seemingly begged for the reader's occupancy. A Barbie doll for adults.

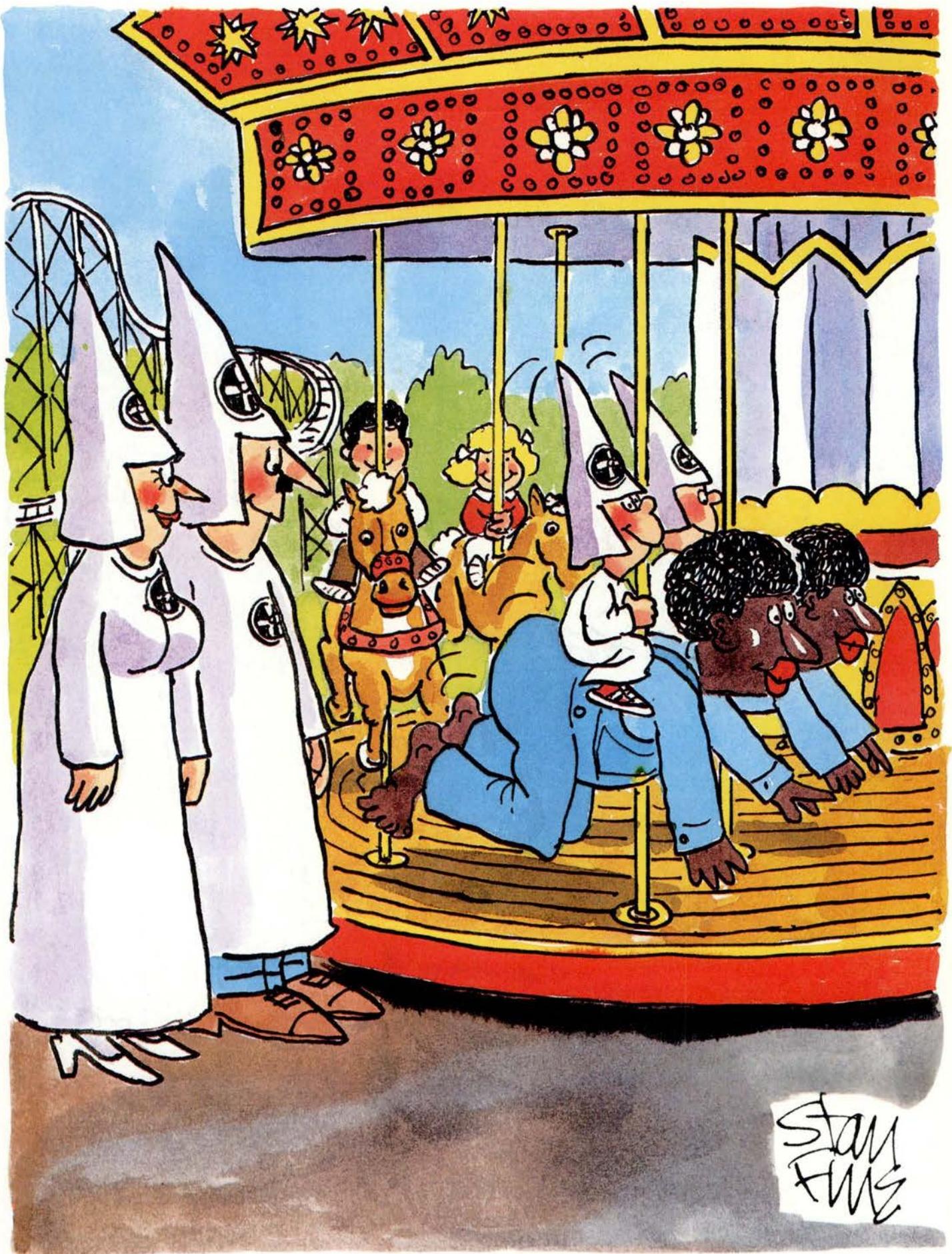
I was captivated. I had to have Cindy. The price was \$39.95—a reasonable amount considering the frustrations three years had built up in a man who had previously been oversexed. Prison environment has a way of stifling sexual pursuit. If it hadn't been for my fist and the pickpockets, I would have had no sex life at all. Of course, there were other ways, but they did not appeal to me.

Every cellblock had its LaLas. They were all alike, with one exception: His name was Merle, and he was one enormous man—standing 6-4 and weighing about 270 pounds, all of it hard-packed muscle. He'd throw 25-pound weights on a barbell until it sagged, and then he'd hoist all that iron in the usual bodybuilding positions.

The only difference between Merle and the other fags was his approach to initiating sex play. The ordinary fag would ask, "Will you let me suck your dick?" while Merle would say, "I will suck your dick!" I steered clear of Merle, although there was probably no need. He preferred youngsters.

Another sexual outlet was Dr. Joan White, our prison shrink. She was fiftyish and looked like Olive Oyl brought to life. A childhood disease had rendered her bald, and the 10¢ wig she wore was a joke to staff and inmates alike. I had heard that during her moments of bending over her desk like a broken-down shotgun and being pumped from behind, the wig al-





PRISON PASSION (continued from page 76)

The rest of Monday was spent making out reports on an ax murder that had taken place outside the chow hall.

ways ended up in the ashtray.

Her yelling during orgasm could be heard clearly, and she explained this away to officials as scream therapy. How she kept her job was a mystery to me.

One of our female counselors was not so lucky. Nancy, a trim, bouncy blonde, was one of eight individuals whose duties included classifying inmates and assisting them with legal problems and emergency phone calls—acting as buffers between inmates and the prison staff.

As word got out that Nancy had a selected few she was humping, half the inmates put in forms requesting transfer to her case load. I couldn't understand that kind of herd instinct. She was fired before my transfer request could be acted upon.

Last but not least, there were a few female guards who extended their line of duty. But dallying with them could be risky. An inmate who was caught with his head buried between the legs of one is now serving an additional 20 years for rape. He was convicted even though the guard was keeping him in position with an experienced choke hold.

But now, through the means of modern

technology, there could be another form of relief. I fell asleep trying to devise a way to smuggle Cindy in.

The next day was Saturday, and my weekend pastimes of tennis and racquetball did little to keep my mind from wandering to thoughts of Cindy. By Sunday night I still had no plan of action.

Monday morning found me at my desk in the safety office. Mr. Dodd, my boss, was safety manager of the prison, and his various duties included maintaining sanitation, controlling the fire department within the walls and writing accident reports. As much as I resented authority in any form, he was probably the only man in the institution I could have worked for. (My "attitude" had already gotten me sent to the hole on numerous occasions.) Besides that, working out of this office afforded me the opportunity of a couple of hustles that paid very well.

Somewhere along the line someone had overlooked a veritable gold mine. This prison had once been a military barracks. But when the structure was converted, the safety office had remained intact, along with a huge storeroom filled with a

long-forgotten cache of military supplies.

I found K rations that were still good and could be sold for snacks. But the real treasure lay in the hundreds of survival kits that I discovered. Each contained first-aid supplies, and one item stood out like a beacon in the night: a small, clear ampule filled with an amber liquid-morphine. I started selling the ampules for \$50 each.

Most prison bartering entails the use of cigarettes in negotiations. But a lot of cash is smuggled in through the visiting room to men who use drugs. I was sending a lot of money home.

My other hustle was a bit more involved. Our office was charged with sanitation; so it was my job to order wax and cleaning solvent by the drum and then siphon it into reusable, plastic containers and disburse them to the cell houses.

About a year earlier I had cut the top off an empty 55-gallon drum and cleaned it thoroughly. And with the help of friends working in the kitchen, I had gone into the wine-making business. Yeast, oranges, apples, grapefruits and grapes came from the kitchen. Each time I picked up routine office supplies from the general warehouse, I would throw a 50-pound bag of sugar on the bottom of the cart, cover it with wrapping paper and put supplies on top of it.

I would mix my ingredients and let the liquid age for five days or so before drawing it off in the cleaning-solvent containers. Finally I would load my cart and go about selling my wares with complete freedom from the cell-house guards, who thought cleanliness was my only motivation.

* * *

The rest of Monday was spent making out reports on an ax murder that had taken place in the corridor outside the chow hall. A convicted killer working in the machine shop had made himself a hatchet and buried it in the head of an inmate who had refused to pay a carton of cigarettes owed on a gambling debt. Such was the worth of a man as measured by his peers.

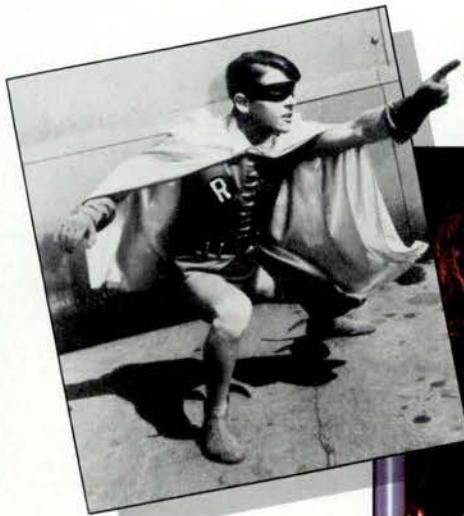
The following morning I was back at my desk. Along with my clerical duties I had several personal interviews to conduct in the office. A couple of guys were behind in their payments on some morphine I had fronted them, and it was time to let them know that I did not send out overdue notices.

What I did send out was a very large black dude by the name of Marion—a martial-arts expert. I also had help in the office from Standard, the name on the handle I had taken off a mop wringer and placed in the drawer of my desk. Standard had been put to use on only one occasion,

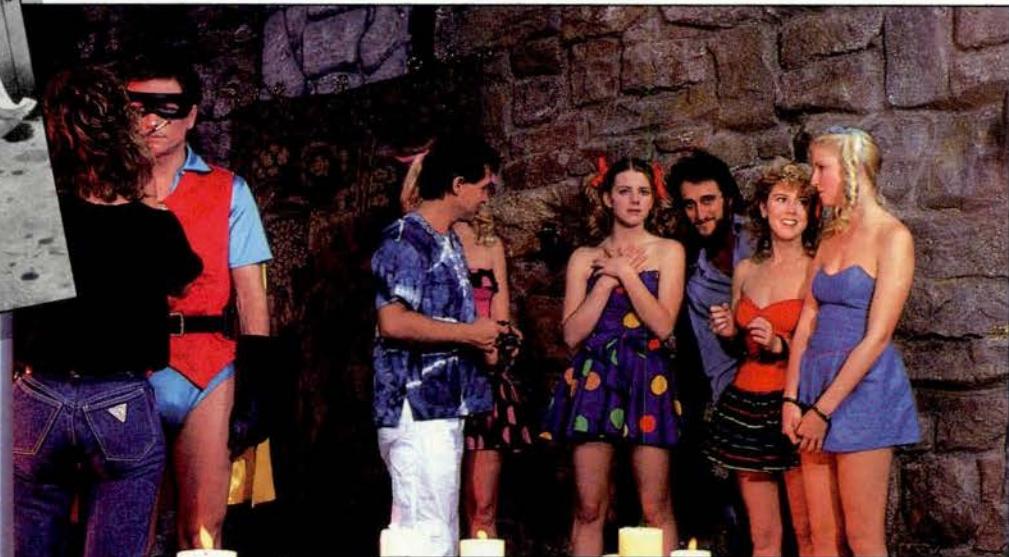
(continued on page 86)

"Good first impressions are so important, don't you think?"

INSIDE BURT WARD



ZAP! POW! Holy Kodachrome, Caped Crusader!
Batman's Sidekick Directs a Dynamic Super-Fantasy



With his portrayal of Robin, the Boy Wonder, Burt Ward achieved culture-hero status on the popular mid-1960s television series, *Batman*. A campy comment on American pop culture, based on the comic strip that first appeared in 1939, *Batman* broke television ground by using graphic POW!s, BIFF!s and THUD!s to punctuate the action.

Something of a boy wonder long before being cast as half of the crimefighting Dynamic Duo, Burt began his career at the age of two in "Rhapsody on Ice," where he was billed as the "World's Youngest Professional Ice Skater." Though he had studied acting in high school and had some summer-stock experience, it was totally unexpected when he was cast in the first TV role for which he auditioned. "I was up against about a thousand other actors and really had no reason to believe I would get the job," Burt recalls. To his surprise, he got the part; not so surprisingly, he proved to be perfectly cast. Furthermore, Burt's sports training—he was a decathlon champion, has a black belt in karate and excels at tennis and baseball—fully prepared him for the physical demands of the role and *Batman*'s exhausting production schedule.

While most actors might resent being thought of as a "type," Burt is proud to be identified with the clean-cut Boy Wonder of Gotham City. So what's this all-American guy doing in the pages of HUSTLER, whose reputation is anything but clean-cut? Well, even superheroes step down off the pedestal now and then; so when Larry Flynt asked Burt to direct HUSTLER's 6th Celebrity Photo-Fantasy, Burt obliged with his provocative allegory, *A Young Crimefighter's Fantasy*.

"I've always been fascinated by the concept of good versus evil," says Burt, "and Larry's invitation was a golden opportunity to pit the ultimate good, the young crimefighter, against the ultimate evil, Catbeast."

An enthusiastic and meticulous artist, Burt took great pains to make this fantasy one of the most memorable to appear in HUSTLER. "Batman was bigger than life," he says, "and I wanted this fantasy to be bigger than life."

What better place for it than in HUSTLER—a magazine that's bigger than life?



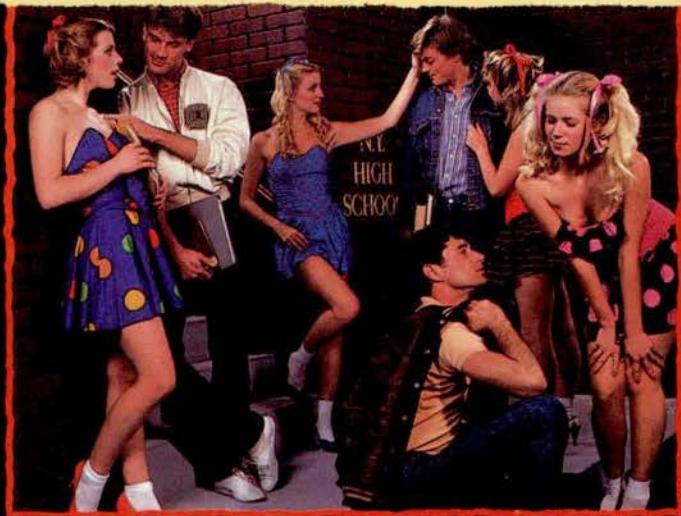
From top to bottom: Burt Ward as Robin; Burt (c.) and Creative Director Bill Nirenberg (r.) prepare the girls for the shooting; Burt tells them how he wants it done—dynamically!



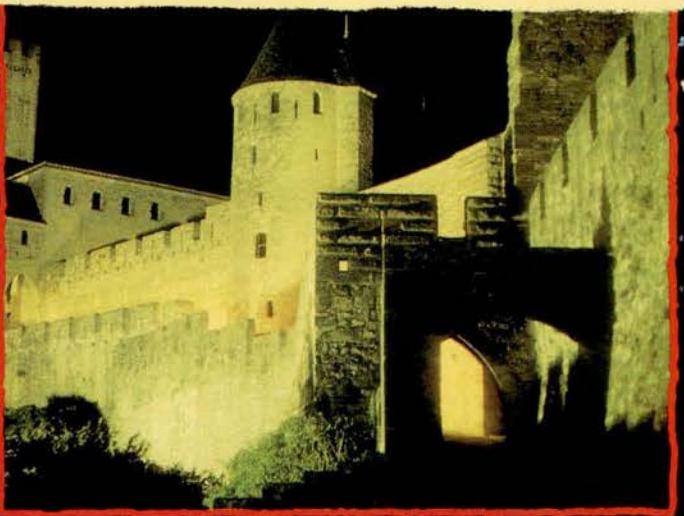
Darkness enshrouds the Gotham skyline.



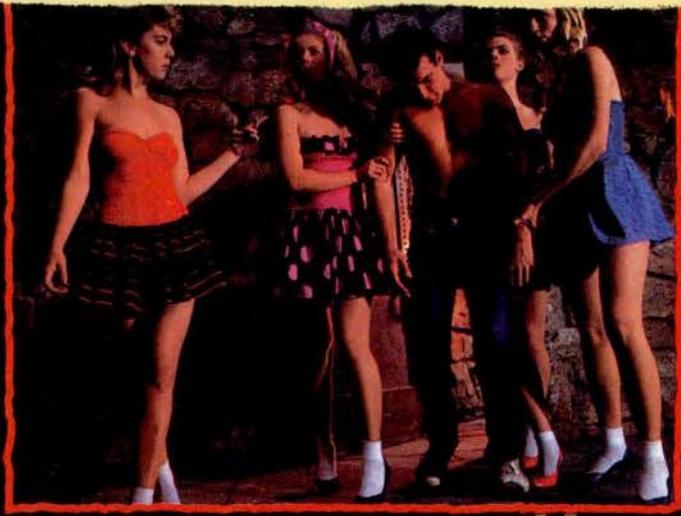
High-school students led astray by pussycats.



An evil mansion.



Another victim of Catbeast, the sexual vampire.



Imprisoned in Catbeast's lair.



A Young Crimefighter's Fantasy

Directed by Burt Ward
Photographed by James Baes

Meanwhile . . .
*in the secret
underground gym
our young crimefighter
receives an urgent
call from his mentor.*

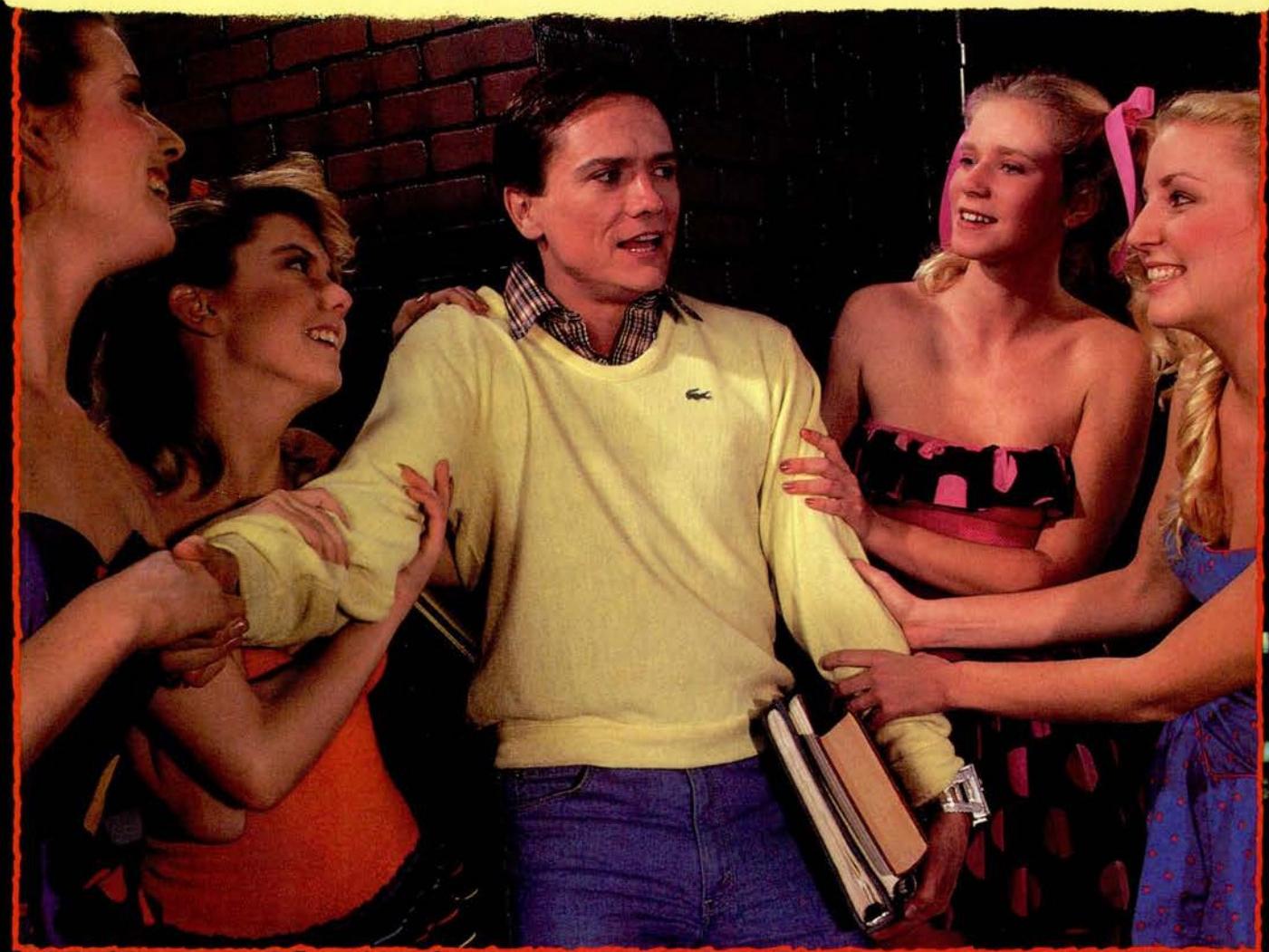


A young pussycat is forced to do Catbeast's sexual bidding.





Our young crimefighter goes undercover as bait.



He tries in vain to reach his partner; then he decides to take on his crimefighter identity and investigate on his own.



Danger lurks.



Trapped again—but this time for real.



Manacling him to Catbeast's sacrificial altar, the pussycats start to maul our crimefighter . . .



But are stopped by the ultimate evil-



**She unfolds her cape,
revealing her evil charms.**



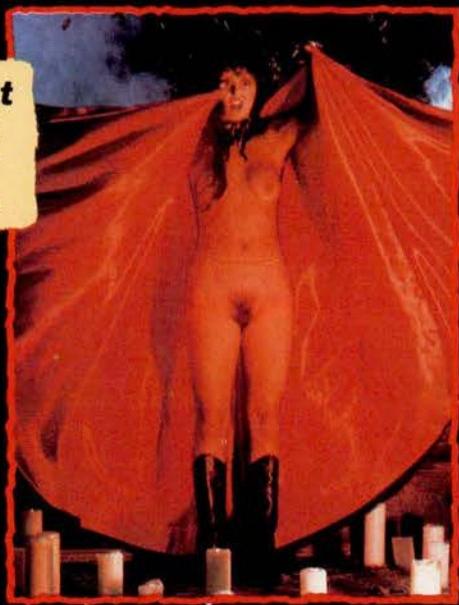
She advances upon our hero.



**At a climactic moment
he bursts his bonds
and fights her off.**



**Catbeast
retreats
into her
cape . . .**



**And
disappears.**



Poor deluded girls brought to justice.



**Was it a fantasy . . .
or was it real?**

**THE
END?**

PRISON PASSION (continued from page 78)

The clerk's unassuming smile had somehow become a smirk as he gazed at the pervert in front of him.

which had resulted in more work for me—a lengthy accident report.

One of the men who owed me was the best of the prison barbers. He wasn't even a junkie, and he only bought the shit for his sissy. He was good for the debt because his customers paid him for his work rather than risk getting butchered by some guy working toward his barber's license.

The problem was that the guy had lost his job a week before, after threatening a co-worker with a razor. Now he was going to have to get the cash brought in through the visiting room so he could pay me. My advice to get rid of the sissy was met with stony silence. He was in honest-to-God love with that fag.

The second guy was an out-and-out junkie, a youngster who couldn't adjust to prison life and escaped into a needle. I felt sorry for him and let him get too far into debt. I might possibly have let him slide, but he had told too many people he owed me money. So I could not let him walk around freely, or everybody in the joint would figure they could fuck me and get away with it.

My talk with him did not fare so well.

He was a cell-house locker thief and had gotten caught in someone's property. After being used as a punching bag, he decided that work was hazardous to his health; so he had no way of paying me.

Not really wanting to hurt the guy, I told him to lock himself up in protective custody so I wouldn't have to have him put in the hospital. He tried to work up some balls and refuse, but I pointed out that he was still wearing the marks of his last unpleasant encounter; so he opted for protective custody.

That afternoon I went over to the mailroom to pick up some fire-fighting journals and industrial-safety magazines for the office. Pitifully understaffed with civilians, the room was in its usual shambles.

Letters and packages for some 1,200 inmates, plus mail for the multitude of administrative departments, all flowed through there. Every 90 days, inmates could receive a package containing books, clothing and a limited amount of recreational equipment, such as tennis rackets and sweatsuits.

I picked up our pile of magazines and

thumbed through one of them as I observed the work going on in the room. It seemed about a quarter of the staff took their jobs seriously and examined all packages carefully, looking for ingenious hiding places for drugs.

The rest were very lax in their work and daydreamed their way through the dozen or so mailbags and stacks of packages they handled. I liked the odds. Cindy had a 75% chance of getting in through the mail room.

I had a package due in two weeks, and that same night I wrote to my brother asking for a last-minute addition to the list of goods I had already requested. I sent him my Cindy ad with the Los Angeles distributor's address and orders to purchase. I also asked him to buy me the desk-size, hard-backed, unabridged *Webster's Dictionary*, instructing him to punch a square-cut hole in the book and place Cindy in there for safekeeping.

Three weeks passed, and I was a bundle of nerves. I became argumentative and an all-around pain in the ass. Finally, 23 days, seven hours and 37 minutes after mailing the letter to my brother, I got a note telling me my package had arrived.

Needless to say, I walked to the mailroom with a certain amount of trepidation. Had they found her? My little scheme wasn't very elaborate and depended on the carelessness of a staff member.

When I arrived, my package was open, and its contents spilled out on a small table. I spotted the dictionary among the books and clothing, and only an iron will kept me from immediately opening it. I had no way of knowing if my stowaway had been found. They would simply have confiscated her. I would have been in no trouble other than package restriction-no trouble, that is, except for a very serious personal problem.

As I signed the receipt for the package, I read everything into the clerk's unassuming smile. It had somehow become a smirk as he gazed at the pervert in front of him—the one that all the mailroom personnel had laughed at when they discovered the deflated plaything concealed among Mr. Webster's definitions.

I finally got out of there, sighed a breath of relief and headed straight for my cell, fighting the impulse to check Webster out right away. To my delight, Murphy was in a good humor, and I got to my cell quickly.

Opening my box of goodies, I threw clothing, magazines and assorted other articles all over the cell as I burrowed to the bottom of the box, where I hoped to find my Cindy.

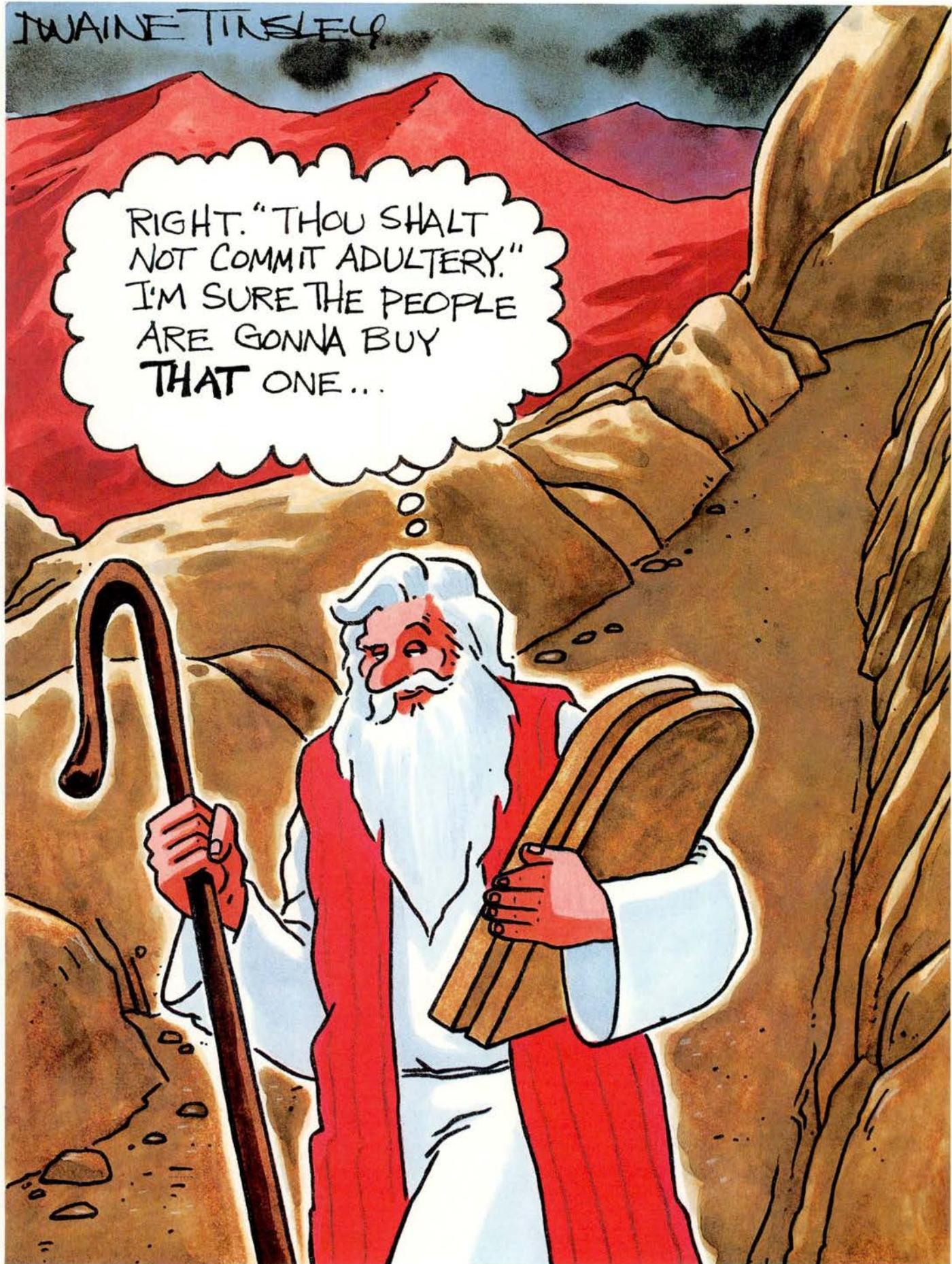
Grasping the dictionary, I hesitated only a moment for a silent prayer before cracking the book. My brother had done



"Mr. Smith! One more outburst like that and I'll clear this courtroom!"

DAWNE TINSELEY

RIGHT. "THOU SHALT
NOT COMMIT ADULTERY."
I'M SURE THE PEOPLE
ARE GONNA BUY
THAT ONE...



PRISON PASSION (continued from page 86)

The combination of blowing Cindy up and shooting my juices within her had taken their toll.

an excellent job. A perfect square, some three inches deep, had been cut, and Cindy, all folded up, was staring at me. I picked her up and shook out her full five-foot-one-inch height.

She didn't look like much at this point. Due to the unusual packaging, the wig had to be eliminated, and in her deflated condition she made Twiggy look like a circus fat lady. But she was mine, and I could see the potential. I was already excited, but I knew I had to wait until "lights out" before I dared blow her up. I certainly wasn't going to risk losing her on our first date.

I spent most of the evening at the barber shop, collecting a bag of hair and using glue and netting to fashion a wig for Cindy. Although the hair was short, it was presentable.

Back in my cell, I tried to read until lights out. I went through some 20 pages before I discovered the book was upside down. An eternity seemed to pass until darkness enveloped the cell house and the main switch was thrown by the graveyard-shift officer.

I had to endure a further wait as the

guard, Hicks, completed the necessary paperwork for his eight-hour tour of duty. He would then take a body count to ensure none of his charges had decided to check out of this fine hotel. After that I would have four hours of playtime before his next count.

I soon heard him on the tier. A tall, giant, happy man, Hicks was a whistler. You always knew he was coming. I suspected it was his way of warning you to put out the joints of grass or discontinue any other activity that duty would call upon him to discipline you for.

Hicks nodded pleasantly as he went by, putting a little check by my name. I waited until I heard the whistling start upstairs on the next tier before bringing Cindy out from her resting place.

Wasting no time, I began breathing life into her. I was out of shape, and it was awhile before my respiratory system got the job done. A miracle had taken place. Other than being bald, Cindy was everything she was advertised to be. The material—a grainy combination of vinyl, rubber and plastic—looked and felt fairly realistic. I put the homemade wig on her,

and the transformation was complete.

Gently placing Cindy on the bunk, I lay down beside her. My hands started roaming her body. I was very excited, but full arousal somehow escaped me. Something was wrong. Then I knew what it was. I reached across the bunk and laid my wife's picture facedown on the locker.

Almost immediately, my hard-on stretched toward Cindy. I wanted to make things more romantic, but wanton lust overcame me as I took out three years' pent-up frustration on my synthetic lady. She didn't mind, and she didn't tire.

I screwed her in the little orifice below her navel. I stuck it in her mouth and imagined she was moving her head furiously up and down my dick instead of my hands wrapping around her neck. Then I fucked her in her hairless little ass and finally fell back totally depleted.

Reluctantly, I crushed the air from Cindy and carefully placed her between the surface of my bunk and the mattress. I resisted the desire to ask her if it was good for her too.

Footsteps on the tier told me I had spent four hours with Cindy; the second count was being taken. The combination of blowing Cindy up and shooting my juices within her had taken their toll. My breathing was irregular. I lay down to rest my eyes and fell soundly asleep.

The harsh noise of the breakfast claxon rudely awakened me. I felt like death warmed over as I readied for breakfast—but it was a satisfied death.

I walked to work with a jaunty step. The boss noticed the change in my attitude, and he was grateful. I had been giving him a ration of shit the past few weeks.

At noon, rather than going to the chow hall, I went directly to the running track in the yard, determined to jog a couple of miles and build my wind up. The previous night had damn near killed me. If I were going to blow that bitch up every evening, my respiratory system needed work.

I reached the track and went through the stretching motions I had watched some of the guys doing. I was a novice at this, but how hard could jogging be? I set out for my two-mile run at a brisk pace, but one-eighth of a mile down the cinder track I fell onto the perimeter grass, clutching my side. There had to be a better way.

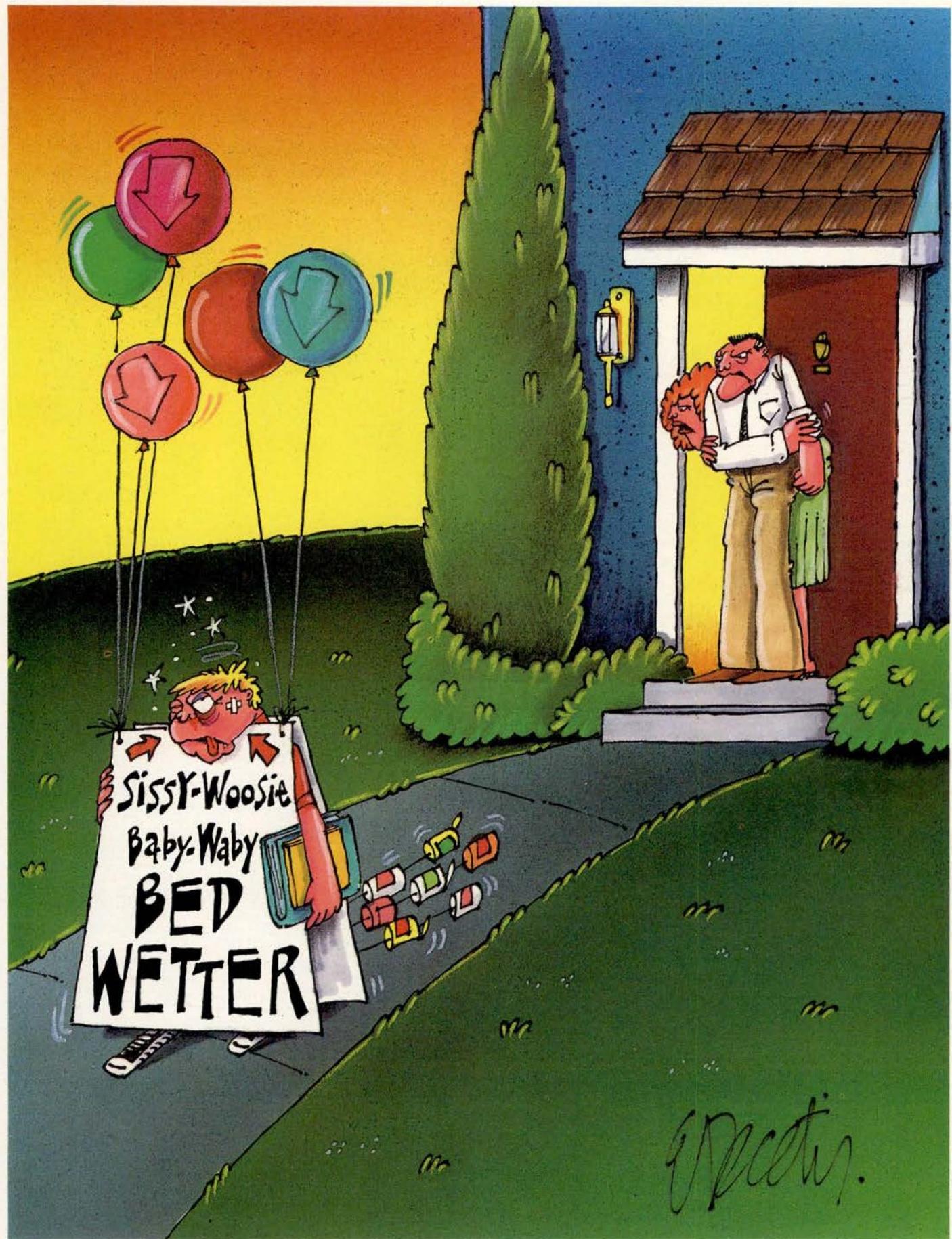
I entertained the thought of having one of my hirelings stop by the cell before lockup and blow Cindy up for me. That was wishful thinking; I could never get her by that first body count. So it was back to the track. This time I simply walked the two miles.

Weeks passed, and I was in a state of bliss. Not only was my drug-and-booze

(continued on page 98)



"Fuck you, Larry! Why should I worry about World War III? At my age I don't expect to be around much longer anyway."



"Think we may have been a little hard on the boy this morning, dear?"

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*Lips met breasts as tongues probed each other's hungry flesh,
bodies entwined as they succumbed to lust.*





Oblivious to reality, they lost all sense of time and paid no heed to their peril. Passion sealed their fate.

HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



© HUSTLER 1986

Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name

Name to Be Published

Address

Date of Birth

Phone (include area code)

Model's Social Security Number

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY
I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I also understand that if the editors so decide, my photographs can be published in GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION Magazine's photo contest, *My Woman... My Wife*, in which case the prize awarded is \$50, or in another affiliated magazine for an amount to be determined by that magazine. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature

Date

PRISON PASSION

(continued from page 88)

business flourishing, but I had a parole hearing scheduled in six months, and it looked as if I would make it.

Then, of course, there was Cindy—the perfect prison passion. We were making it every night, and she never bitched or nagged or asked for money or complained of a headache. There were no problems with her family either; if she had any, it was probably a Firestone tire and a couple of hot-air balloons. And because of her I was running a healthy five miles a day.

I did have one problem, however. I had to begin actively stopping myself from thinking of Cindy as a real girl. One day after work I left the office, picked a few daisies and was halfway to my cellblock before I realized what I'd done and threw them away. Occasionally, as I stood in the commissary, I would think about buying her some candy.

I had to do something before I went over the edge. Besides, now that I could see some light at the end of my tunnel of time, more and more thought was being devoted to the real thing—my wife. And the real thing with her was the best I'd ever had.

The solution to my dilemma came when I overheard a group of former pimps reminiscing in the yard. Hell, I could rent Cindy out.

Two months went by, and I had all but broken the Cindy habit—with the exception of a once-a-week romp in the sack. My customers were all beaming with pleasure. Shit! The government should have given me a federal grant. Between the booze, drugs and now Cindy I was mellowing this joint out.

I still had a soft spot for the girl though, and I was fiercely protective of her. Guys who bragged of being into S&M or other kinky activities spent no time with Cindy. And I was always there bright and early the following day to pick her up and ensure the customer had given her proper hygienic care. It wasn't as if she could wash herself, if you get my drift.

One evening well into the third month of my new enterprise I was approached by an inmate named Jerry. He was all of 5-5, with a thin mustache, weak chin and glasses that made his eyes look like two fried eggs. A timid little man, Jerry had been a bank clerk in a small Minnesota town. From somewhere within he had conjured up enough balls to make a sizable withdrawal from the bank, pluck a Daisy Mae lookalike from the next teller cage for companionship and head for Canada.

But poor Jerry was doomed from the outset. He left in the middle of a snowstorm; then some 14 miles from the bank

all traffic was halted, and he became stranded on the turnpike.

With the trapped feeling of a fox about to be circled by hounds, Jerry sweated in the chill air. The dumb broad was screaming at him to do something. Jerry took her advice and had a heart attack. He lived through his ordeal and accepted an apartment with a ten-year lease a few doors down from mine. And here he was, making a neighborly call.

"Bill, I understand you are renting out a particularly attractive sexual device." He was trembling, his voice a whisper.

"And if I am?" I answered.

"I would like to take a number or get on the waiting list. Whatever."

I decided to make it easy for him. After all, if the meek are to inherit the earth, I figured I would need a connection.

"Well, Jerry," I said, "tonight was supposed to be my night with her. But if you want to double my \$10 fee, you can walk out with her right away." Dammit, I thought, I'm beginning to sound like a fucking used-car salesman.

Jerry happily unpinned a \$20 bill from his T-shirt and handed it over. As he left with Cindy, he had a greedy smile on his face that made me feel mildly uneasy.

Bright and early the next morning I was at Jerry's cell door.

I told him, "Jerry, let me have Cindy so I can get her home before I go to work."

"Bill, uh, I have to talk to you about Cindy," he said.

"What the fuck do you mean, you have to talk to me?" I screamed at him. "Trot Cindy out here."

"I can't!" Terror filled both his voice and eyes.

"Jerry, if you let some motherfucker take Cindy, I'll slit your throat."

"It's not that; no one took her." Tears were flowing from beneath the glasses.

I grabbed his shirtfront and threw him against the wall. Buttons flew from the shirt, and the glasses became history as they hit the floor.

"Explain quickly and to the point." Menace dripped from my words. I was hot.

"Bill, you just don't understand. I can't give her up; I fell in love with her. I know you will think I'm crazy, but that's what happened."

Think he's crazy, hell. I have been there. He was still talking, and his words interrupted my thoughts.

"Bill, I don't expect you to understand my feelings, but I know you understand money. I will give you \$500 in cash for her—buy her outright."

Yes, I'll admit it: Old hard-boiled Bill was touched. I was going to the parole board in a month, and Cindy would be in the hands of someone who loved her. Of

(continued on page 106)

\$10,000

Beaver Hunt

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CONTESTANTS



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There are thousands of Beavers out there eager to shed their clothes and spread their thighs for a chance to appear in HUSTLER Beaver Hunt—especially now that we've really upped the stakes! Besides awarding \$100 to every Beaver whose photo appears on these pages, in each issue we now select one entry to be our Beaver of the Month. June's lovely winner appears on pages 104-105. Every monthly winner will



compete in our Beaver of the Year contest, with a grand prize worth \$10,000—including exclusive contracts to appear as a HUSTLER model and to star in an upcoming HUSTLER video! A couple of Polaroids are fine. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one photo) to *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Use the model release on page 98, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your Beaver her \$100.



Photo by Wayne

Laura, 27, a topless dancer from southern Florida, fantasizes that one night while she's performing, a handsome young man becomes overwhelmed with desire, leaps onstage and fucks the living daylights out of her.

Photo by Husband



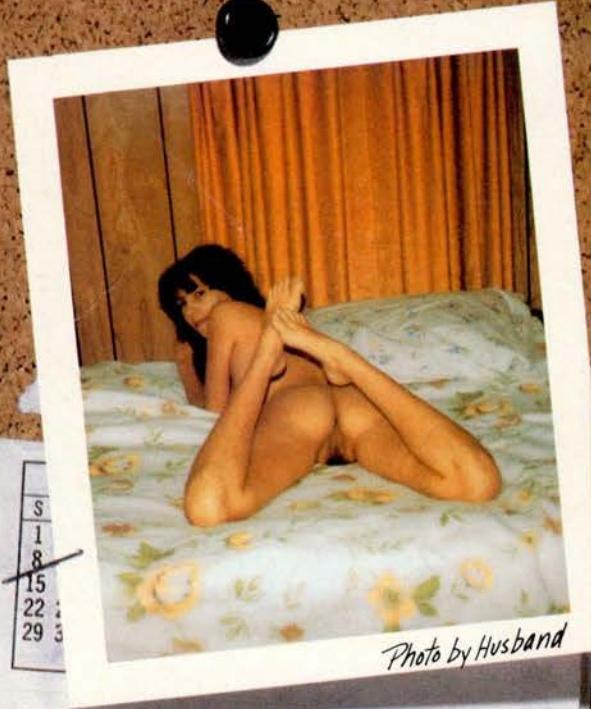
Twenty-year-old Sherry Finzer from Ithaca, New York, would love to be screwed in front of the entire New Year's Eve throng at Times Square.



Cheryl, a 29-year-old from the Southwest, would like to be blindfolded, escorted to a stag party and fucked by each of the guests.



Growing up near the ocean has left its mark
on 34-year-old Lee from Virginia
Beach, Virginia, whose fantasy
is participating in a mid-
Atlantic orgy on the deck of
a millionaire's yacht.



Tennie A. from Seven Springs, North Carolina, would find it very arousing to have her husband watch while she makes love to another man.



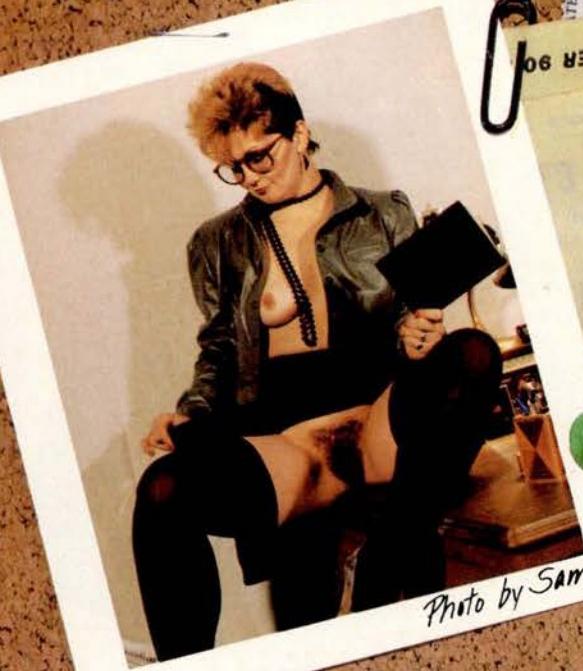


Photo by Sam

NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CLOTHES LEFT OVER 90
G
Exene, 25, lives in Anderson,
South Carolina, where she
specializes in abstract and erotic
photography. She likes to imagine
herself doing a HUSTLER pictorial
with Larry Flynt's wife, Althea.



Photo by Paul



Photo by Paul

Twenty-nine-year-old Jessie fantasizes that while lying in the nude face-down on a beach, a man comes up, screws her from behind, then leaves without her ever knowing who it was.

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Whenever Kitten, 19, wants to get off, she just imagines being screwed on the highway median strip while dozens of cars go tearing by.

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One man is just not enough for Cleveland, Ohio's 26-year-old Cheryl S. She likes them two at a time, turning one of them on while getting the other one off.



Detroit, Michigan, is home for 25-year-old Teresa Hathaway, an avid rock'n' roll fan who'd enjoy getting into some backstage action with the boys in the band.



Twenty-two-year-old Ebony C. of California would get off on being a sex slave with a very demanding master.

HELLO
my name is

Sparkle, a 30-year-old dancer from Arizona, imagines spreading her thighs and displaying her wares in a department-store window.



Photo by Friend



Photo by Friend



Photo by Robert

Carol L., 26, works as a topless dancer in the Midwest. She'd get off on secretly watching a couple having sex, then offering to join in the action.

Twenty-one-year-old Sharon from Massachusetts says her secret desire is to make it in the mud.



BEAVER SPOTLIGHT

Candy B. of Tucson, Arizona, could hardly believe it when we told her that she'd been chosen Beaver of the Month. Says the luscious Candy: "When I sent my photos in to HUSTLER, I didn't even know if I'd make *Beaver Hunt*, let alone the *Spotlight*. It was the biggest—and best—surprise of my entire life!"

We asked Candy if her life has changed since her first professional photo-session. "You bet it has," she says with a smile. "For some reason I used to be very



self-conscious when it came to taking off my clothes in front of a guy. But the HUSTLER photographers made me realize my body is nothing to be nervous about. They really brought me out of my shell. Now I find that when I'm making love, I'm so much more at ease. For the first time in my life I can truly enjoy all the wonderful sensations I'm experiencing. You wouldn't believe the difference it's made!"

We'll have to take Candy's word for it, but one thing's for sure: *Spotlight* not only brings you the best of the Beavers—it's guaranteed to bring out a Beaver's beautiful best!



PRISON PASSION

(continued from page 98)

course the \$500 would help me get past the emotional turmoil of losing her.

"You've just bought yourself a rubber ducky, Jerry." Yes, I could still be cool and laid back.

* * *

Well, I made parole, and to avoid embarrassment, I should end my little story. But I will be brave and tell you what happened the first night home with my wife.

It was very romantic. Candles were lit throughout the bedroom, music flowed softly, chilled champagne sat in the bucket next to the bed, silk sheets clung to our bodies, and we were in each other's arms. I had pulled her close, and my hands explored her body freely.

She was so very soft—too soft. She was so very responsive—too responsive. It was too much to take when Sandy started to moan softly; she wasn't supposed to make any noise. You get the picture? I couldn't get it up for her.

Since then, Sandy has really been understanding and sympathetic—even though our sex life is still a big zero. It took a lot of soul-searching, but I finally came up with the perfect solution to the problem. Any day now, the mailman will be arriving with Cindy's sister. We should make quite a threesome. 

DOING TIME

(continued from page 58)

13

Better Than Ma Bell

When something happens that officials and guards would prefer to keep quiet, it always manages to find its way to the general prison population through what is called the "prison telegraph." Everybody knows what's happening almost as soon as it occurs. If there's a stabbing, the news spreads like wildfire. If a contract ordered by a gang leader in Segregation is fulfilled in the Mainline, someone will get as close as possible to Segregation and yell that the hit has been made. If a guard has a special vendetta against you, he'll just tell one other prisoner that you're queer or something, and everyone else will hear about it in a few hours.

14

Your Friends, the Guards

There are good guards, but many are just plain badasses who will harass you, torment you and generally make life miserable for you. And there's not a damn thing you can do about such treatment except put up with it.

Once I complained to my mother about the overcrowded conditions and the treatment of prisoners by guards at Tracy, and I asked her to get me a lawyer. Before long

I was hauled off to the lieutenant's office and told that if I made any more problems for the prison staff, they would shove me in the Hole and leave my cell door open when the Mainliners—who despise cons in protective custody—walked through. I shut my mouth after that.

One guard at Tracy enjoyed wearing a white sheet and holding a burning cross as he walked through the Hole to take a count of the many black prisoners. He was admonished by his superiors, but his scare tactics left their mark on the inmates.

During one of my terms of incarceration there was a guard who would purposely make a great deal of noise every night as he checked each cell to make sure it was locked. He took unusual pleasure in waking us at four o'clock each morning by banging on the bars.

The biggest s.o.b. I ever encountered was Sergeant Ernie Hernandez. In the fall of 1982 an illiterate inmate, James Ingram, was raped by his cell partner. He reported the brutalization to Hernandez, who refused to make a report and help Ingram get medical treatment for the cuts he received during the attack. Hernandez then returned him to the same cell.

In June 1982 inmate Michael Marks was savagely attacked in his cell, suffering a broken nose and facial cuts. He was also robbed of personal property. When

(continued on page 110)

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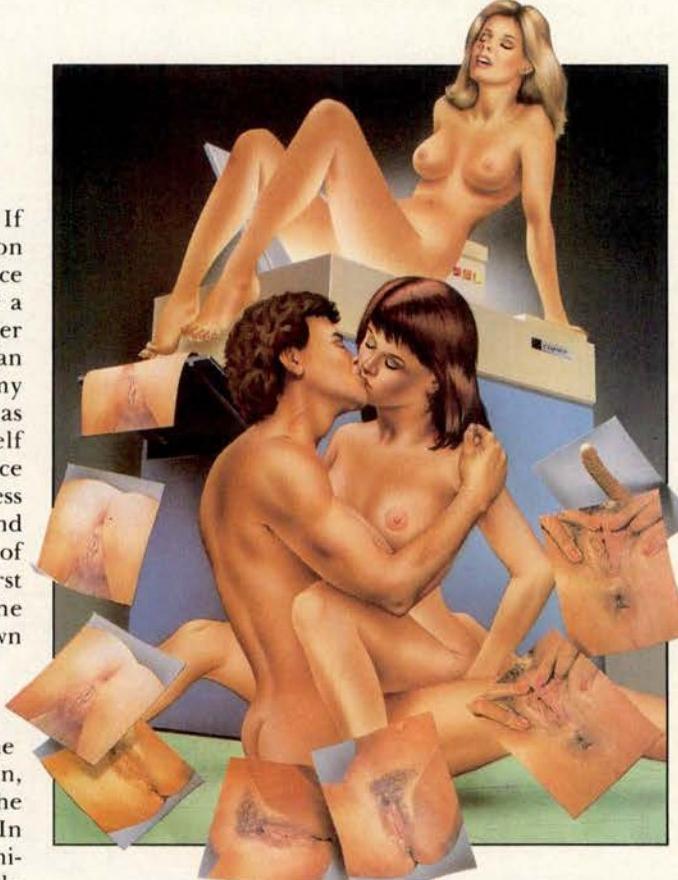
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OFFICE PARTY



BY DANA LOWELL

Kinky Korner is written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER will pay \$100 on publication for seven-page, double-spaced-typed or neatly handwritten-manuscripts. And please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

I hate Monday mornings. If there was ever a hell on Earth, it was in my old office on a Monday morning. After a weekend of drinking I'd stagger in with a head that felt like an overripe cantaloupe, and my boss would start yelling at me as soon as I dragged myself through the door. With my face begging for pity, the heartless bastard would only smile and slap three or four volumes of paperwork on my desk. My first official secretarial act of the week would then be to flee down the hall to the coffee room.

My only consolation was that one of the part-timers, Shelly, came in on Mondays. She was a wild and gorgeous woman, buxom and blond, who had the filthiest mouth I'd ever heard. In the coffee room she'd tell me hilarious stories about her weekend adventures until my stomach would cramp up from laughing, and I'd beg her to stop.

There was always some guy in the mailroom—or one of the junior executives—with whom she just had to go to bed. Nothing was sacred to her. If any man spurned her, she'd find some nasty sort of revenge that would even the score.

This last Monday began the same as ever: I was doubled up in the coffee room with a mouth that felt like the bottom of a bird cage when Shelly came in with a wicked smile on her face and a brown-paper bag in her hand. She sat down next to me and slyly opened the bag. Inside was a foot-long dildo as thick as my arm. Despite my queasiness, my curiosity was aroused, and I was about to ask for an explanation when my boss walked in. He scowled at me and poured some coffee, muttering something about "lazy cunts" under his breath.

As soon as he left, I started complaining about him, but Shelly said not to worry and explained that he was her next tar-

get for revenge. That thought kept me smiling for the rest of the day. At five o'clock my boss decided to lay one last project on me. I hate overtime. I could have killed him as he grabbed his coat and left.

The work took longer than I expected, and by 7:30 I had only just finished typing it. I went to the photocopy room and opened the door. There was Shelly, skirt hiked up to her waist, sitting bare-assed on the color copier.

Shelly smiled and hopped off the machine as it spit out five copies of her puckered asshole in living brown and pink. She chose one and scribbled "An asshole for an asshole" at the bottom. Then she took the dildo and copied it five times. "A prick for a prick" she wrote on one.

By this time I was in stitches. I immediately agreed to help. Shelly told me to slip out of my dress and panties and jump on top of the copier.

I was a little shy about stripping in front of Shelly, but I'd had plenty of female roommates; so I got undressed. Shelly's eyes were glued to my body, but I pretended not to notice.

I got on the machine, and she flipped the switch. My pussy

began to heat up from the lights, and a drop of juice dripped down on the glass. I was embarrassed and tried to wipe it up with my leg as I slipped off. Shelly just smiled, took one copy and wrote a third caption: "A pussy for a pussy." I broke up.

Shelly was laughing hard. She threw her arms around me, and we both kept giggling. Suddenly, she kissed me.

My heart was pounding. Shelly's beautiful blue eyes stared right through me. She began to cover my face with feverish kisses. Before I knew what was happening, she thrust her tongue into my mouth, sending a tingling feeling through me. I gave in and returned Shelly's kisses.

Shelly's hands began playfully exploring the crack of my ass, running an index finger up and down its length and softly prodding my asshole. My legs clamped shut, and I backed up against the copier. Whispering reassurances in my ear, she tenderly worked her index finger into my pink cunt.

She found my pleasure center with her thumb, and a flood of juices poured out. Sliding her fingers deeper into my burning box, she rubbed her palm across my throbbing clit. Shivers washed over my body in waves, and I fell backward, hitting a switch on the copier. Shelly laughed as five reproductions of my pulsating pussy—in bright pink—spewed out.

Shelly couldn't stop laughing. I hugged her so tightly, our breasts mashed together. Slipping out of her top, she lightly touched the tips of her nipples with her fingers, then drew my lips down to her breasts. I licked her soft globes tentatively, leaving a shimmering trail of saliva.

She lifted her skirt, lay back on the copier and pulled my head between her thighs. Staring up at me was her beautiful blond bush, glistening with drops of sweat and sweet juices. Her sweaty, musky smell filled my nostrils. Eagerly, my tongue slid across her pussy lips. Shelly begged me to suck her clit. I nibbled at it, plump and silky, taking it between my teeth and lightly biting. Her legs scissored tightly

around my shoulders. She rocked back and forth, and came with a scream.

Afterward Shelly pushed me onto the floor. Before I could roll away, she grabbed me and thrust a thumb and four fingers into my cunt. Shelly's hand hammered in and out of my snatch. I lost consciousness of everything but that sopping-wet fist bucking inside of me.

I came with a shudder. We kissed the juices off each other's faces and hands, clinging to one another and laughing. Suddenly, I heard a noise and looked up, scared out of my mind. In the doorway stood the new mailroom assistant, Roger. A grin was spread over his boyish, 19-year-old face, and a huge bulge had formed in his skintight pants. He'd seen everything!

Shelly didn't bat an eyelash. She went over to Roger, got down on her knees, unzipped his pants and took out his prick. She swirled her tongue around it, and Roger let out a whimper. A drop of cum bubbled up onto its tip, and Shelly deftly licked it off.

She began pumping his shaft with her hand. Each stroke brought another moan until Roger finally shot his load into Shelly's mouth. The creamy white stuff leaked from her lips as she sucked it down.

When Roger finally stopped coming, Shelly pulled her mouth off of his dick. It was still hard! She told me to scoot up onto the copier and spread my legs. Roger

moved between them, and his cock felt as big as a cucumber. He thrust an inch into me. It was so huge and hard, I had to have it all, and I rammed my hips against his.

We began to fuck with long, deep strokes, his cock gliding all the way in until the head scraped my cervix. Suddenly, he shouted out in pain. Shelly had snuck up behind him and stuffed her dildo into his asshole. Roger complained that it hurt as Shelly inched it up him, but I felt his dick grow even larger and knew that he was loving every second of it.

By now we were covered in sweat. Shelly was pumping Roger, Roger was pumping me, and I was in ecstasy, coming over and over with each thrust. My hands clutched Roger's back so tightly, my fingernails were drawing blood. With a final grunt Roger filled me so full of hot jism that it began to leak out of my crack and onto the copier. At that moment Shelly turned the machine on, and we got color copies of Roger and me climaxing.

We cleaned up the mess we had made and got dressed. Roger left with Shelly for further adventures, and I finally made it home. The next day my boss was furious. He'd found a stack of sexy photocopies on his desk and was yelling at the top of his lungs, asking whose handiwork it was. I smiled and kept quiet, and the next time I went into the coffee room, I gave Shelly a wink. We both burst out laughing. ☺

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CONTEST

Bonnie Bush

Date of Birth: 7/7/61

Height: 5'7"

Weight: 115 lbs.

Measurements: 35-22-34

Occupation: Photographer

Favorite turn on: Taking
steamy fuck-photos in
the nude and then
getting into the
middle of the
action!

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DOING TIME

(continued from page 106)

Marks asked for medical help, Hernandez looked the other way.

Hernandez once placed a potentially lethal choke hold on another inmate, Louis Butterfield, without provocation. Eventually, because of inmate complaints, Hernandez was transferred out of P.C. to the Mainline. He has been made a defendant in legal actions filed with the state of California. I hope one day he finds himself locked up as a prisoner, receiving the same abuse he dished out to inmates.

Another guard who was trying to stop a fight went berserk and shot nine inmates. He was just doing his job, I guess. The fight did end abruptly.

A less violent act by comparison—yet still a pain in the ass—occurs when the guards rip up your mail. They do this all the time just to piss you off.

Occasionally you'll find guards who are fine, upstanding individuals in jail, but have unusual extracurricular activities on the outside. One guard was working at night at Tracy and pulling bank robberies during the day. He was caught. I assume he's in P.C. somewhere.

Two guards who were brothers were convicted of raping women while off duty at California's Tehachapi State Prison.

The last I heard of them they were serving their time at Tracy.

Many guards bicker back and forth on the inside and settle their disagreements with fist fights in the parking lot after work. Monkey see; monkey do.

Some guards are really okay, and the prisoners show them respect. For instance, the one-year-old daughter of a decent guard had a blood disease, and no fewer than 90 prisoners (people whom society thinks have absolutely no value to humanity) volunteered to give blood to defray the cost of the necessary transfusions. But we were all refused, and the guard was forced to pay thousands of dollars to the hospital for the blood.

15

The Opposite Sex (Or Pass the Salt peter)

Because of court rulings dealing with sex discrimination, women are allowed to work in prisons. Most prisoners wish they didn't. First of all, the ladies are constant reminders of the women they've left behind. Sure, part of the punishment is not being able to be with your loved ones; but having women milling throughout the prison adds insult to injury.

Secondly, all areas of the prison are exposed—including the latrines. It is bad enough to relieve oneself in front of those

of your own sex, but to do it in front of members of the opposite sex is totally humiliating. Some of the women who work in the prisons purposely stand and look while you are going to the john. They also seem to take voyeuristic pleasure in watching the men shower.

Female guards do the same jobs as the men, including body searches. One woman grabbed hold of my testicles as she was searching me. It happened to the other prisoners too. Women are allowed to be present at strip searches. You'll see how it feels to know a woman is looking up your butt.

And they're always screwing the inmates. If they don't like the action, they accuse the inmate of raping them. One real bitch I won't forget was a 47-year-old Asian by the name of Okubo. She loved to bust guys who were privately jacking themselves off, charging them with lewd conduct. Okubo finally got hers when she did not report a case of food contamination and told the inmates to keep their mouths shut about the incident. They didn't. She received her walking papers for violating the rules.

Some female guards love to taunt the prisoners by wearing slacks so tight, you can see the outline of their crotches. Others don't wear bras and purposely leave their middle blouse buttons open.

Then there was Gracie Garcia, a guard at Soledad working in the central hospital unit who was having an affair with one of the inmates. They used to do it right on the operating table. The inmate decided to be generous and turned his friend on to the action. When Gracie refused the *menage a trois*, the two ratted on her. They went to the Hole, and she was fired.

Patty, a nice-looking, fortyish guard at Chino, got off on talking dirty to the inmates and flashing them peeks at her braless chest. She was very popular.

A big momma, given the name of "Volkswagen" by the prisoners because of her wide ass, used to give head to the inmates at San Quentin. Her superiors transferred her to Chino, where I suppose she just took up where she left off.

Women in prison—stay as far away from them as you can. You're much better off reading an unused copy of HUSTLER and dreaming about the day you'll get out.

16

Free at Last

Hopefully you'll live through your sentence. When you return to the real world, you'll especially appreciate the fact that you can finally go to the bathroom without an audience and eat a sandwich without the fear of rat tails in the lettuce. Maybe you'll be smart enough to keep your nose clean and stay out of trouble. Don't say I didn't warn you.



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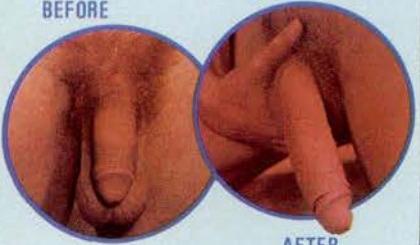
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• A man who felt like a sexual cripple for over 3 years—who had gone from one doctor to another without being helped—reports that he regained his full lovemaking ability, *just 7 days after his order arrived!*

• A minister who had tried everything without any luck reports that now he is astonished by his sexual vigor. He writes, "It works. It works. I am amazed at my performance... church pastor that I am, I can now preach another gospel!"

Yes, amazing discoveries have been made that are of great importance to any man or woman who suspects that his or her sexual powers are being weakened by advancing age.

These discoveries have been published in a book—*Amazing Sexual Potency At Any Age*—that could help you lead a more satisfactory sex life now, regardless of how young or old you might be. For even if you are leading a luke warm sex life now... even if you fear that you no longer have "the ability"... even if you have had no sex life at all for the last 20 years, *Amazing Sexual Potency At Any Age* reveals how **these discoveries could help any man or woman in good health ENJOY NEW SEXUAL JOY AND HAPPINESS. REGARDLESS OF YOUR YEARS.**

Withering Manhood And Vanishing Sex Appeal Fully Restored In Days!

Yes, what has been discovered is a simple, safe, healthful program that can **PERK UP YOUR SEXUAL DESIRES**... help you become more sexually attractive—and encourage you to develop the power to command love and sexual attention from a member of the opposite sex immediately. Your age is no longer an excuse for "sexual senility" because doctors agree that if you are in reasonably good health otherwise—you can have the power to make love, no matter how old you may be!

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What our research discovered was that **FULL SEXUAL ACTIVITY** can be extended by one, two or three decades and, in some cases, by up to 50 years or more! That means that almost any 65-year-old man or woman can now look forward to another 10, 20, even 30 years or more of warmth, love, and sexual gratification!

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• A 58-year-old man who feared that he had forever lost his ability now says he has erections and joyful ejaculations every day!

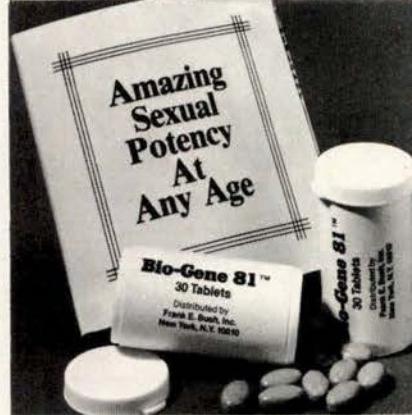
• An 80-year-old man who once struggled to satisfy his young partner now reports that the hardness of his erection has im-

proved and *his desire for sex has increased!*

• One man writes, "I even wake up at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning ready to go. I never knew I would get back in the saddle like this."

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The leading sex doctors whose work we have reviewed say **many men and women are missing out on the sexual pleasure nature intended them to enjoy. As high as 30 percent of all couples have totally abandoned sexual relations by age 65...** and, it is believed, of those who continued to enjoy some sex, very few have discovered their true sexual potential.



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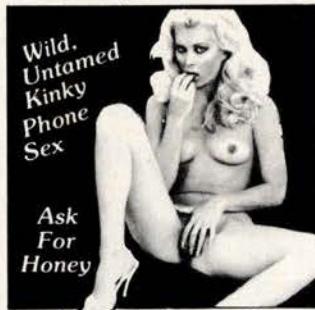
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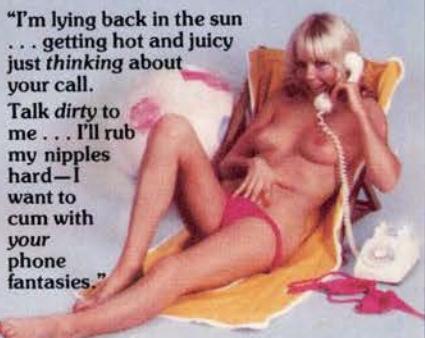
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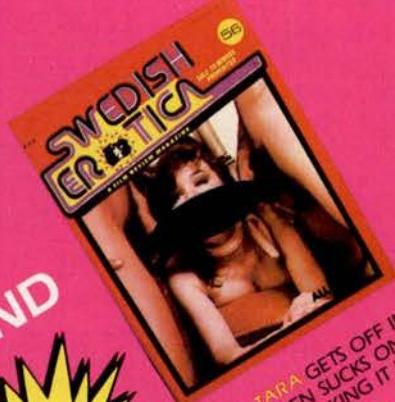
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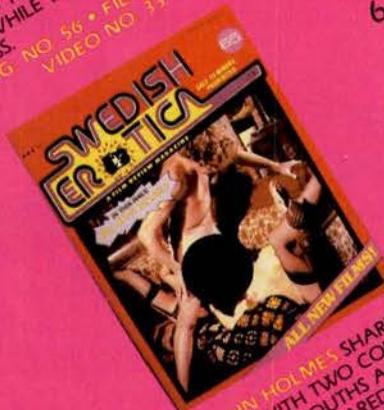
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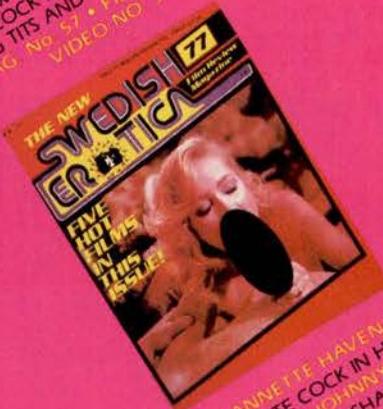
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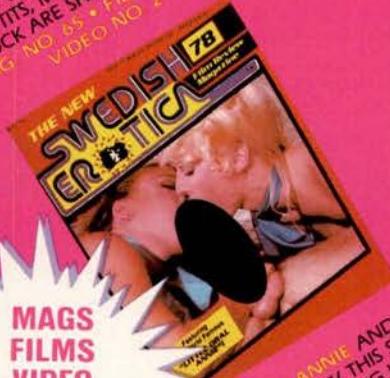
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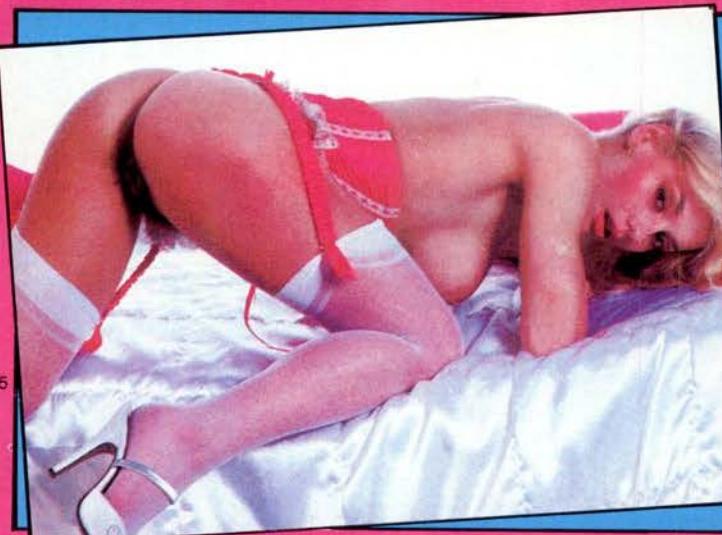
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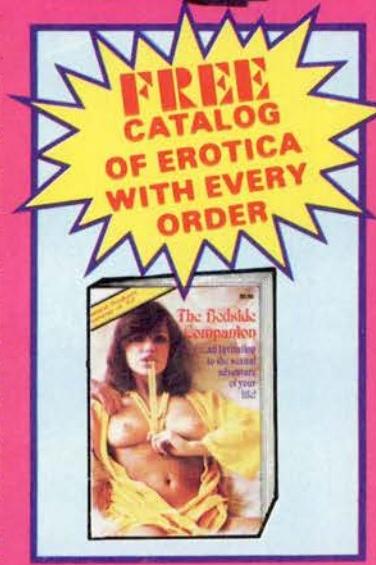
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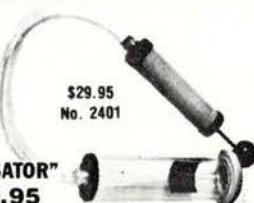
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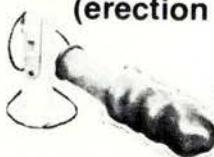
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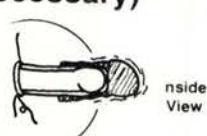


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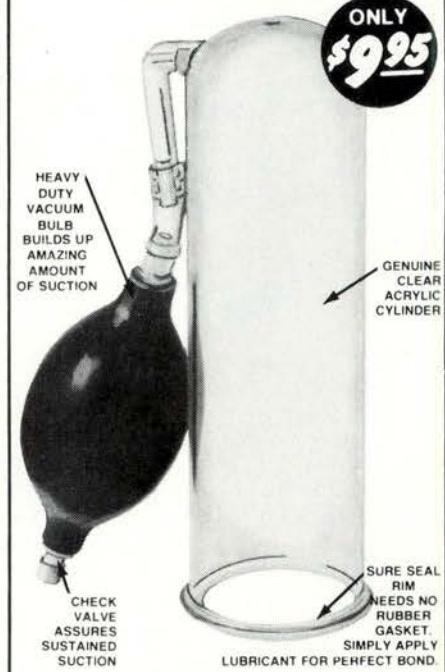
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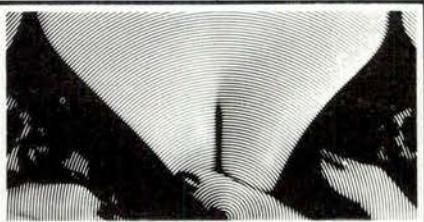
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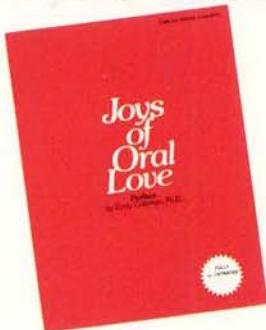
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AMERICA'S PRISONS

(continued from page 40)

a shade better than barbaric. Lack of space forces inmates to double up in tiny cells, leaving barely enough room to move around. Bright lights are left on throughout the night, and the noise is unabating. The men are never alone.

Two years ago in Nashville a federal district judge described Tennessee's prison system as "unfit for human habitation. Inmates are double-celled in tiny cages like so many animals in a zoo, with an average of 23 square feet in which each man lives, sleeps, performs his bodily functions and spends a good portion of each day. Violence is rampant, including frequent incidents of sexual attack upon inmates . . . [The men] have few alternatives but to sit in their tiny cells and brood."

At Lucasville, Ohio's maximum-security prison more than half of the 2,300 prisoners were double-celled—some for virtually every hour of the day—when the inmate population began swelling in the mid-1970s. One of the inmates sued to halt the doubling up, and in his complaint referred to an Ohio State veterinarian-services specification of 43 square feet of space for a calf once it reaches five weeks of age.

"I went around measuring the cell—or my half of it," he said in a subsequent in-

terview, "and I have 32 square feet. I couldn't accept that a calf is entitled to more living space than a man."

The endless array of problems in the nation's prisons finally resulted in the Civil Rights of Institutionalized Persons Act of 1980, which gave the U.S. Attorney General authority to take legal action to remedy unconstitutional conditions in state and local prisons, mental hospitals, juvenile facilities and nursing homes.

Unfortunately, only one of the more than 40 cases reviewed thus far has produced concrete results. The state of Michigan was ordered to improve conditions in its three state prisons following a civil suit that accused authorities of flagrant Constitutional violations.

But as bad as things are inside the cramped cages, prison life outside the cellblocks isn't exactly a picnic either. Some convicts are given vocational training, but limited budgets and overcrowding have severely curtailed these efforts. Others work at prison industries, making license plates and highway signs. A few have maintenance jobs or duties at the prison cafeteria.

Most of the inmates, however, have nothing at all to do. They learn to live with the repeated petty details of day-to-day existence, each of which is punctuated by the slamming of a metal gate. And they learn to wait. Most of all, they learn

to cover their asses when they leave the relative safety of their cells.

"I've got heart trouble; I'm hypertensive," says an old inmate at the Indiana State Prison in Michigan City. "We've got close quarters here, but you don't know if you walk out of your cell if you're going to get knifed, and I spend my time hiding from guys who rip off old men."

Another inmate at the same facility, a lifer who survived a vicious attack at the hands of fellow prisoners, has grown understandably wary. "I sleep with my eyes open now," he says. "I don't even close them when I shampoo my hair." Warns a San Quentin con: "Some guys will rip your neck with eyeglasses. They'll use anything. Men in here can kill you with a marshmallow."

A youth who was up on a murder charge, only to be cleared five years later, recalls his first week behind bars at the Southern Ohio Correctional Facility at Lucasville: "I saw three stabbings, watched one guy get beaten to death, and one morning, as I sat in my cell, I heard screams for half an hour as some poor bastard got gang-banged in the showers."

Adds an inmate at California's Santa Rita County Jail: "I've seen people beat so bad, I couldn't recognize them. People are told not to snitch or they'll be killed, and if the deputies ask any questions to say they slipped in the showers. This place is a hole, just a big black hole that drags people down and never lets them up again."

Each year dozens of distraught prisoners commit suicide. Some hang themselves, others swallow razor blades, and still others try "flushing"—a bizarre practice whereby the inmate, driven out of his mind, tries to stuff himself into his toilet in a pathetic attempt to flush himself out of his hellish existence.

In California four major gangs operating *within* prison walls—the Nuestra Familia, the Mexican Mafia, the Aryan Brotherhood and the Black Guerrilla Family—add to the mood of menace. Organized along military lines with generals, captains, lieutenants and soldiers, the Nuestra Familia is the largest. “If I go forward, follow me,” states their oath. “If I hesitate, push me. If they kill me, avenge me. If I am a traitor, kill me.”

It makes people wonder who's in charge, the kept or the keepers? The guards are there, of course, but they have problems of their own. There isn't one among them who has forgotten Attica; there isn't one who doesn't recall the horrors of Santa Fe. All told, most of them aren't much better off than the prisoners—although, admittedly, they're far from being angels.

"The guard is evil," wrote Jack Henry Abbott, an inmate whose book on prison life, *In the Belly of the Beast*, was hailed as

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the most fiercely insightful book of its kind in the repertoire of American prison literature. "His society is demonic," Abbott went on to describe the constant and arbitrary attacks he suffered at the hands of guards, noting that when they finally left him alone, he "would sometimes achieve an erection out of despair and pain."

Is this the norm? Not really. But there have been a number of highly publicized incidents that have reflected badly on turnkeys. At Atlanta's Reidsville Prison, for example, three guards watched as white inmates stabbed and beat two black prisoners—one of them fatally. At the Williamsburg County Jail in Kingstree, South Carolina, where a black sheriff is in charge, black inmates sexually assaulted a white prisoner and beat two others who tried to intervene. The men claimed that their screams for help were ignored by the jailers on duty.

In San Jacinto County, Texas, former Sheriff James C. Parker and three of his deputies were indicted on federal charges of torturing prisoners to obtain confessions. They allegedly placed towels over the mouths and noses of the prisoners, then poured water into the towels to cut off their air supplies.

There are also monetary temptations that bulls—as prisoners call them—just can't seem to resist. In February 1982 five

guards at the Ossining Correctional Facility were indicted on bribery and narcotics charges for smuggling marijuana and cocaine into the prison. And in California's Federal Correctional Institution at Terminal Island four officials were suspended after admitting that they had tried to do the same. A fifth was given a five-year sentence for his part in the scheme.

Still, correctional officers aren't all bad, and not all of the bad ones are entirely to blame. The starting pay for prison guards averages \$13,531 per year. Furthermore, the typical state corrections system provides them with a scant 40 hours of training before throwing them into their jobs.

"We take society's most difficult people and put men in charge of them who are often the least qualified, the least trained and the least prepared to do it," says Allan Breed, former director of the National Institute of Corrections. "Those poor characters are holding up the dam for our society, and we don't even pay them a decent salary."

Indeed, the working conditions of the guards and the living conditions of the inmates are so similar that they lead to a loss of distinctions between them. "We're all doing time inside," goes the guards' bitter refrain. "It's just that some of us are doing it in eight-hour shifts."

* * *

When our prisons were first estab-

lished, they were designed to restore the country's wayward citizens to full, productive lives. To say that things didn't work out as planned is to grossly understate the case. Today the normal course of prison life includes murders, stabbings, clubbings and savage beatings—all of which are compounded by the gravest problem of them all: overcrowding.

How is it that the prison population has doubled in the past decade? Rampant crime is one reason. In 1982, according to Bureau of Justice statistics, there were 21,012 known homicides and 6,459,000 reported incidents of violent crime—including rapes, robberies and assault. These figures represent a fractional decrease from the preceding year—22,516 homicides and 6,582,000 violent crimes in 1981. Significantly, most major crimes are committed by individuals between the ages of 18 and 35—the nation's largest population segment.

Unemployment is another reason given for the statistical rise of prisoners. Historically, there's a 4% increase in imprisonment for every 1% jump in unemployment; people without money often turn to crime. The emptying of mental hospitals is a third explanation. Many of these outdated and inhuman facilities have been forced to shut down under court orders in recent years, and their inmates—unable to function as law-abiding citizens—have been swept into the law-enforcement net.

But by far the most significant factor—the single largest contributor to overcrowding in the nation's prisons—is the changing attitudes of the American people. The soaring tide of violence created a public backlash, and Americans from all walks of life began demanding a "get tough" approach in dealing with crime.

Finally the legislators began listening. They criticized leniency in the courts, called for stricter controls on the granting of paroles and demanded harsher sentences. As a result, tougher laws have gone into effect. That, in turn, is putting more and more people in the slammer.

Among the recent legislative developments is the implementation of mandatory, or determinate, sentencing—a practice already adopted by more than two-thirds of the states—which is intended to reduce crime by increasing the likelihood and severity of punishment. In the past, sentencing was left up to the judge. He would specify the range of years to be spent behind bars, and the parole board would determine the actual release date.

But all too often one man would get 20 years, and another would get a slap on the wrist. It made people wonder, since they had both committed the same crime, who or what was responsible for such travesties of justice. They wanted to know—and

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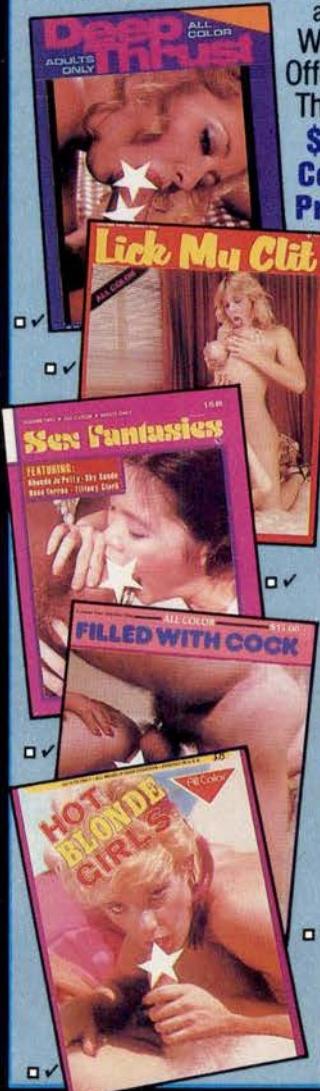
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they wanted the man in the street to know—that if he did the crime, he'd do the time.

Explains a New York liquor-store owner: "If some creep is thinking of holding me up, I want him to know that if he pulls a gun—and that's all he does—he's going up for five. Five long years—period. No way out. No extenuating circumstances. That might make him think about it before he tries it."

But mandatory sentencing is not without its flaws. While it's true that time served for identical crimes should be roughly the same, aren't we removing the human element by sticking to a hard-and-fast rule? After all, not every criminal poses the same threat to society.

In hopes of rectifying this imbalance, Minnesota came up with a plan that took the individual into account while implementing determinate sentencing. If the judge felt the criminal deserved a shorter or longer sentence than that outlined by the requirements of mandatory sentencing, he was free to make the change—but he had to justify it in writing.

Some feel the beauty of determinate sentencing lies in the fact that the criminal *knows* he's going to do time, one way or the other. They claim that the certainty of punishment will do more to deter crime than anything else society has going for it now.

Others feel we need an alternative, arguing that the problem with determinate sentencing—even as handled by Minnesota—is locking up men and women at a time in our history when we don't have any more room for them.

Those who say we should build more prisons probably haven't considered all the facts. The cost of constructing such a facility comes to about \$35,000 *per cell* in a medium-security institution and as much as \$80,000 in a state-of-the-art, maximum-security complex. In addition, costs range anywhere from \$3,500 to \$35,000 *annually* to feed and guard a single inmate.

In 1980, American taxpayers shelled out \$5 billion for building federal and state prisons, for maintaining them, for running the institutions and for the probation and parole programs that were attached to them. By 1982—the last year for which complete figures are available—the cost had risen to \$6.3 billion. Roughly 75% of that was just for the housing, feeding and guarding of inmates, as well as for prison maintenance. That figure does *not*, however, include the cost of running the nation's jails, halfway houses and lockups, which are also funded with tax dollars.

That's just one of the reasons why alternatives are being sought. The other is that prisons don't really deter crime. De-

pending on which studies you read, between 33% and 70% of all inmates are back in prison less than three years after they've been released.

It should come as no surprise, then, that just about everyone in the corrections field has given up on the idea that prison will rehabilitate convicts. It's as obvious to them as it is to John Q. Public that the criminal-justice system has been an expensive and disappointing failure.

"Murderers, rapists, other violent criminals, drug traffickers and habitual offenders belong in prisons, and they must stay in prisons," former Attorney General William French Smith said before his recent resignation. "We are, however, studying alternative forms of punishment for nonviolent offenders that will deter criminal behavior and reduce the chance that an inmate will return to criminal activity."

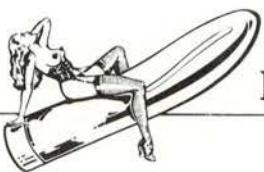
While the federal government continues to drag its heels, a number of cities and states have begun implementing innovative programs that seem headed in the right direction. In Wilmington, Delaware, criminals who commit less-serious offenses—such as shoplifting or burglaries—are being forced to pay fines. Those who haven't got the funds must take state jobs until they make good.

In Mississippi the state government has set up five "restitution centers" where convicted thieves are made to spend the night. During the day they work at varied jobs to pay off debts to their victims. In Elkhart, Indiana, a "reconciliation program" brings nonviolent offenders face-to-face with their victims. Instead of being sent to prison, an agreement is worked out under which the criminal must make restitution—either by providing services to his victim or by paying off his debt on a weekly basis.

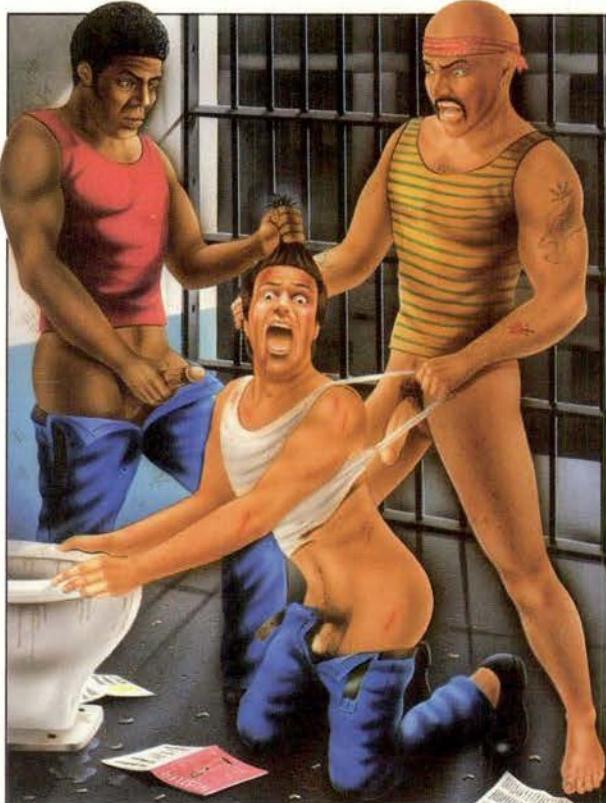
In California, a state long recognized for setting trends, judges are issuing sentences tailored to the individual criminals. A Santa Cruz physician convicted of 18 counts of Medi-Cal fraud was fined \$10,000 and ordered to practice medicine for a year at an Indian reservation. In Santa Clara a computer-company dispatcher convicted of masterminding a computer-theft ring was ordered to help the firm beef up its security as part of his sentence. He was further obligated to pay a fine, devote 100 hours of his time to the community and also make weekly visits to his probation officer.

These kinds of innovative programs and sentencing techniques are keeping nondangerous criminals out of our overcrowded jails and prisons. As for those who are currently serving time, shouldn't we be trying to determine who really belongs in there and who doesn't? And how

(continued on page 134)



SEX IN PRISON



In August 1973 Donald Tucker was arrested, along with six other Quakers, for conducting a prayer-protest on the White House lawn. When arraigned in court, he refused to post \$10 bail and was sent to the District of Columbia Jail. While there, Tucker was forcibly raped some 60 times.

"I was seized and my head banged against the metal railing of the top bunk several times," Tucker told HUSTLER. "Dazed, I was placed on the toilet bowl in the far corner of the small cell. Baseball [the nickname of another inmate] stood in front of me with a hard cock. 'If you bite anyone, or if you say one word about this to the man,' he warned, 'you'll be dead.' He pressed his dick against my lips, but I still wouldn't open my mouth; so he hit me in the head. Seeing that resistance was useless, I reluctantly opened my mouth, which he filled with his cock. At first I gagged a lot, and to the end I continued to have trouble with large organs and guys who tried to get it down my throat"

In the unending nightmare that followed, Tucker estimates one-third of his attackers preferred his mouth to his ass.

"I was taken off the toilet bowl, and my pants were removed . . . they picked me up and placed me belly-down on the lower bunk. A man climbed on top of me and tried to get his dick into my ass, but it wouldn't go; so he called for some 'grease' and stuck it up my ass with his finger. Then he got back on and shoved himself into me"

"Around ten o'clock they took me to the shower room, which was large and could not be seen by the guards outside the block. Here they got me down on my hands and knees and took turns fucking me in both ends at the same time."

Tucker was an outsider caught in the violent sexual world of the American penal system. What happened to him is not uncommon; what is unusual is his willingness to talk about it.

Prison rape is a crime that is seldom reported. Fear of retribution, lack of concern by prison guards, bureaucratic denial by prison administrators, sheer humiliation suffered by the victim—all of these factors lead to grossly inadequate estimates of the number of prisoners who are "turned out"—a simple phrase that means to be threatened or beaten into becoming a submissive creature who offers whatever orifice is wanted.

One survey of Philadelphia's correctional system reported 2,000 sexual assaults in a 26-month period (no doubt a conservative estimate). Some of these attacks took place in sheriff's vans before the victims even reached jail. And in interviews conducted at the Tennessee State Penitentiary three-quarters of

the prisoners recalled at least one rape per month, more than one-third remembered at least one rape a week, and 30% said rape occurred more than once a week.

Sex in prison takes place in the context of an elaborately organized social order. Generally, older and stronger men—called "wolves"—take control of younger, weaker men, or "punks." Once turned out, a punk cannot shake his reputation. Changes of cellblock, stretches in solitary, even transfers to other prisons won't prevent the word from spreading that the unfortunate prisoner is a "girl" and available to whoever's strong enough to take him. Only an insane willingness on the part of the punk to maim and murder can stop the wolves.

"I was tired of this dumb shit," said James Dunn, a prisoner in the Louisiana State Penitentiary at Angola. "They wouldn't

let me be a man, and I was tired of having to fight everybody off." Dunn had 15 to 20 fights in a two-month period. In his last fight he killed a man. After that no one tried to claim him for a punk—but Dunn's five-year term for burglary was increased to life.

Many prison administrators think sexual deprivation is part of the punishment due criminals. They reason that masturbation is enough for these men. Unfortunately, simple release of sexual tension isn't enough. In prison, as everywhere else, sex is used as a weapon to gain both psychological and economic power. A punk, once claimed, is a slave who can be sold, traded and bartered. Johnny Anders, an inmate at the Southern Ohio Correctional Facility in Lucasville, told a federal district court, "The guys who raped me put a straight razor to my throat and held me down." He testified that he then became a "wife" to one attacker in order to protect himself from others. His "husband" often sold him to other prisoners for sexual services, once for as much as \$400.

"Sexual deprivation within the prison may contribute to the frequency of rape," says Professor Lee Bowker of the University of Wisconsin, "although it is perhaps the least important causal factor. Masturbation and consensual homosexual activity are available to all who desire them. In

addition, there are homosexual prostitutes in prisons who will sell themselves for a few packs of cigarettes. It is not the restriction of sexual outlets that is a problem in prison. It is the restriction of social outlets for playing masculine roles. This deprivation cannot be alleviated through masturbation."

Sex behind bars, according to Wilbert Rideau in an article for *The Angolite*, a prison magazine published at the Louisiana State Penitentiary at Angola, is almost always "a matter of power and control, and often of life and death. . . . Imprisoned and rendered powerless, without any voice or control in the things that affect him, his personal desires and feelings regarded with indifference, treated as a child at best and an animal at worst by those having control of his life, the existence of a prisoner is one of acute deprivation and insignificance. The psychological pain involved in such an existence creates an urgent and terrible need for reinforcement of his sense of manhood and personal worth."

Unfortunately, Rideau continues, prison deprives inmates of the normal avenues for pursuing gratification of their needs, leaving them "nothing but the instruments of sex, violence and conquest to validate their sense of manhood and individual worth. . . . Since the prison population consists of men whose sexuality,

sense of masculinity and sexual frame of reference is structured around women, weaker inmates are made to assume the role of 'women,' serving the strong, reinforcing their sense of manhood and personal importance, and providing them the gratification of their needs that would, in the normal world, be provided by women."

Thus the attackers see nothing homosexual in their acts. "Wolves" are male, and "punks" are female. The "man" is the active partner: He inserts his penis into the mouth or anus of the "female," and the roles are reversed.

"Most of your homosexual rapes are a macho thing," says Colonel Walter Pence, chief of security at the Louisiana State Penitentiary. "It's basically one guy saying to another, 'I'm a better man than you, and I'm gonna turn you out to prove it.'"

The need to force punks into female roles (a need ironically made worse by the fact that prison authorities segregate *real* homosexuals into "queen" sections of prison) is evidence that inmates have an unending urge to assert their masculinity, even if only over surrogate women.

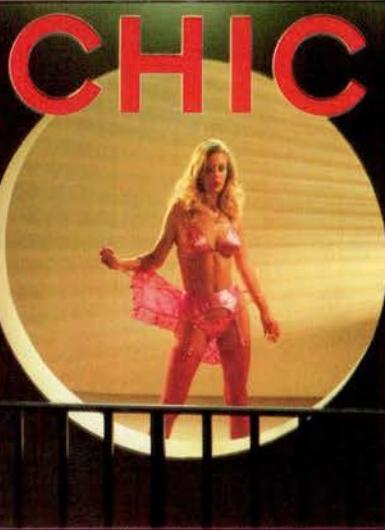
After being convicted for perjury in Texas, former Georgia legislator William Laite was confronted by five men the moment he entered Tarrant County Jail in Fort Worth. "I wonder if he has any guts," one of the men said. "We'll find out tonight, won't we? She [referring to Laite] looks ready for about six or eight inches. You figure she'll make us fight for it, or is she going to give it to us nice and sweet like a good little girl?"

"I couldn't move," Laite says. "I was terrified. This couldn't be real. This couldn't be happening to me."

At that moment a 17-year-old boy was put into the same room, and the five men turned on him. They attacked him and knocked him out. Then, according to Laite, "They were on him at once like jackals, ripping the overalls off his limp body. Then I watched in frozen fascination and horror as they sexually assaulted him, savagely and brutally like starving animals after a raw piece of meat. Then I knew what they meant about giving me six or eight inches."

While the boy was still out, the men jabbed his arms, neck and torso with burning pencil erasers so that his body twitched as if he were coming. Then one of the men, Laite says, "in a final sadistic gesture . . . shoved his fingers deep into the boy's rectum and ripped out a mass of bloody hemorrhoids."

It's a scene repeated daily across the country from county jails to federal penitentiaries—a scene in which men scream and give up their dignity and their innermost selves, deliberately unseen by the averted eyes of guards and by society.



★ Spring may be in the air, but the hot, hot women of our June issue have packed summer into the pages of CHIC. Sultry MIRIAM commands attention as she tosses and turns in the heat. Luscious BLAIR strives to please by revealing a perfect tan that has no lines. CARRIE takes the top off her car, then herself—and that's only the beginning of a spread that makes her more than just ANOTHER ROADSIDE ATTRACTION. Then an age-old fantasy comes true when THE MILKMAN COMETH and leaves his cream with the lady of the house.

★ BAD BLOOD is the gripping, real-life account of a cruelly perverse and brutal father murdered by the son he'd goaded and tormented beyond further endurance. Writer Richard Fitzhugh reveals the sordid secrets of the Wyoming

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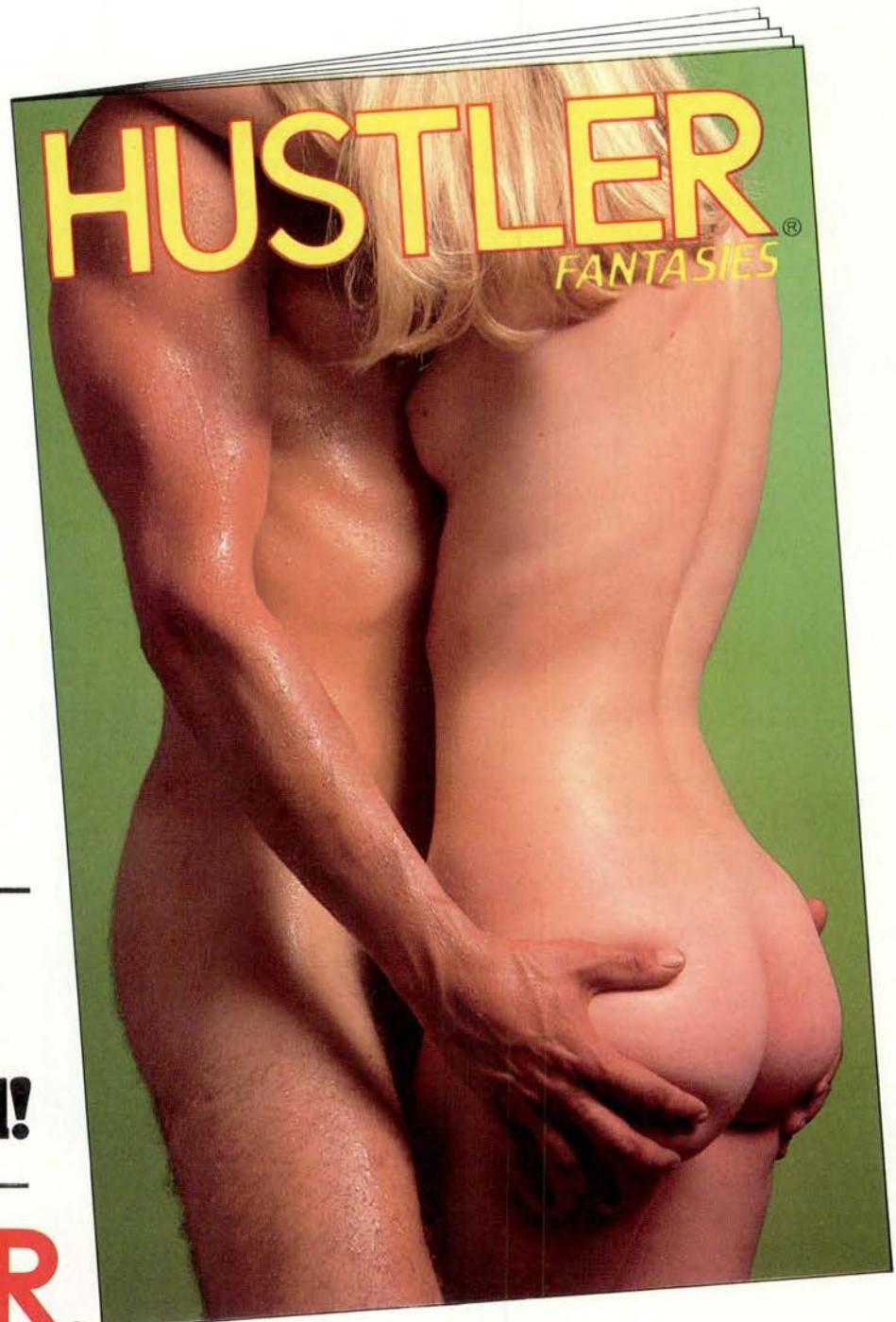
★ The ultrasecret Omega-7 organization claims responsibility for bombings and murders throughout the United States; yet its actions have drawn our government's covert approval. Did the CIA finance and train the most dangerous terrorist group in the country? You'll find the answer in Robert McGarvey's chilling exposé THE TERRORISTS AMONG US: INSIDE OMEGA-7.

★ Plus: DOPE presents startling information on the strange group of drugs called deliriants, MUSIC NOTES sings the praises of the fastest-rising stars in the recording industry, CLOSE-UP features an exclusive interview with offbeat comic Sam Kinison, and ODDS & ENDS mixes the sublime with the ridiculous.

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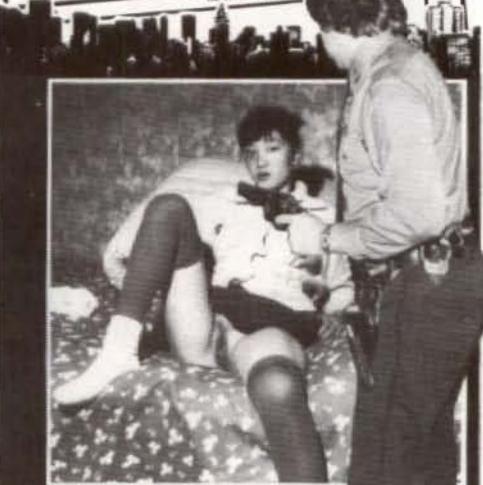
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AMERICA'S PRISONS

(continued from page 130)

can we go about making some changes?

Among the many suggestions being bandied about is a proposal for an ongoing early-release program for non-violent offenders that would push them through the system and get them back into society. It could be facilitated by increasing prison staffs, since lighter case loads would allow counselors to consider each inmate individually.

Best of all is the cost: less than \$1,000 annually per offender. A parole officer simply sees to it that the men under his care work at full-time jobs, support their families, pay their taxes and obey all the conditions of their paroles. Any violation of any one of the terms puts the man back in prison.

"It's like Big Brother," one official notes. "Given enough parole officers, you can keep a man clean. You just stay on his case, make sure he's up early enough for work, make sure he goes to work, make sure he's home before sundown, keep tabs on what he does with his money, keep him out of bars and make him stick to all his terms...."

Keep in mind that nonviolent offenders make up as much as 40% of our prison population. Releasing them-to-parole, supervised probation, work programs, half-way houses and restitution programs—would dramatically reduce the prison population, slash the staggering cost of corrections and return to society non-dangerous citizens who might otherwise be completely warped by the prison experience.

As for dealing with those offenders who really belong behind bars, this time the trendsetter is Tennessee. Working on the theory that the government can't do anything right, a Nashville group called the Corrections Corporation of America has decided to turn imprisonment into a business. Beginning with minimum-security facilities, it will hire guards, cooks and other administrative personnel—as well as maintain the day-to-day prison operation—all for the same per-inmate amount the government currently pays. If the company wants to stay in business, its ideas have to work. And unlike government, it has a powerful incentive—profit.

Can Big Business save America's prisons? No one knows. But let's wish them luck. Something must be done, and it must be done now. Even often-criticized Chief Justice Warren Burger, in his annual report on the U.S. legal system, had the sense to warn that unless action is taken to ease overcrowding, prisons are going to explode. If the history of our penal institutions is any indication, the only question is: *When?*

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July issue on sale May 22, 1984

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WHAT MAKES JESSE RUN?

The Reverend Jesse Jackson claims to be Martin Luther King's heir apparent in the war on racial injustice, but he's a long way from the White House. And as John Motavalli reveals, he's lost the support of many black leaders who feel that his minister's robes are just a cloak for egotism and hypocrisy. From reputed womanizing and charges of anti-Semitism to accepting donations from Arab countries, this charismatic candidate may not be all that he pretends.



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The mention of biker gangs conjures up visions of grease-stained, leather-clad Neanderthals on the backs of belching Harley-Davidsons. But that image is outdated—groups like the Hell's Angels have become tightly organized and moved into the mainstream of organized crime. HUSTLER's fascinating look at biker gangs reveals the hard facts about a modern-day Mafia on wheels.



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Our July pictorials feature some of the most incredible women ever seen in any men's magazine. From the deserts of fabulous Baja California to the *terrazzi* of Rome, we go all over the globe to bring you the world's finest—and hottest—females. Plus we've got a bizarre photo-fantasy featuring some of the most familiar faces on television. All told, there's more than enough in the July issue to guarantee you'll be reading HUSTLER for the *next* ten years.



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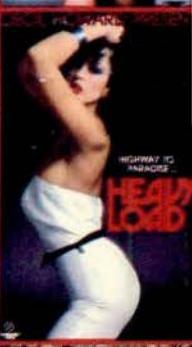
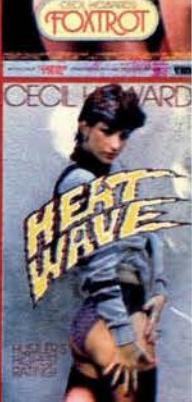
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